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DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS

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Deseret Sunday School Songs

For the use of Sunday Schools and Suitable
for Primary Associations, Religion
Classes, Quorum Meetings
Social Gatherings
and the Home

142309

Published by the

Deseret Sunday School Union

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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PREFACE

THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS includes nearly all of the old Sunday School favorites, contained in the Deseret Sunday School Song Book, which have done such noble service in the musical uplift of our people. To these have been added over one hundred other choice selections written by our home musicians and by some of the best song writers of America.

The revision is practically the work of our Sunday School Choristers. Letters were sent to upwards of one thousand Sunday School Stake and Ward Choristers asking them each to submit a list of ten of their favorite songs. The responses received furnished us with a list of about one thousand songs from which over one hundred new and beautiful selections, including many valuable copyrights, were made.

A special feature of this collection is the large number of pieces suitable for sacramental purposes and of the higher grade of devotional hymns demanded by so many of our musicians.

Mechanically the book is fully up-to-date and the songs are so arranged that each selection may be sung or played without turning the page.

Grateful acknowledgement is extended to all who have aided us by their contributions. We earnestly hope and believe that the Deseret Sunday School Songs will meet the expectations of our Sunday School workers, prove a valuable aid in the moral and musical development of our children, and find a welcome in every home.

The Deseret Sunday School Union

Salt Lake City, Utah, 1909

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Deseret Sunday School Songs.

No. 1. Stars of Morning, Shout for Joy!

THOMAS DURHAM.

Con spirito.

1. Stars of morn - ing, shout for joy! Sing re - demp - tion's mys - ter - y; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, cry,
2. E - thi - o - pia, stretch thy hand! Come, ye tribes of ev - 'ry land, Count - less as the o - cean's sand!
3. Sav - ior, let Thy king - dom come, Now the man of sin con - sume, Bring the blest mil - len - ni - um,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, cry, And praise the Lamb.
Count - less as the o - cean's sand! To praise the Lamb.
Bring the blest mil - len - ni - um, Ex - alt - ed Lamb.

No. 2.

Beautiful Home.

H. R. P.

H. R. Palmer.

1. There is a home e-ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright,
2. Flow-ers for-ev - er are spring - ing In that home so fair;
3. Soon shall I join that an - them, Far be - yond the sky;

Where sweet joys su - per - nal Nev - er are dimmed by night;
Thousands of chil-dren are sing - ing Prais-es to Je - sus there;
Je - sus be - came my ran - som, Why should I fear to die?

White-robed an-gels are sing - ing Ev - er a-round the bright throne;
How they swell the glad an - thems Ev - er a-round the bright throne;
Soon my eyes will be - hold Him, Seat - ed up - on the bright throne;

When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?
When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?
Then, oh, then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

Refrain.

Home, beau-ti - ful home, Bright, beau-ti - ful home;
Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home;

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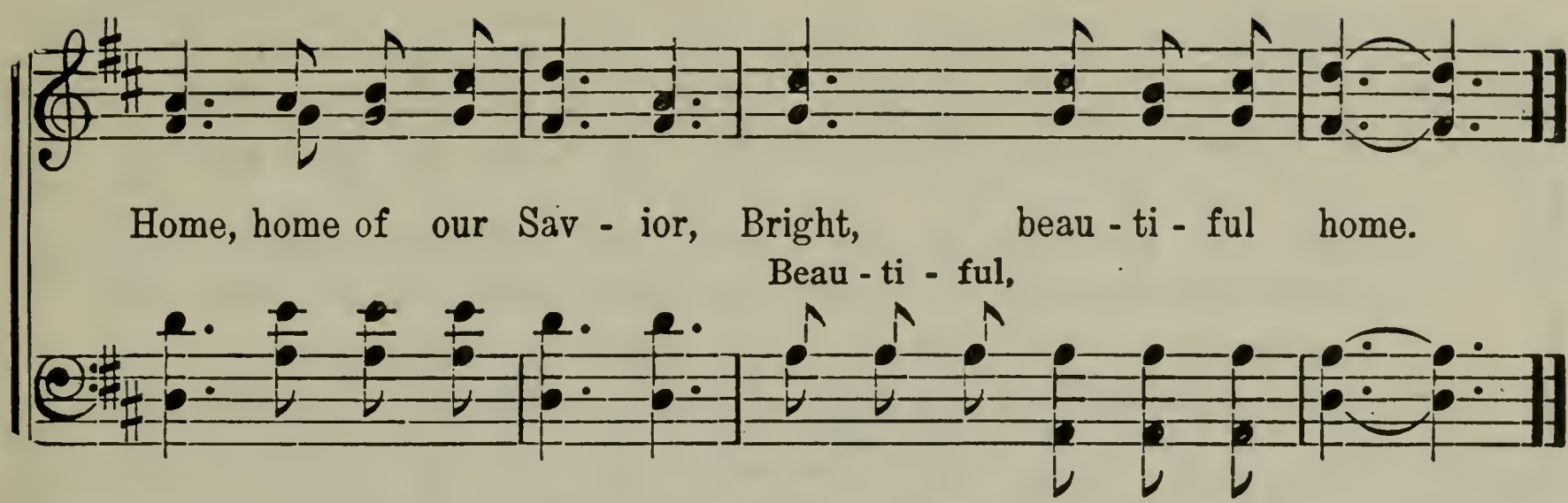
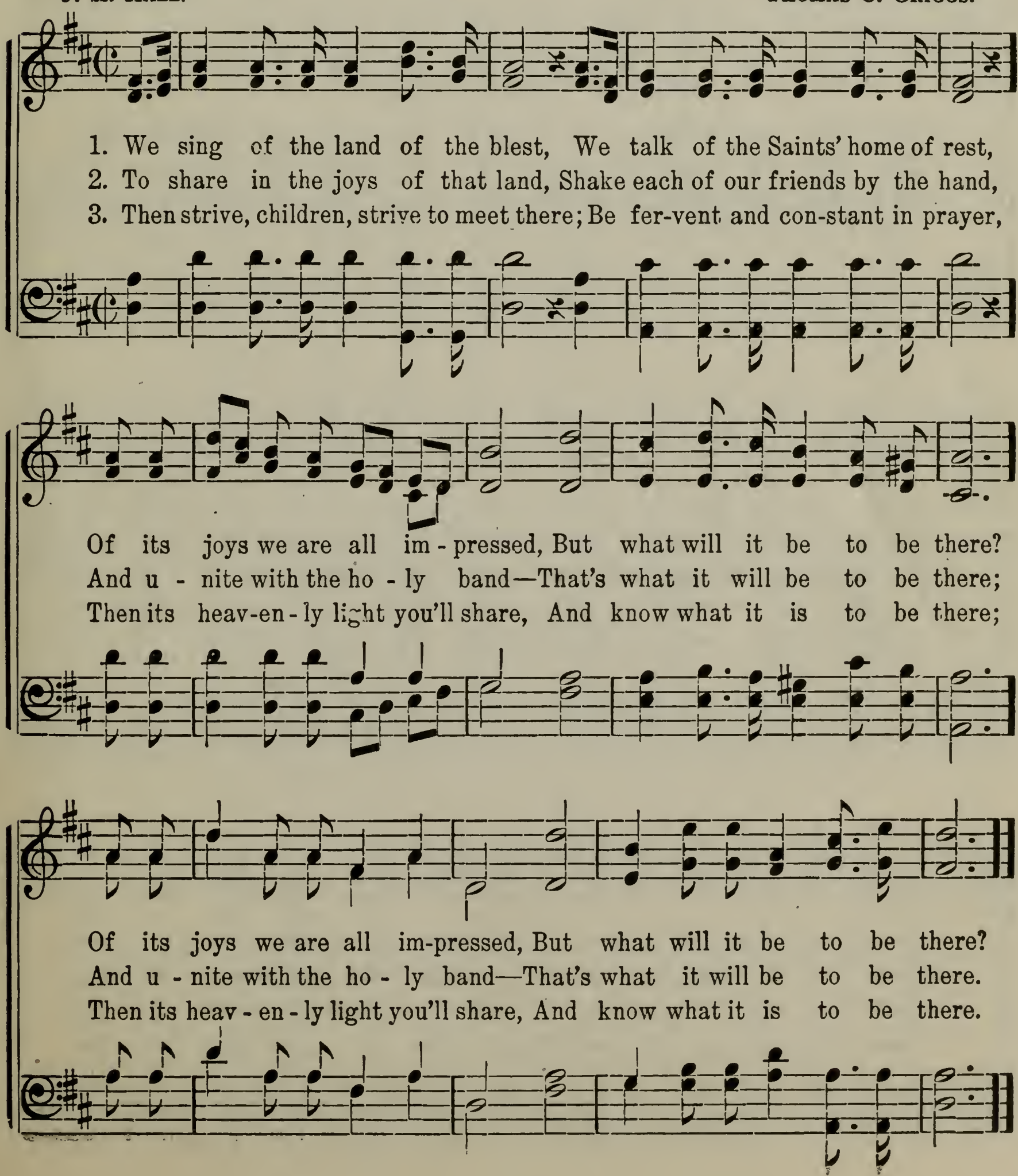
Beautiful Home.



No. 3. Land of the Blest.

J. K. Hall. Thomas C. Griggs.



No. 4. Come, Join Our Celebration.

S. B. Marsh.

Spirited.

1. Come, join our cel - e - bra - tion With hal-lowed songs of joy,
2. Thanks to the God of heav - en, Kind guard - ian of our race,
3. Thanks for the kind pro - tec - tion God's arm has thrown a - round,
4. May God with man - y a bless - ing Re - ward their toil and care,

And on this bright oc - ca - sion Your sweet - est notes em - ploy.
For all the fa - vors giv - en Be - neath His smil - ing face;
And for that sweet af - fec - tion He caus - es to a - bound
And hear them while ad - dress - ing His throne in fer - vent prayer.

Par - ents and friends in - vi - ted, And teach - ers now are here,
For health and strength and rea - son, And friend - ship un - al - loyed,
In those who're watch - ing o'er us, With man - y an anx - ious sigh,
And may His love, con - strain - ing, Our youth - ful spir - its bow,

In pur - pose all u - ni - ted, Our youth - ful hearts to cheer.
And ev - 'ry pleas-ant sea - son In Sun - day-schools en - joyed.
And seek - ing to re - store us To peace and heav'n - ly joy.
And grace, for - ev - er reign - ing, Our in - most souls en - dow.

Come, Join Our Celebration.

CHORUS.

Come, join our cel - e - bra - tion With hal - lowed songs of joy,

And on this bright oc - ca - sion Your sweet - est notes em - ploy.

No. 5. Supplication Hymn.

R. ALLDRIDGE. HENRY EMERY.

1. O Lord, ac - cept our songs of praise, For light and truth in lat - ter days. We meet to do Thy serv - ice here, O list! re - gard our hum - ble prayer.
2. We hope, O Lord, that we may prove The wor - thy ob - jects of Thy love; Watch o'er us while we thus in - cline Our hearts to learn - ing truths di - vine.
3. Be - fore we from this meet - ing go, Do Thou a bless - ing, Lord, be - stow; Ac - cept our grat - i - tude and praise, And guide us through our fu - ture days.

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No. 6. Oh, How Blest Will Be That Day!

JAS. H. WALLIS. EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. Oh, how blest will be that day When our griefs will flee a-
2. Then the pow'rs of sin will cease, While naught else but love and
3. Then let all of us pre - pare That such bless - ings we may

way, And from sin and ev - 'ry sor - row we'll be free;
peace Will be known by ev - 'ry peo - ple in the land;
share; Let us keep from ev - 'ry ac - tion that is wrong;

When our Lord in light ap - pears, To reign here a thou - sand
For the Priest - hood then shall reign Thro' the whole of earth's do-
Then when we're raised from the tomb, We'll in heav'n - ly splen - dor

years, And His Saints will dwell in love and u - ni - ty!
main, And the Saints of God will be led by His hand.
bloom, And we'll raise our voi - ces with the ran - somed throng.

No. 7. Join the Children of the Lord.

F. C. F. CHRISTENSEN.

1. Join with us in sweet ac - cord, Sing the prais - es of the Lord;
2. Sound a - loud the gos - pel plan Thro' the earth, in ev - 'ry land;
3. Tell the chil-dren all a - broad Of the true and liv - ing God,

Praise un - to His ho - ly name, Ev - 'ry heart His love pro - claim.
Gath - er home in - to the fold Hon - est hearts, both young and old;
Of His mer-cies, of His love, Of His com - ing from a - bove,

Send the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Show the way un - to sal - va - tion;
Give them of that rich-est treas-ure, Joy and peace in bound-less meas-ure;
Of His word by rev - e - la - tion, Of His works in all cre - a - tion;

Give to all this in - vi - ta - tion: Join the chil - dren of the Lord.
All your du - ties do with pleas-ure: Join the chil - dren of the Lord.
Give to all this in - vi - ta - tion: Join the chil - dren of the Lord.

No. 8. The Unknown Grave.

Words and Melody by DAVID SMITH.* Music arr. by CHARLES J. THOMAS.

Andante con moto. *mf*

1. There's an un - known grave in a lone - ly spot, But the
2. And near by its side does the wild rab-bit tread, And
3. And there re - po - ses the proph - et just; The
4. God grant that we may watch and pray, And

form that it cov - ers will ne'er be forgot; There the heaven-tree spreads, and the
o - ver its bos- om the white thistles spread, As if placed there in kindness to
Lord was his guide, and in Him was his trust; He re-stored the gos - pel our
keep our feet in the nar - row way; Our spir - its and bod - ies in

tall lo - custs wave Their snow - white flow'rs o'er the un-known grave,
guard and save From in-trud - ing foot - steps the un-known grave,
souls to save, But he now lies low in an un-known grave,
pu - ri - ty save, To see him a - rise from his un-known grave!

* The author of the verses, David Smith, is the son of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the "unknown grave" has reference to that of the prophet, who, after his martyrdom, was buried secretly at midnight by a few of his friends, as his enemies were anxious to steal his body.

The Unknown Grave.

o - ver the un - known grave.
guard - ing the un - known grave.
low in an un - known grave.
God bless that un - known grave.

No. 9. Who are These Arrayed in White.

De Courcy. S. B. Marsh.

1. Who are these ar-rayed in white, Bright-er than the noon - day sun,
Fore-most of the sons of light, Near-est the e - ter - nal throne?

2. More than con-quer-ors at last, Here they find their tri - als o'er;
They have all their suff'rings past, Hun - ger now and thirst no more;

3. He that on the throne doth reign, His own flock shall al - ways feed,
With the tree of life sus - tain, To the liv - ing foun-tains lead;

These are they that bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas - ter stood,
No ex - ces - sive heat they feel From the sun's di - rect - er ray,
He shall all their sor - rows chase, All their fears at once re - move,

Suf - f'rers in His right-eous cause, Fol-lowers of the liv - ing God.
In a mild - er clime they dwell— Re-gion of e - ter - nal day.
Wipe the tears from ev - 'ry face, Fill up ev - 'ry soul with love.

No. 10. The Coming Day.

J. H. Ward. E. Beesley.

f

1. Let Saints re - joice, the night is past, The gos - pel
2. Let all o - bey the Lord's com - mand To spread the
3. Re - deemed to God each land shall be, And ev - 'ry
4. O speed the years and bring that day When sor - row

p

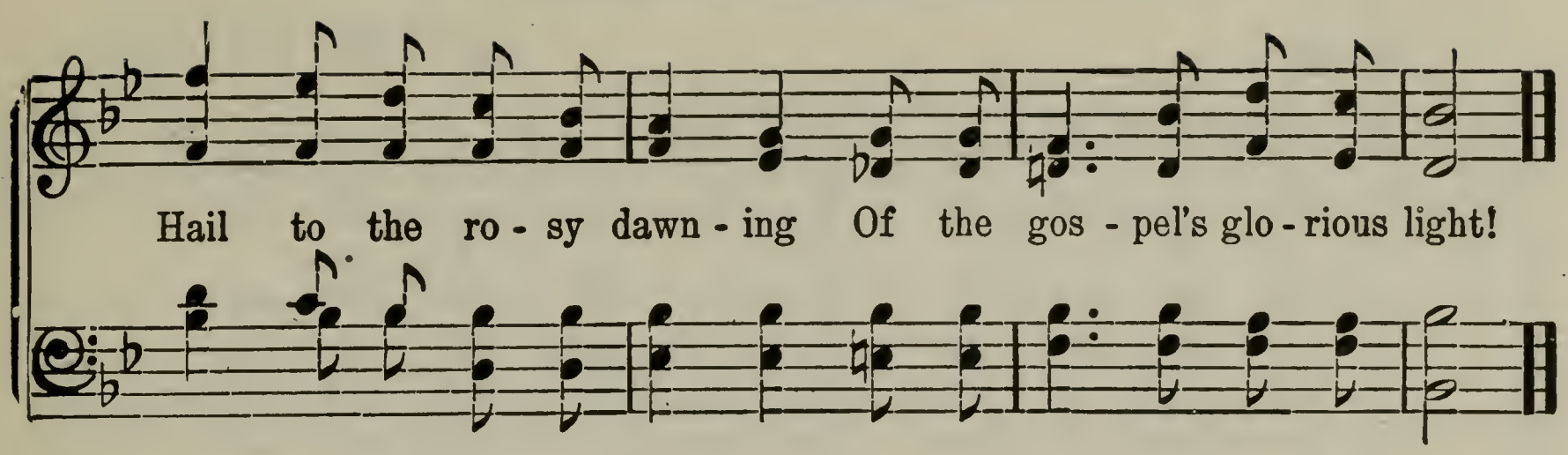
day has dawned at last; Soon shall the sun of
truth in ev - 'ry land, Till all who dwell in
is - land of the sea; All na - tions learn to
shall be done a - way; When in the Sav - ior's

right - eous-ness With heal - ing wings the na - tions bless.
er - ror's night Shall learn of Him, and dwell in light.
know the Lord, And live o - be - dient to His word.
peace-ful reign Earth shall her long - lost E - den gain.

Chorus.

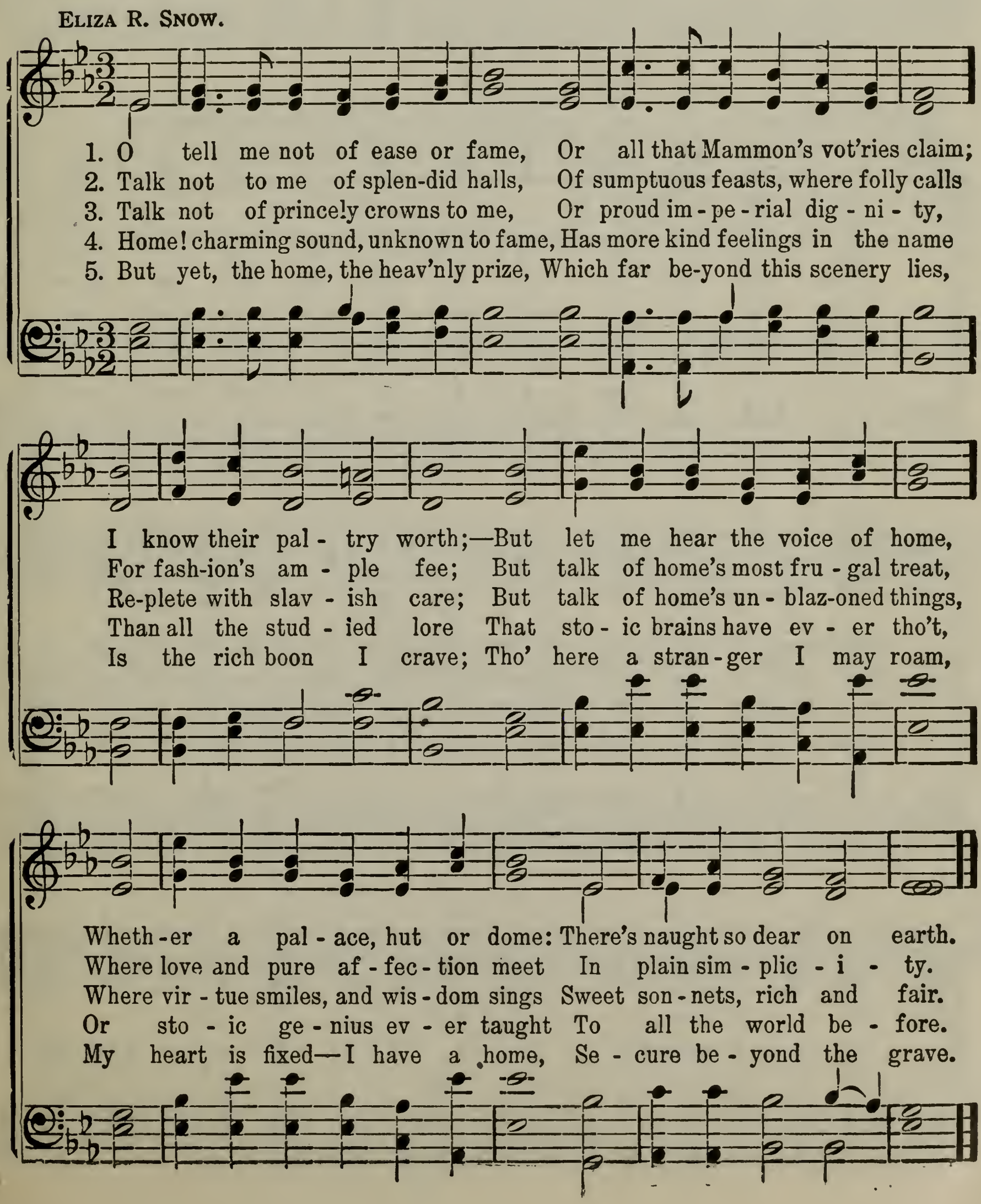
Hail to the com - ing morn - ing, And the fu - ture calm and bright!

The Coming Day.



No. 11. My Own Home.

ELIZA R. SNOW.



No. 12. Zion is Growing.

H. Maiben. Arr. by Prof. C. J. Thomas.

1. As chil - dren of Zi - on our voi - ces we'll raise
2. In song shall our Fa - ther and God be a - dored,
3. We hope to prove faith - ful to God and His laws,
4. All praise to our Fa - ther, His Priest-hood and pow'r,

In songs of re - joi - cing, thanks - giv - ing and praise;
For He hath in mer - cy the gos - pel re - stored;
And aid the ad - vance -ment of Zi - on's great cause;
And thanks for His bless - ings He on us doth show'r;

We're hap - py and free, As mor - tals can be, And Zi - on, Zi - on,
And we, in our youth, Can vouch for its truth, For Zi - on, Zi - on,
For there - in is joy, Which none can de - stroy; Thus Zi - on, Zi - on,
Where-by we pro - gress, As on - ward we press, While Zi - on, Zi - on,

Zi - on is grow - ing, Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on is grow-ing.

No. 13. Behold, 'T is Eventide.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24: 29.

M. Lowrie Hofford. H. Millard.

1. A - bide with me, 't is e - ven-tide! The day is past and gone;
2. A - bide with me, 't is e - ven-tide! Thy walk to - day with me
3. A - bide with me, 't is e - ven-tide! And lone will be the night,

The shad - ows of the eve- ning fall, The night is com - ing on!
Has made my heart with - in me burn, As I com-muned with Thee.
If I can - not com-mune with Thee, Nor find in Thee my light.

With - in my heart a wel-come guest, With - in my home a - bide;
Thy ear - nest words have filled my soul, And kept me near Thy side;
The dark- ness of the world, I fear, Would in my home a - bide;

O Sav - ior, stay this night with me, Be - hold, 't is e - ven - tide!

O Sav - ior, stay this night with me, Be - hold, 't is e - ven - tide.

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No. 14. Catch the Sunshine!

G. F. Root.

Allegretto.

1. Catch the sun-shine! tho' it flick-ers Thro' a dark and dis-mal cloud.
2. Catch the sun-shine! tho' life's tem-pest May un-furl its chill-ing blast,
3. Catch the sun-shine! don't be griev-ing O'er that dark-some bil-low there!

Tho' it falls so faint and fee-ble On a heart with sor-row bowed.
Catch the lit-tle, hope-ful strag-gler! Storms will not for-ev-er last;
Life's a sea of storm-y bil-lows, We must meet them ev-'ry-where.

Catch it quick-ly! it is pass-ing, Pass-ing rap-id-ly a-way;
Don't give up and say "for-sak-en!" Don't be-gin to say "I'm sad!"
Pass right thro' them, do not tar-ry, O-ver-come the heav-ing tide,

Rit.

It has on-ly come to tell you There is yet a bright-er day.
Look! there comes a gleam of sun-shine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad
There's a spark-ling gleam of sun-shine Wait-ing on the oth-er side.

No. 15. Come, Let Us One and All.

A. Dalrymple. L. Schofield.

1. Come, let us one and all Join in a sa - cred strain,
2. O God of life and light, Our hearts beat high with joy,
3. O Lord, may we be wise In ear - ly life, we pray,

And on our Mak - er call— It will not be in vain:
And with most pure de - light Our time we here em - ploy,
And strive to win the prize By walk - ing in that way

For He will heed our hum - ble prayer, And grant us grace as
Where we can learn each Sab - bath day To walk the straight and
That leads to im - mor - tal - i - ty, Where all the ran - somed

free as air, And grant us grace as free as air.
nar - row way, To walk the straight and nar - row way.
hosts will be, Where all the ran - somed hosts will be.

No. 16. Come, Come, Ye Saints.

W. Clayton.

1. Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor la-bor fear, But with joy wend your way;
2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!
3. We'll find the place which God for us prepared, Far a - way in the West;
4. And should we die before our journey's through, Hap-py day! all is well!

Tho' hard to you this jour-ney may ap-pear, Grace shall be as your day.
Why should we think to earn a great re-ward, If we now shun the fight?
Where none shall come to hurt or make a - fraid; There the Saints will be blessed.
We then are free from toil and sor - row too; With the just we shall dwell.

'Tis bet - ter far for us to strive Our use - less cares from us to drive; Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—All is well! all is well!
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take, Our God will nev - er us for-sake; And soon we'll have this truth to tell— All is well! all is well!
We'll make the air with mu - sic ring— Shout prais - es to our God and King; Above the rest these words we'll tell—All is well! all is well!
But if our lives are spared a - gain To see the Saints, their rest ob-tain, O how we'll make this chorus swell— All is well! all is well!

No. 17. Missionary Hymn.

R. E. Moench. E. Beesley.

1. As the sun, ar-rayed in splen-dor, Casts its gold - en man - tle round,
2. As dark shad - ows do not lin - ger Where the cheer - ful sun-beams play,
3. They will face earth's might-y monarchs, Fear - ing not their hos - tile cry;
4. What a glo - rious prom-ise giv - en, Thro' the proph - ets, un - to them,
5. Go, then, mes - sen - gers re - joic - ing, Preach the gos - pel with your might,

And por-trays a world of beau - ty, Where no dark - ness can a-bound,—
So will truth, by wis - dom guid - ed, Hold false doc - trines all at bay.
No - bly bear with per - se - cu - tion, And are not a - fraid to die;
That the tongue of op - po - si - tion, By His pow'r they should con-demn;
Now that you're di - vine - ly cho - sen, And en-dowed with gems of light;

So the gos - pel light, a - ris - ing, With its ban - ner wide un-furled,
Truth is might - y, truth re - splen-dent; Truth, our stand - ard, will pre - vail;
Bravely meet their gi - ant foe - man, With but shep - herd's garb and sling;
"And their weapons shall not pros - per," What a time - ly word of cheer;
Go and raise truth's ho - ly ban - ner, In a far and dis - tant clime,

Spreads its man - tle of sal - va - tion O'er a dark, be - night - ed world.
And the brave who bear its em - blems, Love its watch-word—"Never fail."
These are fol - low - ers of Je - sus, And His mes - sage glad - ly bring.
While all plots, and vile en - trap-pings, In due time will dis - ap - pear!
Where its rays will gleam for - ev - er, With a ra - di - ance sub - lime.

No. 18. Utah, We Love Thee.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Land of the moun - tains high, U - tah, we love thee!
2. Co - lum - bia's new - est star, U - tah, we love thee!
3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee!

Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee!
Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee!
Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee!

Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the moun - tain's crest,
Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,
With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

ff *p*

In robes of state - hood dressed, U - tah, we love thee!
She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee!
God-guard - ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee!

No. 19. Precious Savior, Dear Redeemer.

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.

1. Pre-cious Sav - ior, dear Re - deem - er, Thy sweet mes - sage now im - part;
2. Pre-cious Sav - ior, dear Re - deem - er, We are weak but Thou art strong;
3. Pre-cious Sav - ior, dear Re - deem - er, Thou wilt bind the bro - ken heart;

May Thy Spir - it, pure and fer - vid, En - ter ev - 'ry tim - id heart;
In Thy in - fi - nite com - pas - sion Stay the tide of sin and wrong;
Let not sor - rows o - ver-whelm us, Dry the bit - ter tears that start;

Car - ry there the swift con - vic - tion, Turn-ing back the sin - ful tide;
Keep Thy lov - ing arms a - round us, Keep us in the nar - row way;
Curb the winds and calm the bil - lows, Bid the an - gry tem - pest cease;

Pre - cious Sav - ior, dear Re - deem - er, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, dear Re - deem - er, Let us nev - er from Thee stray.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, dear Re - deem - er, Grant us ev - er - last - ing peace.

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No. 20. O Thou Rock of Our Salvation.

J. L. Townshend. Wm. Clayson.

1. O Thou Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,
2. We a war 'gainst sin are wag - ing, We're con-tend-ing for the right,
3. On - ward, on-ward, we'll be sing - ing, As we're marching firm and true,
4. When for all that we've con-tend - ed, When the fight of faith we've won,

In our poor and low - ly sta - tion We Thy ban - ner have un-furled.
Ev - 'ry day the bat - tle's rag - ing, Help us, Lord, to win the fight.
Each suc-ceed - ing bat - tle ring - ing Ear - nest of what we can do.
When the strife and bat - tle's end - ed, And our la - bor here is done,

Chorus.

Gath - er round the stand-ard bear - er, Gath - er round in strength of youth;
(After last verse:)
Then, O Rock of our sal - va - tion, Je - sus, Sav - ior of the world,

Ev - 'ry day the prospect's fair - er, While we're battling for the truth.
Take us from our low - ly sta - tion, Let our flag with Thee be furled.

No. 21. Sing and Pray.

GEORGE MANWARING. WILLIAM H. FOSTER.

1. Chil - dren, haste to Sun - day-school Ev - 'ry Sab - bath day,
2. Lift the heart and lift the voice To the Lord to - day,
3. In the Sab - bath-school re - joice, Ne'er from du - ty stray,

Be in time— a hap - py rule— There to sing and pray;
Heav'nly hosts a - bove re - joice When we sing and pray;
Let your ear - ly, on - ly choice Be the nar - row way;

Cheer - ful voi - ces glad - ly raise, Sweet - ly sing your Mak - er's praise;
Join in praise and join in prayer, Hum - bly to the Lord draw near;
From its path - way nev - er rove, Seek for wis - dom from a - bove;

An - gels love your joy - ous lays, Love to hear you sing.
O 't is sweet in - deed to hear Chil - dren sing and pray!
Un - to Him whose name is love Ev - er sing and pray.

No. 22. Flag of the Free.

Steady time.

March from "Lohengrin."

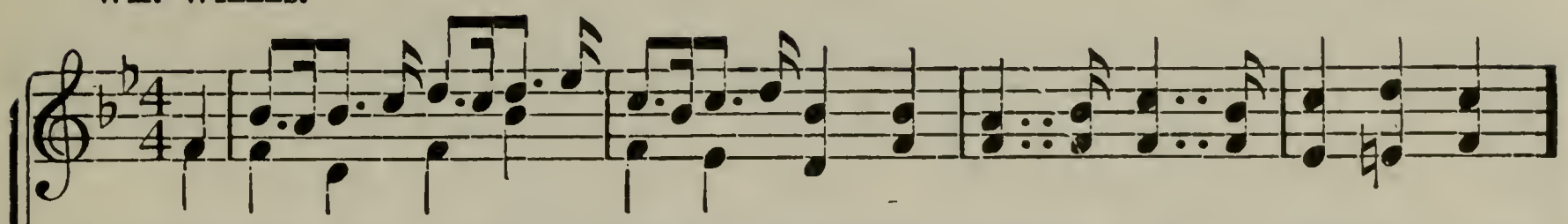
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war; Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud-ly from moun-tain to shore. Em-blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save; While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er-more!

2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho - sen of God while His might we a - dore; In Lib - er - ty's van for man - hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass-ing o'er. Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scatter each cloud that would darken a star; While thro' the

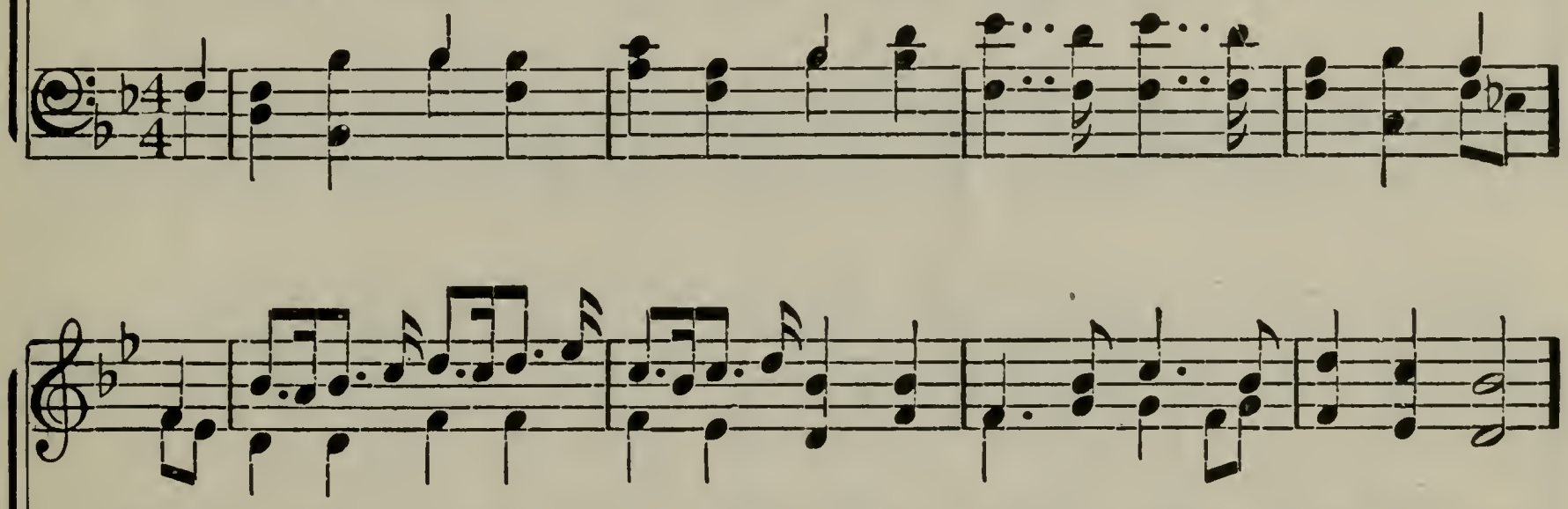
Ritard.

No. 23. Come, Rally in the Sunday-School.

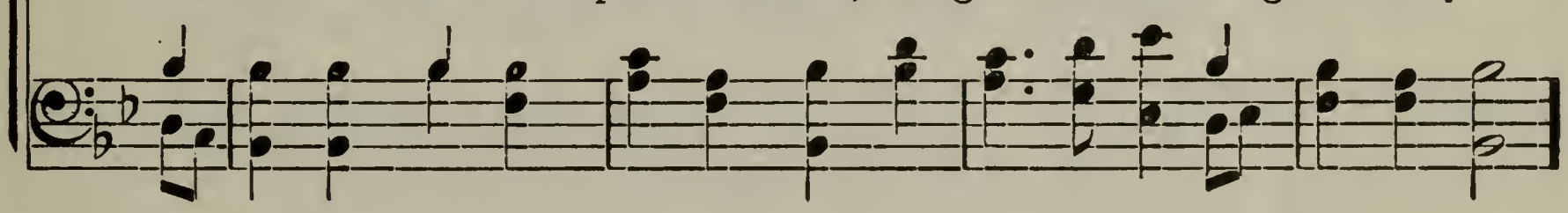
WM. WILLES. JOHN S. LEWIS.



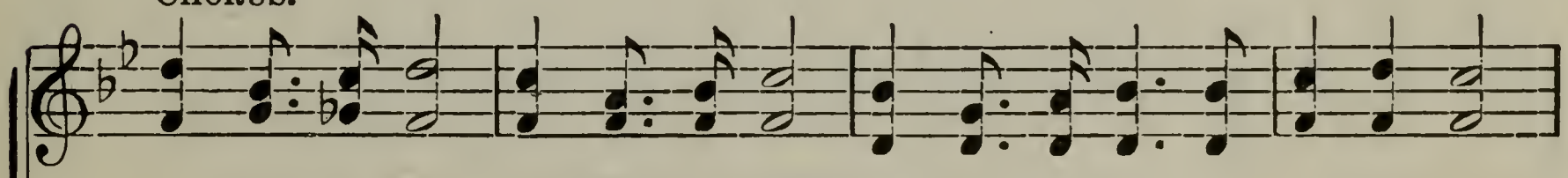
1. Come, ral - ly in the Sun - day-school, Where peace and love and order rule;
2. 'T is here a flood of gos - pel light Pours its bright rays up - on our sight;
3. 'T is here we get in - struc-tion good, And learn to act as chil-dren should;



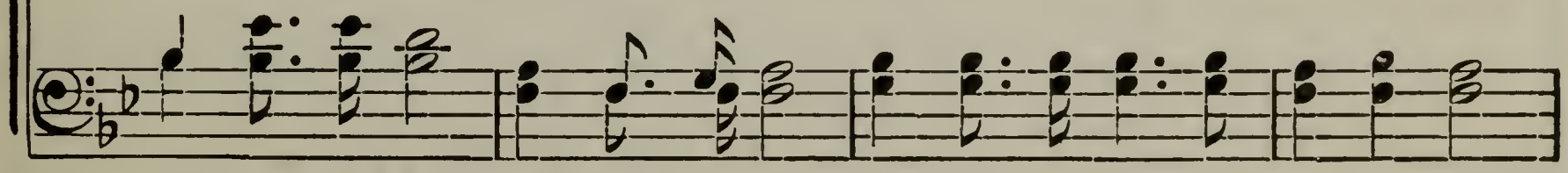
Where youth and age in un - ion meet—For in - no-cence a safe re - treat.
We glad - ly min - gle with the throng, In prayer, and praise, and sa-cred song.
We learn to love and speak the truth, And gath - er knowledge in our youth.

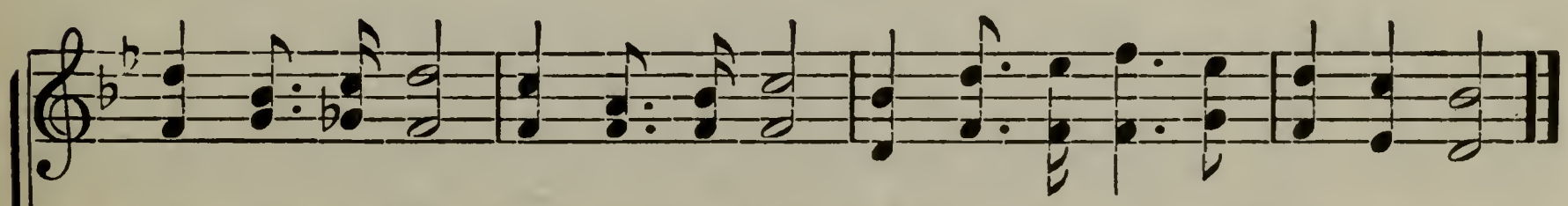


CHORUS.

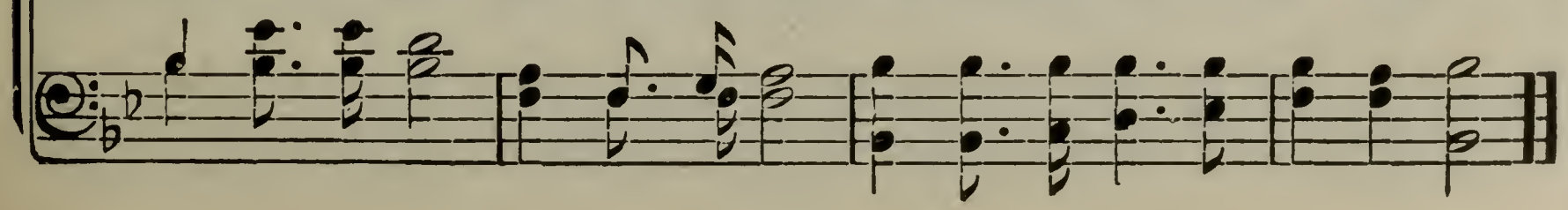


Come, ral - ly here, come, ral - ly here, Come ral - ly to the Sun - day-school,





Where peace and love, where peace and love, Where peace and love and or - der rule.



No. 24. Praise to the Man.

W. W. Phelps.

1. Praise to the man who com-muned with Je - ho - vah! Je - sus a-
2. Praise to his mem-'ry, he died as a mar - tyr, Hon-ored and
3. Great is his glo - ry, and end - less his Priest-hood, Ev - er and
4. Sac - ri - fice brings forth the bless - ings of heav - en; Earth must a-

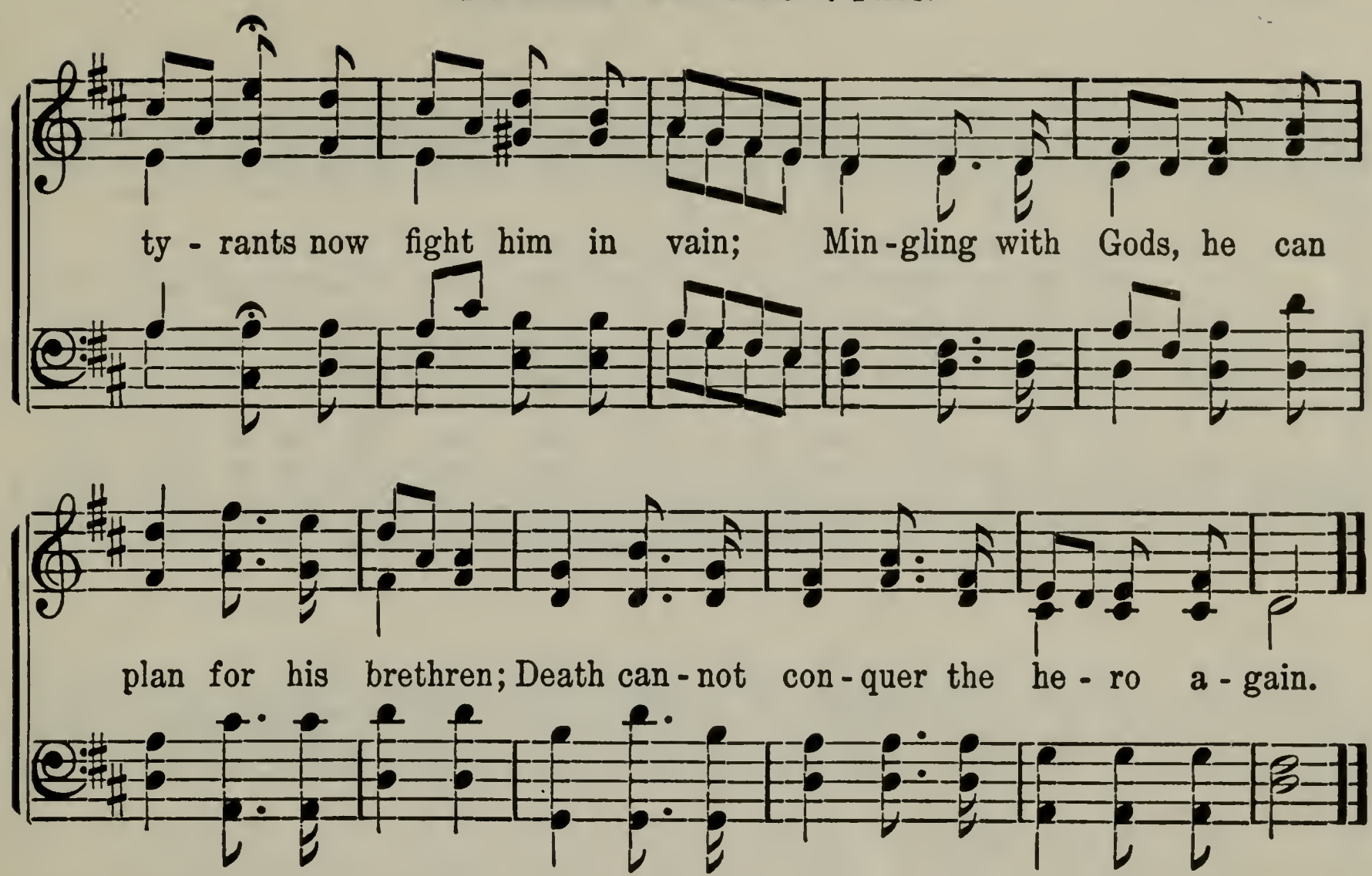
noint - ed "that Proph-et and Seer"— Bless - ed to o - pen the
blest be his ev - er great name! Long shall his blood, which was
ev - er the keys he will hold; Faith - ful and true, he will
tone for the blood of that man; Wake up the world for the

last dis - pen - sa - tion; Kings shall ex - tol him, and na - tions re - vere.
shed by as - sas - sins, Stain Il - li - nois, while the earth lauds his fame.
en - ter his king-dom, Crowned in the midst of the Proph-ets of old.
con-flict of jus - tice; Mil - lions shall know "brother Jo - seph" a - gain.

Chorus.

Hail to the Proph-et, as - cend - ed to heav - en! Trai - tors and

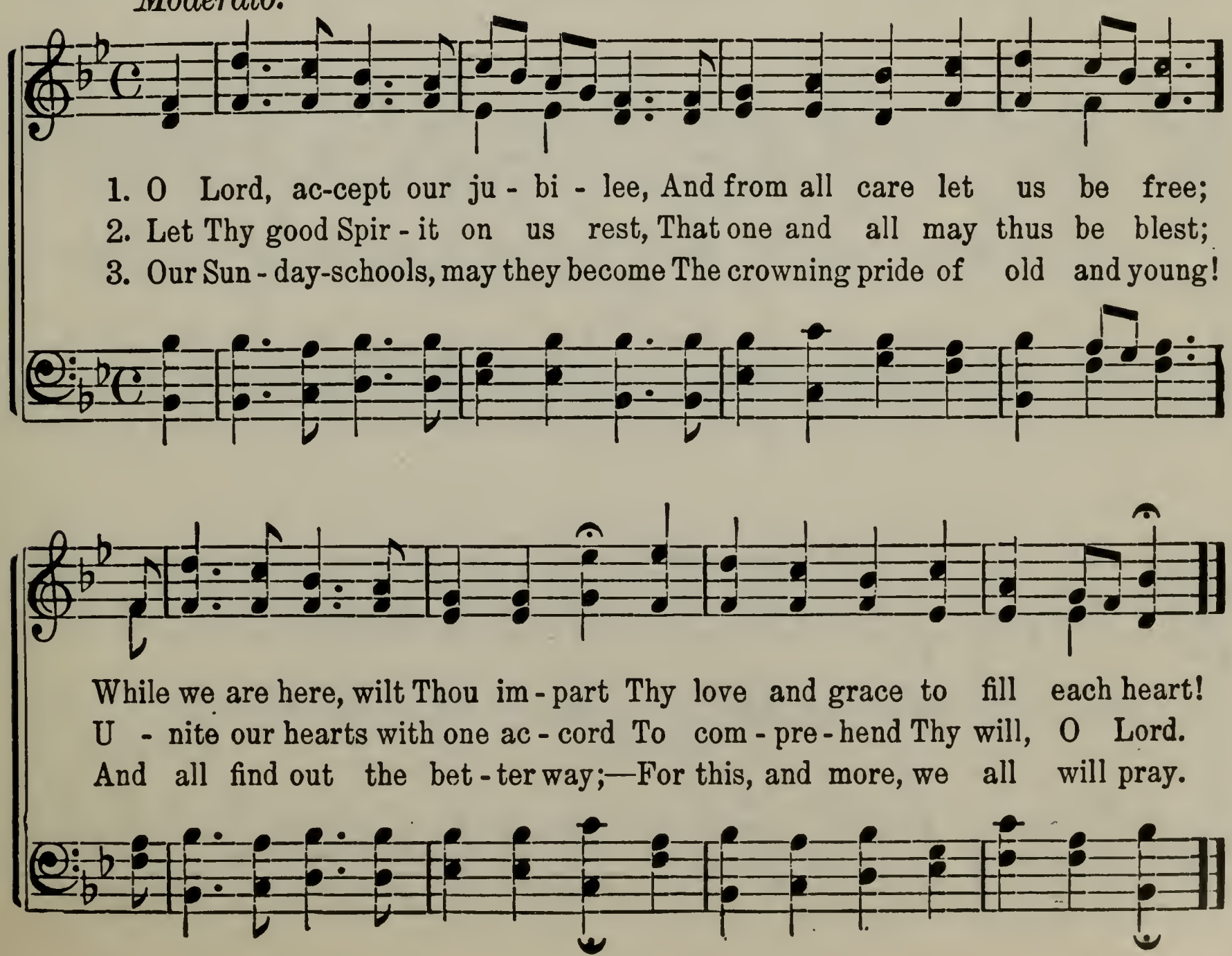
Praise to the Man.



No. 25. O Lord, Accept Our Jubilee.

SAMUEL L. EVANS. (Jubilee Song.) CHARLES J. THOMAS.

Moderato.



No. 26. Rock of My Refuge.

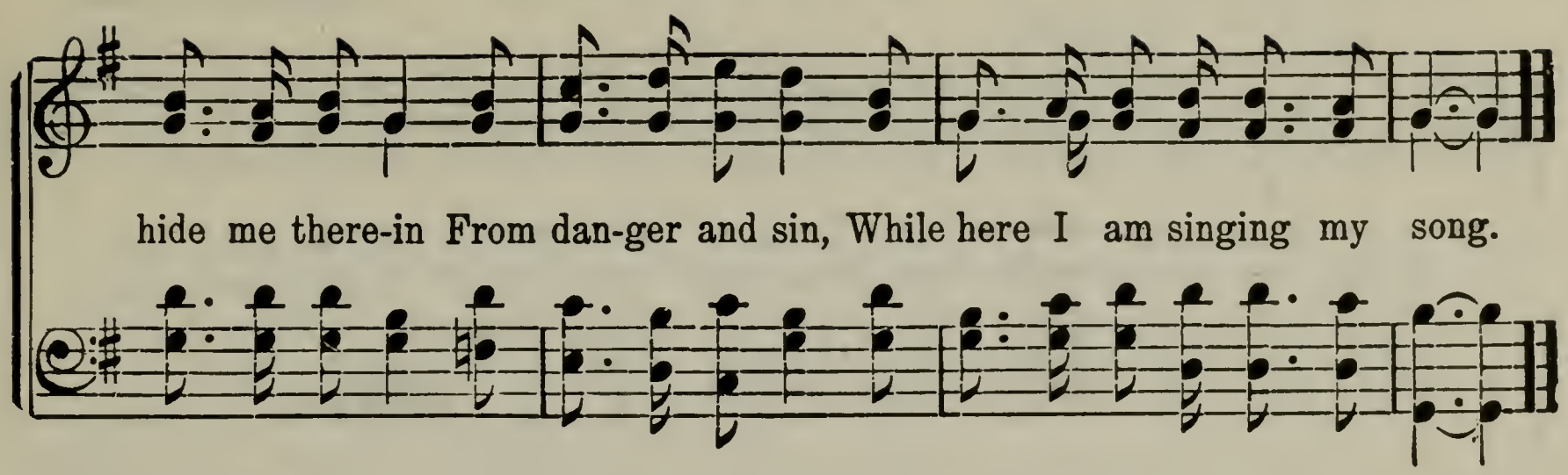
1. As swift-ly my days go out on the wing, As on-ward my bark drifts
2. Dark sor-row may come with man-y a sting; Stern tri-als in life my
3. Till an-gels of light my summons shall bring, Till up-ward with joy my

o - ver the sea,
por - tion may be;
spir - it shall flee,
O Fa - ther in heav'n, this song will I sing: The

rock of my ref-uge is Thee, The rock of my ref-uge is Thee.

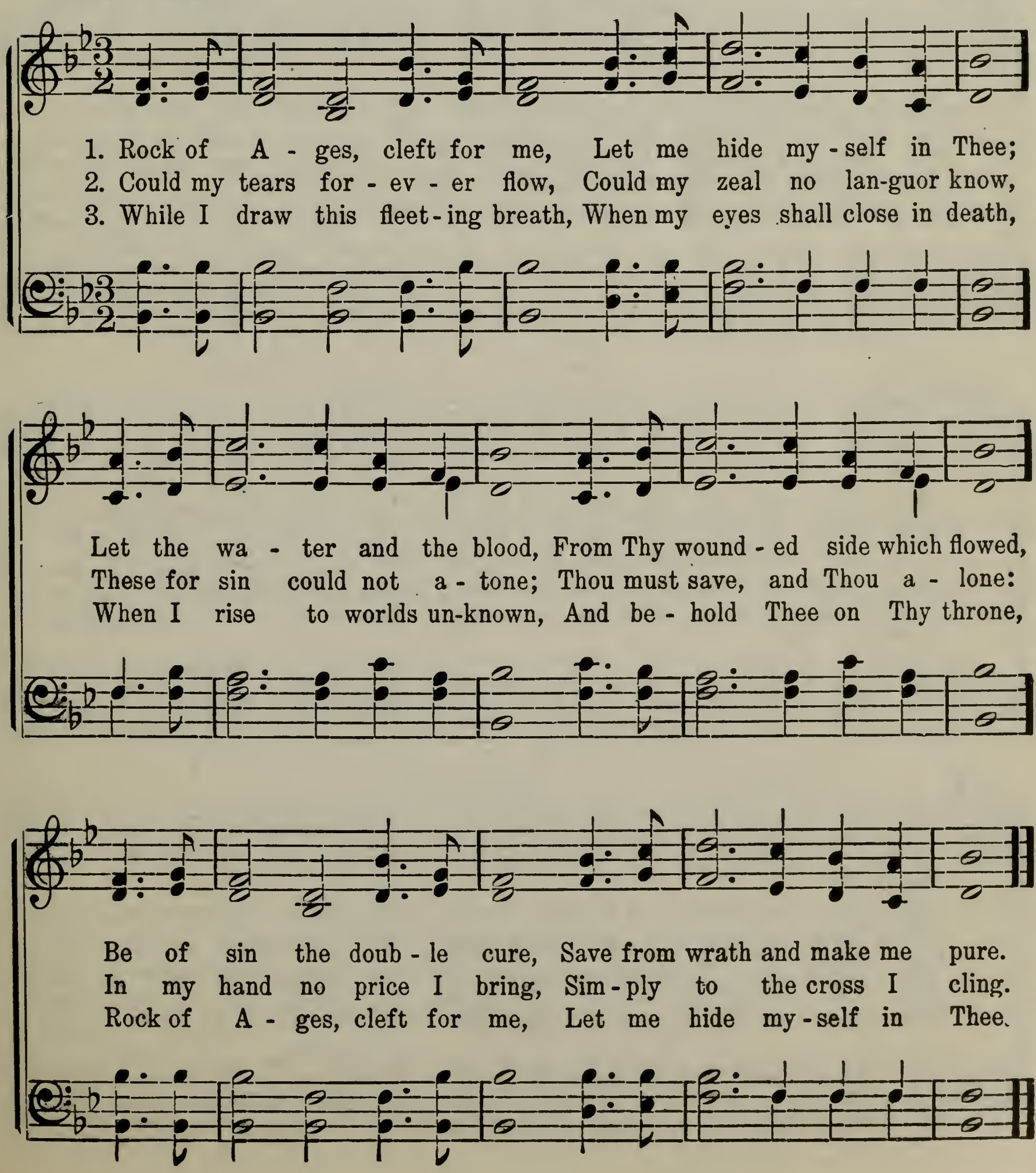
Rock of my ref-uge so sure,..... Rock of my ref-uge so strong;.... O
so sure, so strong;

Rock of My Refuge.



No. 27. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.



No. 28. A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.

ORSON F. WHITNEY. (Song for Christmas.) EDWIN F. PARRY.

Moderato con grazia.

p

1. A stran - ger star o'er Beth - le - hem Shot down its sil - ver ray,
2. He wan-dered thro' the faith-less world, A Prince in shepherd's guise;
3. He wept o'er doomed Je - ru - sa - lem, Her tem - ple, walls and tow'rs,
4. On Cal - v'ry's hill they cru - ci - fied The God whom worlds a - dore.
5. Far flash - ing on its wings of light— A fal - chion from its sheath—

Where, cra - dled in a man-ger's fold, A sleep - ing in - fant lay.
He called His scat-tered flock, but few The voice would rec - og - nize;
O'er pal - a - ces where recreant priests U - surped un - hal-lowed pow'rs.
"Fa - ther, for-give them!"—drained the dregs—Im - man - uel was no more.
It cleft the realms of dark-ness, and Dis - solved the bands of death.

mf

And guid - ed by that fin - ger bright, The Or - ient sa - ges bring
For minds up-borne by hol - low pride, Or dimmed by sor - did lust,
"I am the Way of Life and Light!" A - las! 't was heed - ed not—
No more where thunders shook the earth, Where light-nings,'thwart the gloom,
Hell's dungeons burst! wide o - pen swung The ev - er - last - ing bars,

Rare gifts of myrrh and frank-in - cense, To hail the new-born King.
Ne'er look for kings in beg-gar's garb— For dia - monds in the dust.
Ig - nored Sal - va - tion's message, spurned The won - drous truths He taught.
Saw that un-con-quered Spir - it spurn The shack - les of the tomb!
Where-by the ran-somed soul shall win Those heights be - yond the stars.

142309

No. 29. O What Songs of the Heart.

J. L. Townshend. Wm. Clayson.

1. O what songs of the heart We shall sing all the day, When a - gain we as-
2. Tho' our rap-ture and bliss There's no song can express; We will shout, we will
3. O the vi - sions we'll see In that home of the blest, There's no words, there's no
4. O what songs we'll employ! O what welcomes we'll hear! While our transports of

sem - ble at home; When we meet, ne'er to part, With the blest o'er the way,
sing o'er and o'er, As we greet with a kiss, And with joy we ca - ress
tho'ts can im - part, But our rap - ture will be All the soul can at - test
love are com-plete; As the heart swells with joy In em- bra - ces most dear,

There no more from our loved ones to roam! When we meet ne'er to part,
All our loved ones that passed on be - fore; As we greet with a kiss,
In the heav - en - ly songs of the heart; But our rap - ture will be
When our heav - en - ly Par - ents we meet! As the heart swells with joy

O what songs of the heart We shall sing in our beau - ti - ful home.
In our rap - ture and bliss, All our loved ones that passed on be - fore.
In the vi - sions we'll see Best ex-pressed in the songs of the heart.
O what songs we'll em-ploy, When our heav - en - ly Par - ents we meet.

No. 30. My Sabbath Home.

1. Sweet Sab-bath school, more dear to me Than fair - est pal - ace dome,
2. Here first my wil - ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life was shown;
3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice, En - treat-ing me to come

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab-bath home.
Here first I sought the bet - ter part, And gained a Sab-bath home.
And make of Him my on - ly choice, In this dear Sab-bath home.

CHORUS.

Sabbath home, blessed home, Sabbath home, blessed
Sabbath home, blessed home, Sabbath home,

home, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath home.
blessed home,

No. 31. A Sunday School Call.

J. M. C. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Moderato.

1. O come on each bright Sab-bath morn - ing, And meet with our
2. O come, when the morn's brightly glow - ing, With fa - ces and
3. With hearts full of faith, our great Fa - ther Will guide us to

loved, hap - py school, Where wis - dom and truth we are learn - ing
hearts free from care, And minds all in - tent up - on grow - ing
live to His praise, To fol - low our bless - ed Re-deem - er,

CHORUS. *p* *f*

By aid of our teach-ers' kind rule.
In wis - dom by truths taught us here.
And live to His glo - ry al - ways.
} Come, come, come, Where

wis - dom and truth we are learn - ing, O come to our Sun - day school.

No. 32. Come With Tuneful Voices.

MARGARET HAYCRAFT. S. MCBURNEY.

1. Come with tune-ful voi - ces, Raise the strains a - bove; Sing we now Ho-
2. 'T is our fes - tal morn - ing; Thanks we ren - der here, That our Lord hath
3. On we go to con - quer By the Sav - ior's might; 'Mid the shades of

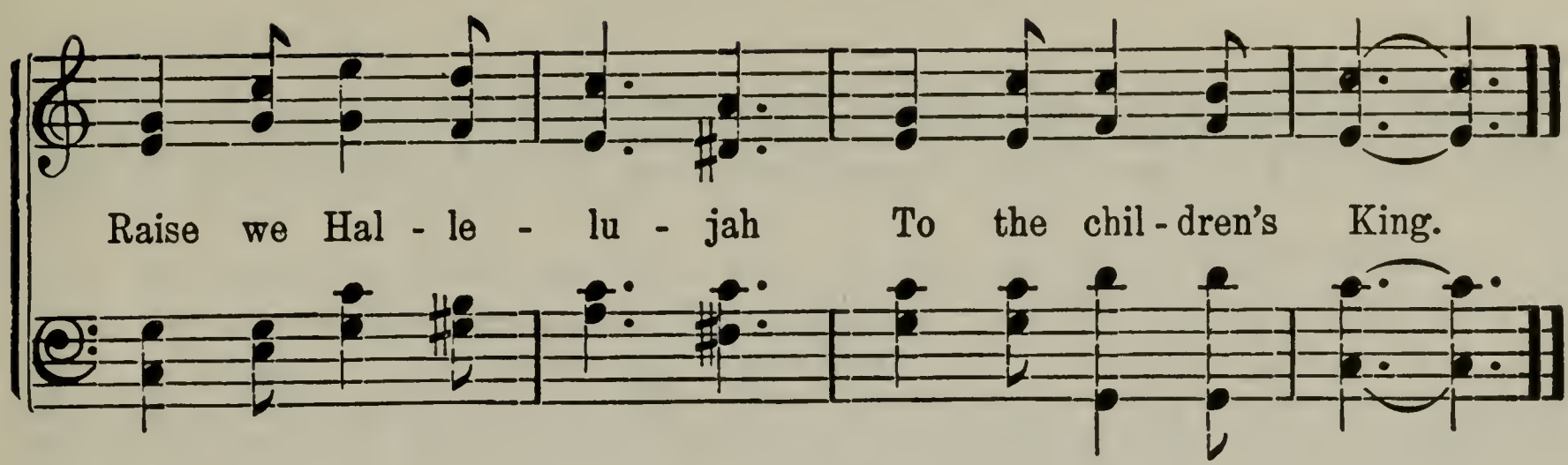
san - na To the Lord of love: Wor - ship and a - dore Him,
led us Thro' an - oth - er year; And our ranks are swell - ing,
dark - ness We would bear the light: Mas - ter, now we thank Thee

Praise the ho - ly name Of our God and Fa - ther—Ev - er-more the same.
And we sure - ly know God the Lord will bless us As we on - ward go.
That to work so grand Thou dost call the chil - dren O - ver all the land.

REFRAIN.

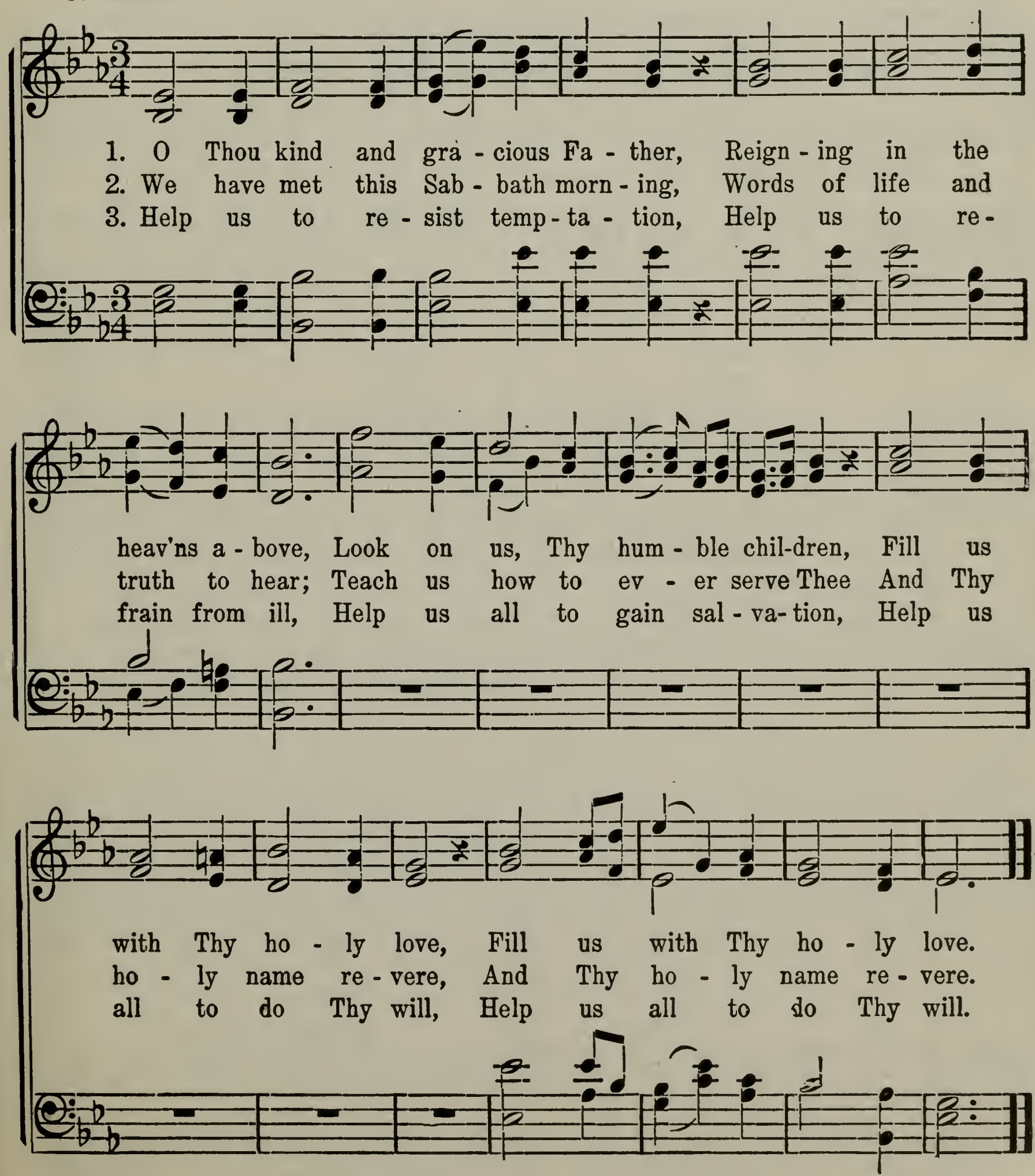
Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren— Let them sweet - ly sing;.....

Come With Tuneful Voices.



No. 33. O Thou Kind and Gracious Father.

G. Denney. Geo. Careless.



No. 34. Song of Triumph.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Hark! hark to the swell of that rap - tur-ous song, As - cend - ing to
2. Give thanks to Je - ho - vah, our strength and our shield, The foes of His

Ho - san - na,

heav-en from yon might - y throng! With shouts of ho - san - na, the
kingdom will soon have to yield; While Zi - on, with shouts of ho-

ho - san-na, Ho - san-na, ho - san-na,

chil-dren of Zi - on Ex - tol their De - liv - 'rer from bond-age and woe;
san - na, will praise Him, And la - bor with dil - i-gence morn-ing and night;

With shouts of ho - san - na, the chil - dren of Zi - on Ex - tol their De-
While Zi - on, with shouts of ho - san - na, will praise Him, And la - bor with

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho-

With shouts of ho - san - na, the chil-dren of Zi - on Ex - tol their De-
While Zi - on, with shouts of ho - san - na, will praise Him, And bor with

Song of Triumph.

liv - 'rer from bond - age and woe; The moun - tains and hills, tow'ring
dil - i-gence morn - ing and night, To build up the king-dom and
san - na, ho - san - na,

liv - 'rer from bond - age and woe; The moun - tains and hills, tow'ring
dil - i-gence morn - ing and night, To build up the kingdom and

high to the heav-ens, Re - ech - o the song from the val - ley be - low.
spread the glad ti - dings: That God will soon reign on the earth in His might.

No. 35. Sweet is the Work.

I. Watts. John J. McClellan.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
2. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
3. But oh, what tri - umph shall I raise To Thy dear name, thro' endless days,
4. Then shall I see and hear and know All I de sired and wished be - low,

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truths at night.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep thy counsels—how di - vine!
When in the realms of joy I see Thy face in full fe - lic - i - ty.
And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em-ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

No. 36. Welcome to Our Union Meeting.

G. M. A. Parsons.

Moderato.

1. Wel-come to our Un - ion meet-ing, Zi - on's teachers—guides of youth;
2. Oh, how glo-rious is our mis-sion, To di-rect the youth-ful mind!
3. Par - ents, teachers, here we gath-er, Seek-ing wis-dom from on high,
4. Wel-come then to join our Un - ion, All who love to serve the Lord;

Cres.

Raise a - loud the joy - ful greet-ing, Hail to all who love the truth.
In this great and high am - bi - tion, Sweet - est bless-ings do we find.
Trust-ing in our heav'n-ly Fa - ther Who will grant us rich sup - ply.
Wel-come to the sweet com-mun-ion That our meet-ing doth af - ford.

Love and kind-ness all pos-sess-ing, This shall be an hour of bless-ing;
In this no - ble cause pro-gress-ing, God will add to us His bless-ing;
And His Spir - it all pos-sess-ing, 'Tis an hour of sweet-est bless-ing;
Love and kind-ness all pos-sess-ing, We'll se-cure a Fa-ther's bless-ing;

Love and kind-ness all pos-sess-ing, This shall be an hour of bless-ing.
In this no - ble cause progressing, God will add to us His bless-ing.
And His Spir - it all pos-sess-ing, 'Tis an hour of sweet-est bless-ing.
Love and kind-ness all pos-sess-ing, We'll se-cure a Fa-ther's bless-ing.

No. 37. Sowing.

H. A. Tuckett.

1. We are sow-ing, dai-ly sow-ing Count-less seeds of good and ill,
2. Seeds that fall a-mid the still-ness Of the lone-ly moun-tain glen;
3. Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened, Life-less on the teem-ing mould;
4. Thou who know-est all our weak-ness, Leave us not to sow a-lone!

Scat-tered on the lev-el low-land, Cast up-on the wind-y hill;
Seeds cast out in crowd-ed pla-ces, Trod-den un-der foot of men;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flour-ish When the sow-er's hand is cold;
Bid Thine an-gels guard the fur-rows Where the pre-cious grain is sown,

Seeds that sink in rich, brown fur-rows, Soft with heav-en's gra-cious rain;
Seeds, by i-dle hearts for-got-ten, Flung at ran-dom on the air;
By a whis-per sow we bless-ings, By a breath we scat-ter strife,
Till the fields are crowned with glo-ry, Filled with mel-low, rip-ened ears;

Seeds that rest up-on the sur-face Of the dry, un-yield-ing plain.
Seeds, by faith-ful souls re-mem-bered, Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.
In our words, and looks, and ac-tions Lie the seeds of death and life.
Filled with fruit of life e-ter-nal From the seed we sowed in tears.

No. 38. Parting Hymn.

GEO. MANWARING. BEESLEY.

mf

1. Sing we now at part - ing, One more strain of praise;
2. Praise Him for His mer - cy, Praise Him for His love;
3. Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, Now our prais - es hear;

To our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Sweet - est songs we'll raise.
For un - num - bered bless - ings Praise the Lord a - bove.
While we bow be - fore Thee, Lend a list - 'ning ear.

p

For His lov - ing kind - ness, For His ten - der care,
Let our hap - py voi - ces Still the notes pro - long;
Save us, Lord, from er - ror, Watch us day by day,

f

Let our songs of glad - ness Rend this Sab - bath air.
One a - lone is wor - thy Of our sweet - est song.
Help us now to serve Thee In a pleas - ing way.

No. 39. Sabbath Morning Comes With Gladness.

JAMES GALLAHER. J. S. LEWIS.

1. Sab-bath morn-ing comes with gladness, Lit - tle hearts are filled with joy;
2. O'er the earth the sun is shin - ing, Truth shines in the Sab - bath school;
3. May our Fa-ther's care be o'er us, Guar-dian an - gels ev - er nigh,

Fa-ther's bless-ings ban - ish sad-ness, Pleas - ure's here with- out al - loy.
List the Priesthood clear de - fin - ing Pre - cepts like the gold - en rule.
Thro' life's journey go be - fore us, Lead us to the courts on high.

See, with smil - ing ros - y fa - ces, Boys and girls clothed in their best,
Let us each be un - ob - serv - ing Of the oth - ers' faults, and strive
Prin - ci - ples our souls in - spir - ing, That were des - tined men to save,

Hast-'ning on to fill their pla - ces, At their teach-er's kind re - quest.
Good-ness to in-crease un-swerv-ing, Like the bees with - in a hive.
On - ward pro-gress, nev - er tir - ing, In the life be - yond the grave.

No. 40. A Call and Answer.

Words and Music by R. S. Horne. Arr. by Wm. G. Bickley.

1. Come, dear schoolmates, let us ral - ly Round the ed - u - ca - tor's stand,
2. Ed - u - ca - tion throws her por - tals O - pen wide - ly to us all;
3. Hark! I hear an ea - ger an - swer: "Yes, dear friends, we'll join with you,
4. Then we'll clasp our hands in friend-ship, And a might - y pha - lanx stand;

Where true wis - dom's ev - er sound - ing, And with truth goes hand in hand.
Shall we gath - er round her stand - ard? Shall we an - swer to her call?
We will aid you in the bat - tle, Strug-gle man - ful - ly and true;
Be im - preg - na - ble to ar - rows Hurled by Su - per- sti - tion's hand.

Let us seek for all true knowledge, And from ig - no - rance get free,
Shall we lon - ger waste the mo - ments That to us are kind - ly giv'n?
Dark-ness, ig - no-rance shall van - ish, Light and knowl - edge take their place;
Now the field has o - pened wide - ly, There is room e - nough for all;

And with joy - ous, glad-some voi - ces Hail the dawn of vic - to - ry.
Shall we by the pow'r of er - ror In - to dark - est night be driv'n?
And im-prove - ment be our mot - to, We'll ad - vance at rap - id pace."
Ral - ly, then, and join our ar - my, An - swer Ed - u - ca - tion's call.

No. 41. Joseph Smith's First Prayer.

GEO. MANWARING. A. C. SMYTH.

1. O how love - ly was the morn-ing! Radiant beamed the sun a - bove,
2. Hum-bly kneel-ing, sweet ap - peal - ing—'Twas the boy's first ut-tered prayer—
3. Sud - den - ly a light de-scend - ed, Bright-er far than noon-day sun,
4. "Jo-seph, this is my Be - lov - ed, Hear Him!" oh, how sweet the word!

Bees were humming, sweet birds sing-ing, Mu - sic ring - ing thro' the grove,
When the pow'rs of sin as - sail - ing Filled his soul with deep de - spair,
And a shin - ing, glo-rious pil - lar O'er him fell, a - round him shone,
Jo - seph's hum - ble prayer was an-swered, And he list - ened to the Lord;

When with - in the sha - dy wood-land, Jo-seph sought the God of love;
But un-daunt - ed still, he trust - ed In his heav'n - ly Fa - ther's care;
While ap-peared two heav'nly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son;
Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God;

When with-in the sha - dy wood-land, Jo-seph sought the God of love.
But un-daunt-ed still, he trust - ed In his heav'n-ly Fa-ther's care.
While ap-peared two heav'nly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son.
Oh, what rap - ture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God.

No. 42. The Bees of Deseret.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

DUET.

1. We are the bees of Des - er - et, The bus - y, bus - y, cheerful lit - tle bees,
2. Like oth - er bees, we love to sing, Our voi - ces ev - er sounding sweet and clear,

Gath-'ring what hon-ey we can get From all the flow-ers blooming on the trees;
And all the val - leys oft - en ring With hap-py, cheerful songs we love so dear.

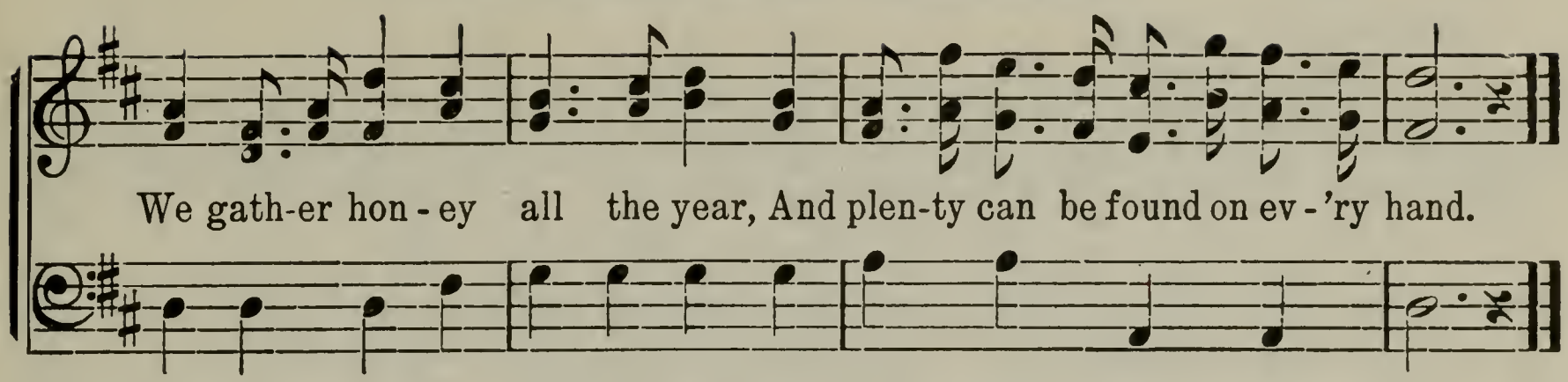
Try - ing to fill our lit - tle hives With ev - 'ry good that we can gather round;
We still will la - bor with our might; While yet 't is day, to gather wisdom strive,

Wis - dom and truth e - ter - nal lives. These are the priceless treasures we have found.
That when the night comes we'll have light, Eternal light to shine within our hives.

CHORUS.

Work-ers are we, no i-dlers here Shall live a-mong our bus - y, hap - py band;

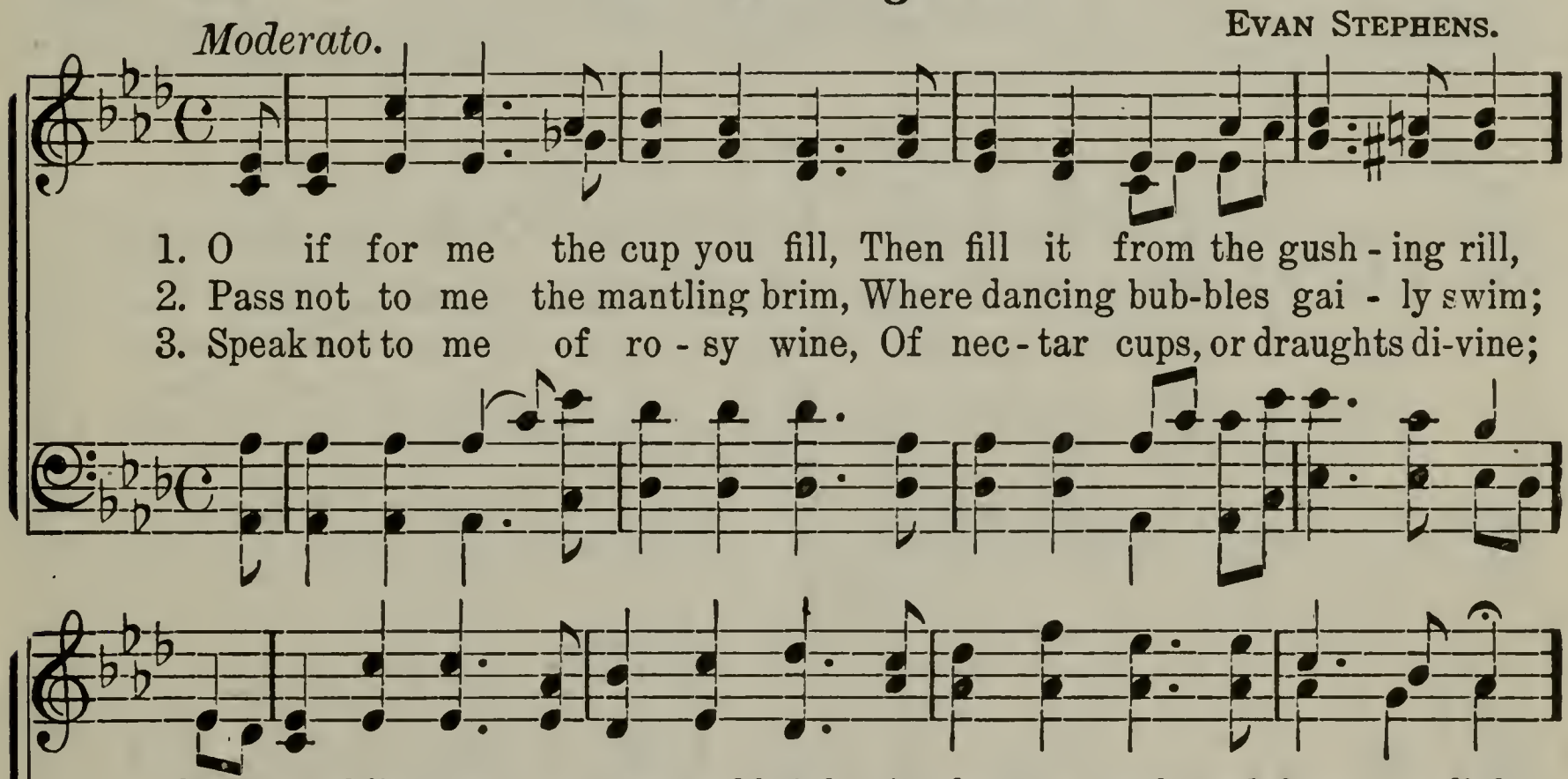
The Bees of Deseret.



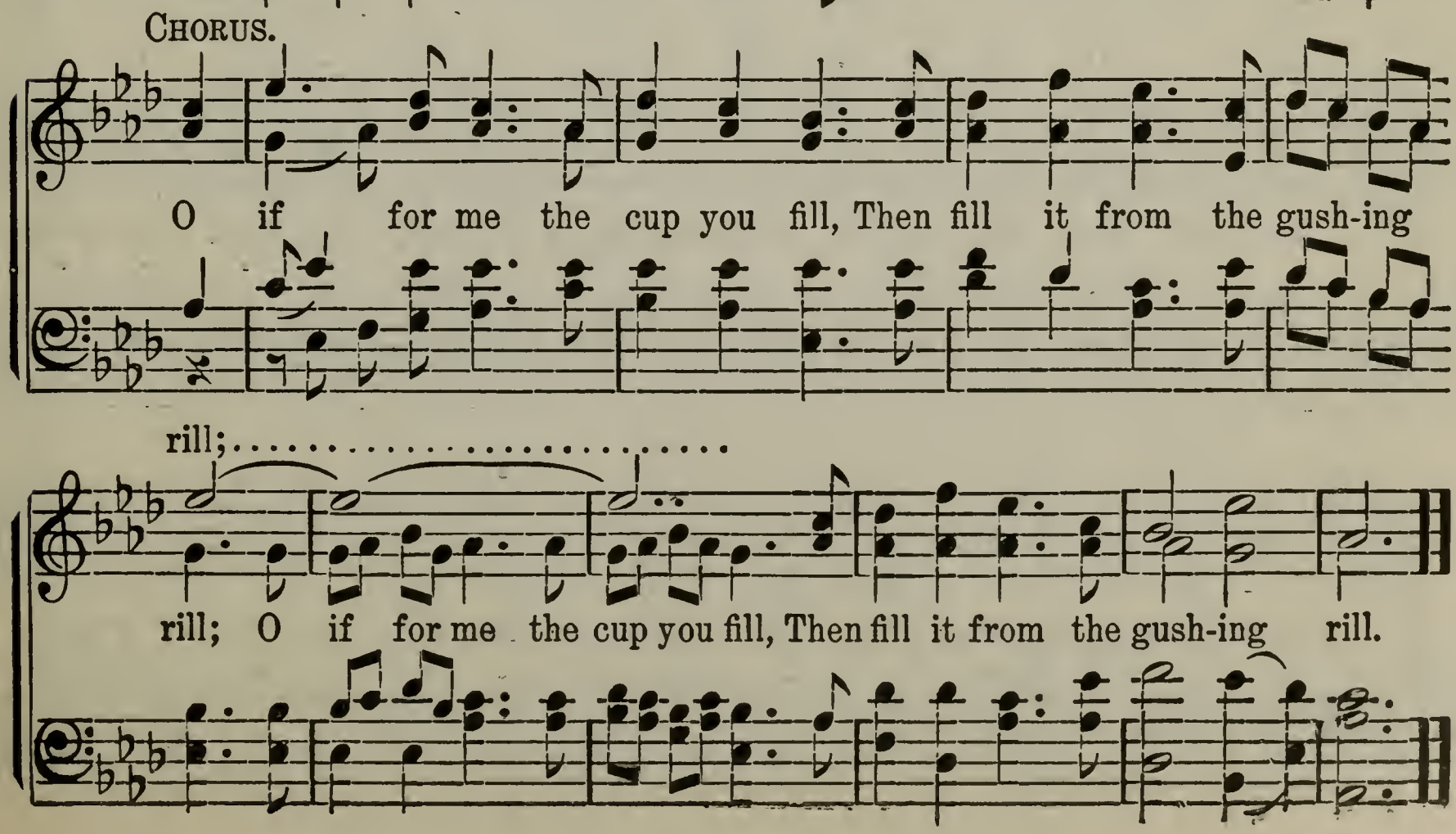
No. 43. The Gushing Rill.

EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato.



CHORUS.



No. 44. One More Year Has Gone.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

March time.

1. One more year has gone! Joy - ful march-ing on, We this height have won;
2. Glad we here have come, Oh, sweet Sab-bath home, None from thee would roam,
3. For - ward marching, we Our bright way would see, Up-ward, Lord, to Thee,
4. Fa - ther, hear our call, Let thy bless - ing fall On Thy chil - dren all,

Rest - ing here, Back a look we cast, O'er the jour - ney past, Then we'll
Bless - ed place! Here our feet have turned, Here our hearts have burned, Here our
Climb-ing still. Be our Guide, we pray—Ev - 'ry Sab - bath day Teach us,
Draw-ing near. May sweet show'rs of love Thy dear pres-ence prove, While we

Chorus.

view, at last, The com - ing year.
souls have learned The works of grace.
Lord, the way, And Thy dear will.
on - ward move An - oth - er year.

} Teach-ers, schol-ars, ral - ly round our

ban - ner, See its mot - to shin - ing fair and clear; On - ward! up - ward!

chil-dren sing ho-san - na! God will lead us thro' an-oth - er year.

No. 45. In Remembrance of Thy Suffering.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

1. In re-mem-brance of Thy suff'ring, Lord, these emblems we par-take,
2. Pu - ri - fy our hearts, our Sav-ior, Let us go not far a - stray,
3. When Thou com-est in Thy glo - ry To this earth to rule and reign,

When Thy - self Thou gav'st an of-f'ring—Dy - ing for the sin-ner's sake.
That we may be count-ed wor - thy Of Thy Spir - it, day by day.
And with faith-ful ones par - tak - est Of the bread and wine a - gain.

We've for-giv - en as Thou bid - dest All who've tres-passed a-gainst us;
When temp-ta-tions are be - fore us, Give us strength to o - ver-come;
May we be a - mong the num - ber Wor- thy to surround the board,

Lord, for - give as we've for-giv - en, All Thou seest a - miss in us.
Al - ways guard us in our wand'rings, Till we leave our earth-ly home.
Ano par - take a - new the em-blems Of the suf-f'rings of our Lord.

No. 46.

Love at Home.

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen - ty here a - bide,
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home. Ro - ses bloom beneath our feet,
3. Kind - ly heaven smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the world is filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by,

Smil - ing sweet on ev - 'ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide,
All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Mak - ing life a bliss com-plete,
Brighter beams the az - ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home;

Love at Home.

Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.
Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love at home.
Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

No. 47. Jesus, Once of Humble Birth.

P. P. Pratt. From English Chorister.

p *f*

1. Je - sus, once of hum - ble birth, Now in glo - ry
2. Once a meek and low - ly Lamb, Now the Lord, the
3. Once He groaned in blood and tears, Now in glo - ry
4. Once for - sa - ken, left a - lone, Now ex - alt - ed

p *f*

comes to earth; Once He suf - fered grief and pain, Now He
great I Am; Once up - on the cross He bowed, Now His
He ap - pears; Once re - ject - ed by His own, Now their
to a throne; Once all things He meek - ly bore, But He

p

comes on earth to reign, Now He comes on earth to reign.
char - iot is the cloud, Now His char - iot is the cloud.
King He shall be known, Now their King He shall be known.
now will bear no more, But He now will bear no more.

No. 48. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

1. Let us gath-er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all a-round our path;
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow pane,
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem-'ries back

Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff.
Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er troub-le us a-gain—
To the hast-y words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!

Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
Strange that sum-mer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,

With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es— For our reap-ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,

Ad lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 49. Lord, We Ask Thee, Ere We Part.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. Lord, we ask Thee, ere we part, Bless the teach-ings of this day,
2. In the in-no-cence of youth, We would all Thy laws ful-fil;
3. Fa-ther, mer-ci-ful and kind, While we la-bor for the right,
4. All our fol-lies, Lord, for-give, Keep us from temp-ta-tions free;

Plant them deep in ev-'ry heart, That with us they'll ev-er stay.
Lead us in the way of truth, Give us strength to do Thy will.
May we in Thy serv-ice find Sweet-est pleas-ure, pure de-light.
Help us ev-er-more to live Lives of ho-li-ness to Thee.

No. 50. Lord, Accept Our True Devotion.

R. ALLDRIDGE. J. J. DAYNES.

1. Lord, ac-cept our true de - vo - tion, Let Thy Spir - it whis-per peace;
2. Aid us all to do Thy bid - ding, And our dai - ly wants sup - ply;
3. May we with the fu - ture dawn - ing, Day by day from sin be free,

Swell our hearts with fond e - mo - tion, And our joy in Thee in-crease.
Give Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's guid - ing, Till we reach the goal on high.
That on res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing We may rise at peace with Thee;

Nev - er leave us, nev - er leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race;
Ev - er guard us, ev - er guard us, Till we gain the vic - to - ry;
Ev - er prais - ing, ev - er prais - ing, Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty;

Nev - er leave us, nev - er leave us, Help us, Lord, to win the race.
Ev - er guard us, ev - er guard us, Till we gain the vic - to - ry.
Ev - er prais - ing, ev - er prais - ing, Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 51. Sunday School Opening Hymn.

Wm. Willes. E. Beesley.

1. With hearts pre-pared, with one ac - cord Our eyes with rev-'rence close,
2. Our youth - ful days should all be spent In liv - ing to His praise;
3. What - e'er we think, or do, or say, May pu - ri - ty pre - vail;

In prayer we come be - fore the Lord, From whom each bless-ing flows;
Then let us all, with one con - sent, Our hal - le - lu - jahs raise;
We'll walk the straight and nar - row way, What - ev - er may as - sail;

We here can learn the won-drous love, We here can learn the won-drous love
And may we learn His ho - ly will, And may we learn His ho - ly will,
And this our fer - vent prayer shall be, And this our fer - vent prayer shall be,

His mer - cy ev - er shows, His mer - cy ev - er shows.
And walk in wis - dom's ways, And walk in wis - dom's ways.
O may our faith ne'er fail, O may our faith ne'er fail.

No. 52. For the Strength of the Hills.

Altered by E. L. Sloan. E. Stephens.

Maestoso.

1. For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God;
2. At the hands of foul op-press-ors, We've borne and suf-fered long;
3. Thou hast led us here in safe-ty, Where the moun-tain bulwark stands,
4. For the shad-ow of Thy pres-ence, Our camp of rock o'er-spread;

Thou hast made Thy chil-dren might-y, By the touch of the moun-tain sod;
Thou hast been our help in weak-ness, And Thy pow'r hath made us strong;
As the guar-dian of the loved ones Thou hast brought from man-y lands:
For the can-yon's rug-ge de-files, And the beet-ling crags o'er-head;

p

Thou hast led the cho-sen Is-ra-el To free-dom's last a-bode—
'Mid ruth-less foes, out-num-bered, In wear-i-ness we trod;
For the rock and for the riv-er, The val-ley's fer-tile sod;
For the snows and for the tor-rents, And for our bur-ial sod;

f *p*

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, Our God, our fa-thers' God.

No. 53. Improve the Shining Moments.

R. B. B. R. B. Baird.

1. Im - prove the shin - ing mo - ments, Don't let them pass you by;
2. Time flies on wings of light - ning, We can - not call it back;
3. As win - ter time doth fol - low The pleas - ant sum - mer days,
4. Im - prove each shin - ing mo - ment; In this you are se - cure,

Work while the sun is ra - diant; Work, for the night draws nigh.
It comes, then pass - es for - ward A - long its on - ward track;
So may our joys all van - ish, And pass far from our gaze.
For prompt - ness bring - eth safe - ty, And bless-ings rich and pure.

We can - not bid the sun-beams To length - en out their stay;
And if we are not mind - ful, The chance will fade a - way;
Then should we not en - deav - or Each day some point to gain,
Let pru - dence guide your ac - tions, Be hon - est in your heart,

Nor can we ask the shad - ow To ev - er stay a - way.
For life is quick in pass - ing— 'T is as a sin - gle day.
That we may here be use - ful, And ev - 'ry wrong dis - dain.
And God will love and bless you, And help to you im - part.

No. 54. Come, Ye Children of the Lord.

JAS. H. WALLIS.

1. Come, ye chil - dren of the Lord, Let us sing with one ac - cord;
2. O how joy - ful it will be, When our Sav - ior we shall see!
3. All ar - rayed in spot-less white, We will dwell 'mid truth and light;

Let us raíse a joy - ful strain, To our Lord who soon will reign
When in splen-dor He'll de - scend, Then all wick - ed - ness will end.
We will sing the songs of praise, We will shout in joy - ous lays.

On this earth, when it shall be Cleansed from all in - iq - ui - ty;
O what songs we then will sing To our Sav - ior, Lord and King!
Earth shall then be cleansed from sin, Ev - 'ry liv - ing thing there - in

When all men from sin will cease, And will live in love and peace.
O what love will then bear sway, When our fears shall flee a - way!
Shall in love and beau - ty dwell; Then with joy each heart will swell.

No. 55. The Iron Rod.

J. L. Townshend. William Clayson.

1. To Ne - phi, seer of old - en time, A vi - sion came from God,
2. While on our jour-ney here be - low, Be-neath temp - ta - tion's pow'r,
3. And when temp-ta-tion's pow'r is nigh, Our path - way cloud - ed o'er,
4. And, hand o'er hand, the rod a - long, Thro' each suc - ceed - ing day,
5. A - far we see the gold - en rest To which the rod will guide,

Where - in the ho - ly word sub - lime, Was shown an i - ron rod.
Thro' mists of dark-ness we must go, In per - il ev - 'ry hour.
Up - on the rod we can re - ly, And heav - en's aid im - plore.
With ear - nest prayer and hope-ful song, We'll still pur - sue our way.
Where, with the an - gels, bright and blest, For - ev - er we'll a - bide.

Chorus.

Hold to the rod, the i - ron rod, 'T is strong, and bright, and true;

The i - ron rod is the word of God, 'T will safe - ly guide us through.

No. 56. The Songs of Zion.

R. B. B. R. B. Baird.

1. O how we love to sing the songs Of Zi - on's blest a - bode!
2. With wild de - light we'll strike each chord In ec - sta - sy of joy;
3. We'll sing the songs we love so well, In hon - or to His name;

They cause our hearts to burn with joy, And help us on the road.
The love and faith which fill our hearts Are pure with - out al - loy.
Our voi - ces and our tongues shall speak The glo - ry of His fame.

There's com - fort in their cheer - ing words That warms the stran - gest heart;
And when the Lord shall come a - gain, The chil - dren of His love
The moun - tains and the hills shall join With ech - oes loud and clear;

No oth - er songs we hear to - day Can such de - light im - part.
Shall join in songs of last - ing praise, To greet Him from a - bove.
We'll sing and shout for - ev - er - more The songs of Zi - on dear.

No. 57. Gently Raise the Sacred Strain.

W. W. Phelps. T. C. Griggs.

1. Gen - tly raise the sa - cred strain, For the Sab - bath's come a - gain, That man may rest, That man may rest,
2. Ho - ly day, de - void of strife; Let us seek e- ter - nal life, That great re - ward, That great re - ward,
3. Sweet - ly swells the sol - emn sound, While we bring our gifts a - round Of bro - ken hearts, Of bro - ken hearts,
4. Soft - ly sing the joy - ful lay, For the Saints to fast and pray! As God or - dains, As God or - dains,

And re - turn his thanks to God, For His bless - ings to the blest.
And par - take the Sac - ra - ment In re - mem - brance of our Lord.
As a will - ing sac - ri - fice, Show-ing what His grace im - parts.
For His good - ness and His love, While the Sab - bath day re - mains.

No. 58. Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

L. D. EDWARDS.

March movement.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trump-et - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers,
2. It sets my heart all in a flame A sol - dier brave to be;
3. To see our ar - mies on par-ade, How mar - tial they ap - pear!
4. The trump-ets sound, the ar-mies shout, They drive the hosts of hell,

On Zi - on's bright and flow - 'ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers.
I will en - list, gird on my arms And fight for lib - er - ty.
All armed and dressed in un - i - form, They look like men of war.
How dread-ful is our God, our King, The great E - man - u - el.

Their hors - es white, their ar - mor bright, With cour-age bold they stand,
We want no cow - ards in our bands, Who will our col - ors fly,
They fol - low their great Gen - er - al, The great E - ter - nal Lamb;
Sin - ners, en - list with Je - sus Christ, Th' e - ter - nal Son of God,

En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march to Zi - on's land.
We call for val - iant - heart-ed men, Who're not a - fraid to die.
His garments stained in His own blood, King Je - sus is His name.
And march with us to Zi - on's land, Be - yond the swell-ing flood.

Hark! Listen to the Trumpeters.

5 There on a green and flowery mount,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all arrayed in white,
We'll our Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world,
While Satan and his army too
Shall down to hell be hurled.

6 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption now draws nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire,
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

No. 59. Come, Children, Let Us Join and Sing.

(A Thanksgiving Hymn.)

RICHARD ALLDRIDGE. E. BEESLEY.

1. Come, chil - dren, let us join and sing Sweet prais - es to our heav'n - ly King, And thank Him for our glo - rious birth, And thank Him for our glo - rious birth, Midst light and truth up - on the earth.
2. We live a - mid the realms of day, When gos - pel light has spread its ray, And truth di - vine, down from a - bove, And truth di- vine, down from a - bove, Has come to fill the earth with love.
3. How great should be our joy and love To Him who's spo - ken from a - bove, And blest us with the light of truth, And blest us with the light of truth To guide us thro' the path of youth!
4. O may we ev - er wor - thy prove To share His good - ness and His love, And still from sin and ill be free, And still from sin and ill be free, Thro' time and all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 60. Ere the Sun Goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have work e-nough to do, Ere the sun goes down,
2. I must speak the lov-ing word, Ere the sun goes down,
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down,

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

For my-self and kin-dred too, Ere the sun goes down;
I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down;
God's com-mands I must o-bey, Ere the sun goes down;

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;

Ev-'ry i-dle whis-per still-ing With a pur-pose firm and will-ing,
Ev-'ry cry of pit-y heed-ing, For the in-jured in-ter-ced-ing,
There are sins that need con-fess-ing, There are wrongs that need redressing,

All my dai-ly tasks ful-fill-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
To the light the lost ones lead-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
If I would ob-tain the bless-ing, Ere the sun goes down.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;

I must do my dai-ly du-ty, Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down, goes down.

No. 61. Give Us Room That We May Dwell.

W. N. B. SHEPHERD.

mp *mf*

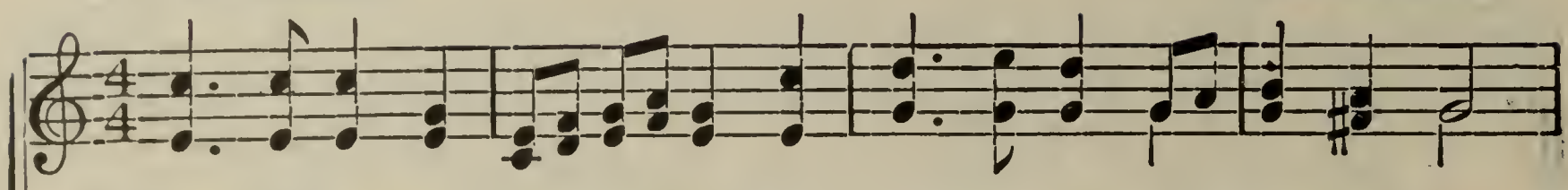
1. Give us room that we may dwell, Zi-on's chil-dren cry a-loud;
2. Oh, how bright the morning seems! Brighter from so dark a night;
3. Lo! thy sun goes down no more; God Him-self will be thy light;
4. Zi-on, now a-rise and shine! Lo! thy light from heaven is come!

p *f*

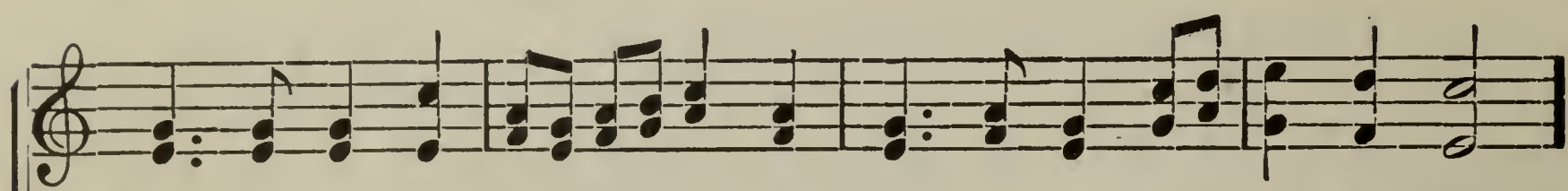
See their num-bers, how they swell, How they gath-er like a cloud!
Zi-on is, like one who dreams, Filled with won-der and de-light.
All that caused thee grief be-fore, Bur-ied lies in end-less night.
These that crowd from far are thine, Give thy sons and daughters room.

No. 62. Hope of Israel.

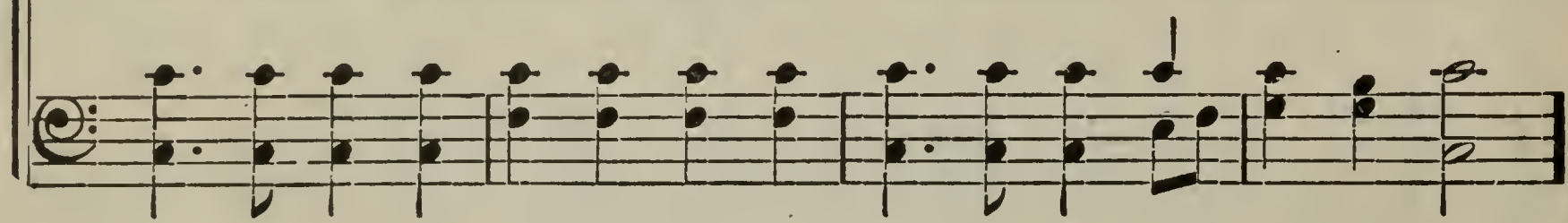
J. L. Townshend. Wm. Clayson.



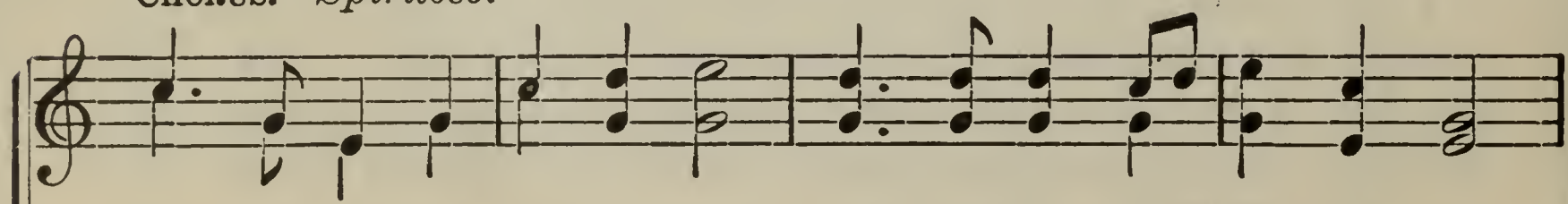
1. Hope of Is - rael, Zi - on's ar - my, Chil-dren of the prom-ised day,
2. See the foe in count-less num-bers, Marshaled in the ranks of sin;
3. Strike for Zi - on, down with er - ror, Flash the sword a - bove the foe;
4. Soon the bat - tle will be o - ver, Ev - 'ry foe of truth be down;



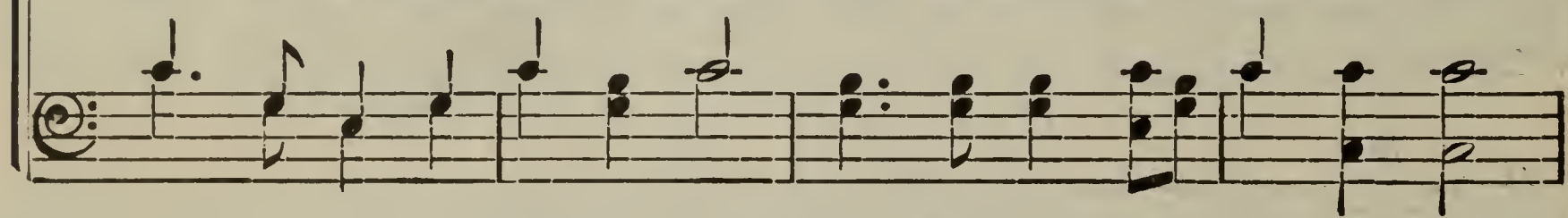
See, the Chief-tain sig - nals on-ward, And the bat - tle's in ar - ray!
Hope of Is - rael, on to bat - tle, Now the vic - t'ry we must win!
Ev - 'ry stroke dis - arms a foe - man, Ev - 'ry step we con-q'ring go.
On - ward, on - ward, youth of Zi - on, Thy re-ward the vic - tor's crown.

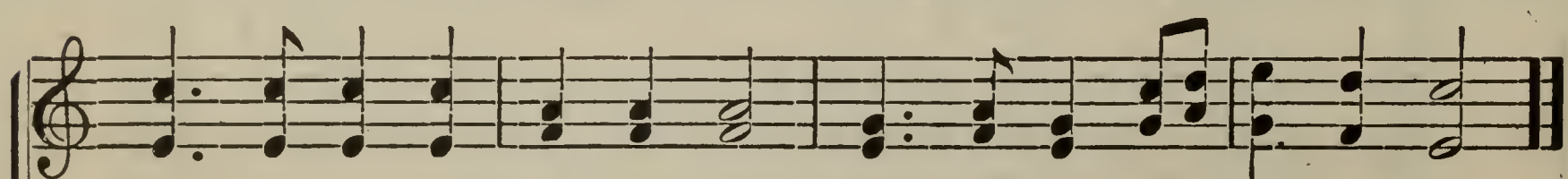


Chorus. *Spiritoso.*

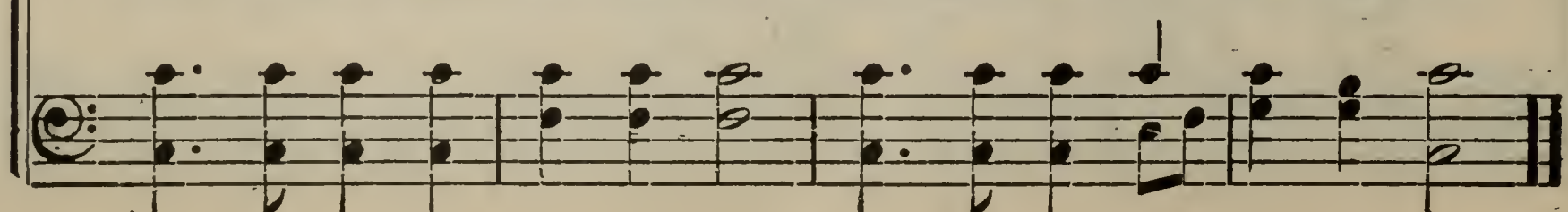


Hope of Is - rael, rise in might, With the sword of truth and right;





Sound the war-cry, "Watch and pray!" Van - quish ev - 'ry foe to - day.



No. 63. Go When the Morning Shineth.

E. Stephens.

1. Go when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright,
D. C. Go when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go at the close of day,
2. Pray then for all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
D. C. Pray then to God sin - cere - ly, Pray for His ho - ly light;

Dim. *Fine.*

Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
And, in thy cham-ber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;
Rich bless-ings He will grant thee, If on - ly asked a - right.

p *Cres.*

Go with pure minds and feel - ings, Send earth-ly thoughts a - way,
Then for thy-self, in meek - ness, God's bless-ing hum - bly claim,

p *Rall.* *D. C.*

And, in thy cham-ber kneel-ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
And join with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re-deem-er's name.

No. 64. Loving One Another.

LOUISA L. GREENE-RICHARDS. EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato.

1. While pass - ing thro' this earth-ly life, How can we best a - void the strife,
2. By firm re - solve of heart and mind To be o - be - di - ent and kind
3. We must not flinch, we must not boast, But of our chances make the most—
4. And when we've passed the nar-row way In - to the bright, e - ter - nal day,

And find the rich - est treas - ures, And find the rich - est treas - ures?
To fa - ther and to moth - er, To fa - ther and to moth - er;
All fool - ish pride we'll smoth - er, All fool - ish pride we'll smoth - er;
Each sis - ter and each broth - er, Each sis - ter and each broth - er,

How can we brush the thorns a - way, Yet keep the ro - ses fresh and gay,
By gain-ing wis - dom in our youth, And clinging al - ways to the truth,
And truth will tri - umph in the test, And we shall prove our way the best,
May tell how val - iant - ly we stood, And gained our place a-mong the good,

With all their sweets and pleas - ures, With all their sweets and pleas-ures?
And lov - ing one an - oth - er, And lov - ing one an - oth - er.
By lov - ing one an - oth - er, By lov - ing one an - oth - er.
By lov - ing one an - oth - er, By lov - ing one an - oth - er.

No. 65. Did You Think to Pray?

1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
3. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,
Did you plead for grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an - oth - er
When your soul was full of sor - row, Balm of Gil- ead did you bor - row

CHORUS.

As a shield to - day?
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?
} O how pray-ing rests the wear - y! Prayer will

change the night to day: So when life gets dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 66. Beautiful Words of Love.

J. L. Townshend. Elwin F. Parry.

1. O ho - ly words of truth and love We hear from day to day,
2. They're from A-pos - tles good and true, Whose names we all re - vere,
3. They're from the Prophets God in-spires, In coun - sels oft with - stood,
4. And from each cho - sen one that speaks By aid the Spir - it gives,
5. As gems of wis - dom, pure and bright, That glow with lus-trous ray,

Re - vealed to Saints from God a - bove, To guide in heav-en's way.
Who dai - ly teach us what to do, In words of love and cheer.
Re - prov - ing all our ill de - sires, Com-mend-ing all that's good.
For ev - 'ry sphere of life it seeks For ev - 'ry - one that lives.
We'll seek to gain these words of light, Their coun-sels to o - bey.

Chorus.

Beau-ti - ful words of love,..... Com-ing from God a - bove,.....
Beau-ti-ful words, Coming from God,

Rit.

How sweet, how dear the words we hear! They're beau-ti-ful words of love.

No. 67. Angry Words! Oh, Let Them Never.

"Angry Words."—H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un - bri - dled
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friend-ship is too sa - cred
3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bit - t'rest tho'ts are rash - ly

R. H.

L. H.

slip; May the heart's best impulse ev - er Check them ere they soil the lip.
far, For a mo-ment's reckless fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
stirred—Brightest links of life are bro - ken, By a sin - gle an - gry word.

CHORUS.

"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - ior, Chil - dren, o-
"Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,"

bey the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: -bey His blest com - mand.
'T is the Fa - ther's blest com - mand: 'T is His blest com - mand.

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No. 68. Merry, Merry Children, Sweetly Sing.

C. W. Stayner. E. Beesley.

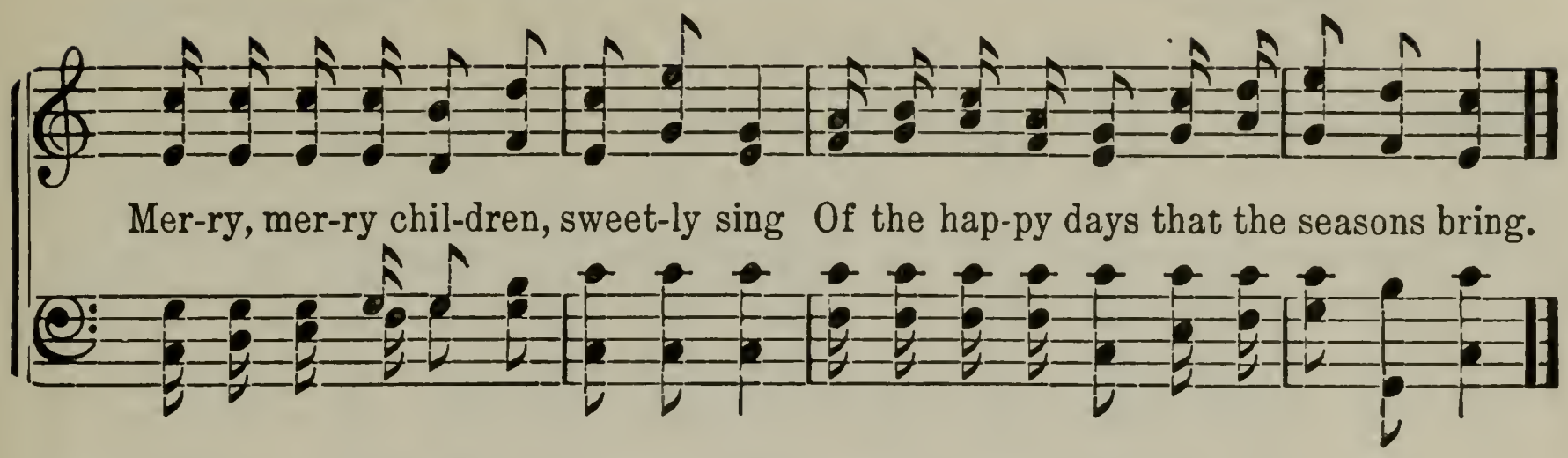
1. Mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, sweet-ly sing Of the hap-py days that the sea-sons bring; Each in its robes doth gai-ly ap-pear, The
2. Mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, gen-tly pray That the hap-py times which are pass-ing a-way, Long in your lives may lin-ger and shine, As
3. Mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, soon the Spring, With her pret-ty buds and her birds that sing, Clad now in bloom must change her ar-ray, And
4. Mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, Sum-mer's heat Fol-lows ev-er aft-er the Spring so sweet; Au-tumn with sheaves of bright yel-low grain Doth

Chorus.

hearts of the chil-dren to com-fort and cheer.
gems of bright lus-tre and ra-diance di-vine.
then she will grow in-to bright Sum-mer day.
her-ald the com-ing of Win-ter a-gain.

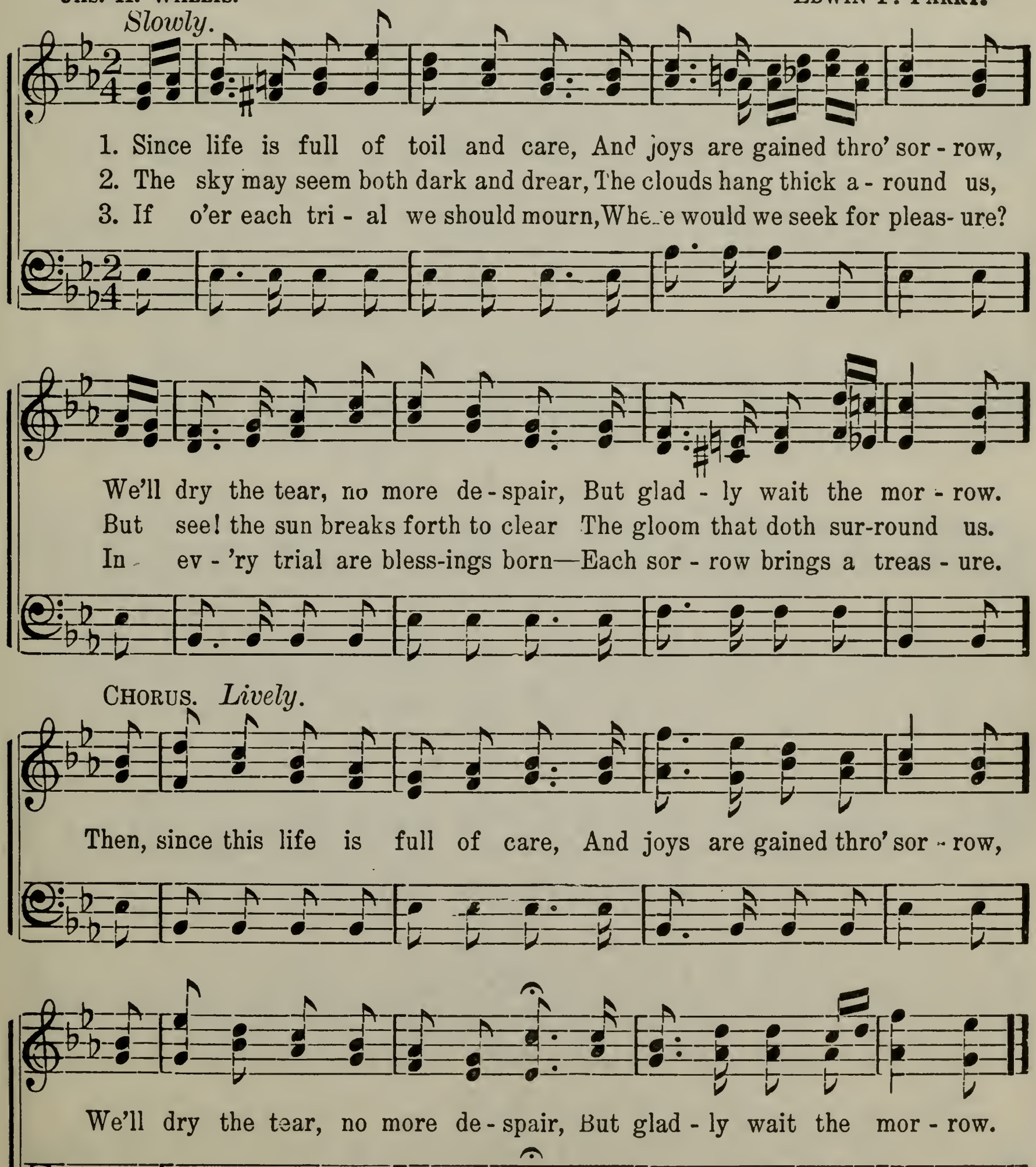
} Mer-ry, mer-ry chil-dren, sweet-ly sing Of the hap-py days that the sea-sons bring;

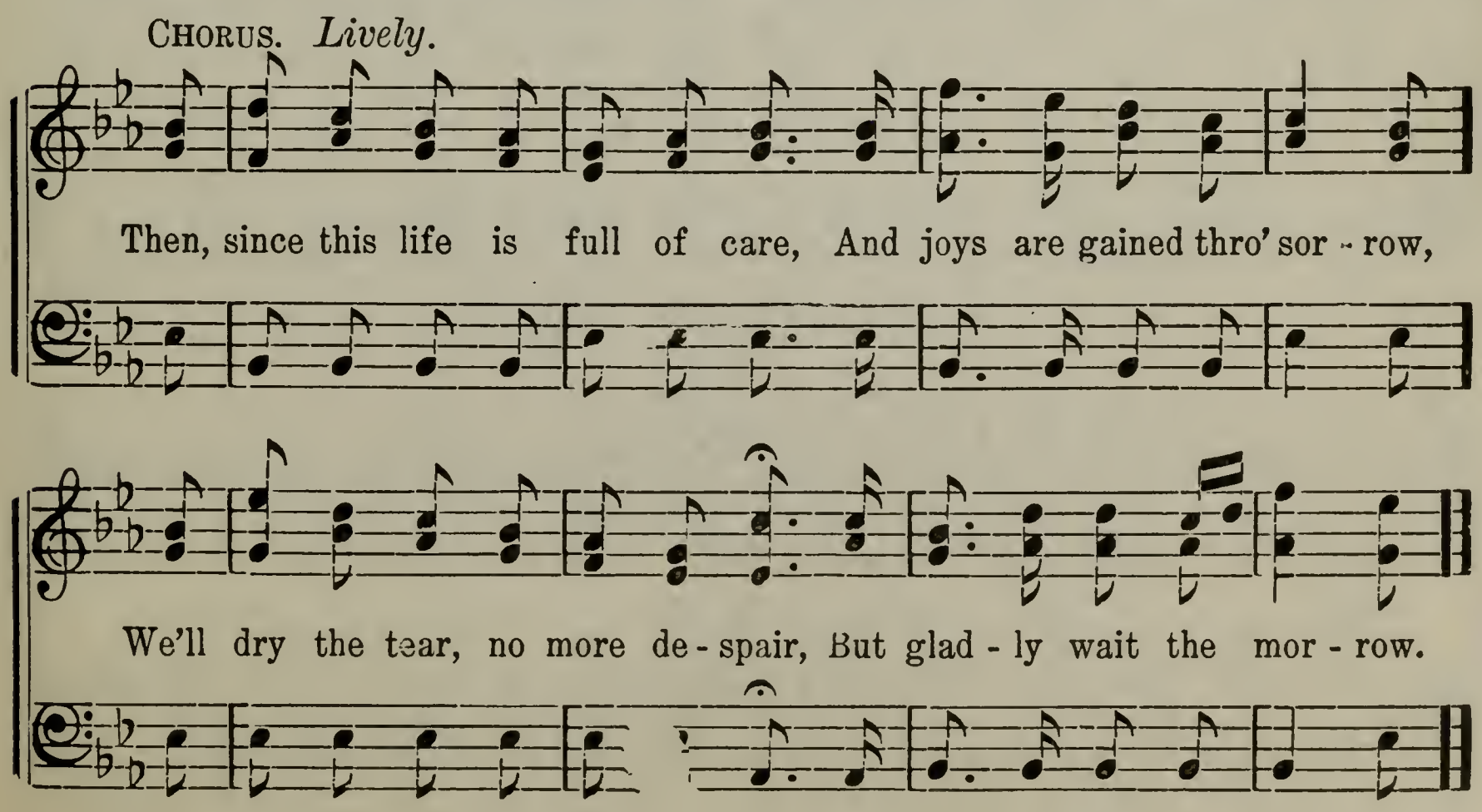
Merry, Merry Children, Sweetly Sing.



No. 69. Life is Full of Toil and Care.

JAS. H. WALLIS. EDWIN F. PARRY.





No. 70. Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee.

J. L. Townshend. William Clayson.

Andante.

1. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;
2. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;
3. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;
4. Near - er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Near - er, near - er to Thee;

Ev - er I'm striv - ing to be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!
Proved by my tri - als I'll be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!
Ev - er my an - them will be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!
Let me by ho - li - ness be Near - er, yet near - er to Thee!

Trust - ing, in Thee I con - fide, Hop - ing, in Thee I a - bide—
Hum - bly I come to Thee now, Ear - nest, I prayer-ful - ly bow—
Lov - ing Thee, ev - er I pray, Aid me Thy will to o - bey—
When all my tri - als are done, When my re - ward I have won,

Take, O take and cher - ish me, Near-er, dear Sav - ior, to Thee!

No. 71. I Do Remember Thee.

J. L. Townshend. (A Sacramental Hymn.) Edwin F. Parry.

Con espressione.

1. Can I for - get, or yet ef - face A - way from mem - o - ry,
2. Thy sac - ri - fice, O Sav - ior dear, And death on Cal - va - ry,
3. I come to Thee all pen - i - tent, I feel Thy love for me.
4. These em-blems of Thy ho - ly love May I now wor - thi - ly
5. O gra - cious Lord, Thy Spir - it give To ev - er be with me,

My Sav - ior's pas - sion, love and grace? No; I re-mem - ber Thee!
Hath giv - en me sal - va - tion's cheer; And I re-mem - ber Thee!
Dear Sav - ior, in this sac - ra - ment I do re-mem - ber Thee!
Par-take, with grat - i - tude, to prove I do re-mem - ber Thee!
Re - veal - ing truth, that I may live And aye re-mem - ber Thee!

Refrain.

Dear Lord, I do re - mem-ber Thee, I do re - mem-ber Thee!

With faith sin-cere, O Sav - ior dear, I do re - mem - ber Thee!

No. 72. The Opening Buds of Spring-time.

A. P. Welshman. R. B. Baird.

1. The ope - ning buds of spring-time, When birds so sweet - ly sing,
2. The au-tumn's var - ied col - ors, The garn-ered gifts of heav'n,

D. C.—*Life's full of grace and bless - ings From out His lib - 'ral hand;*

Fine.

In - vite our tune - ful voi - ces To praise the might-y King.
Pro - claim that for His boun - ty Our prais - es should be giv'n.

Then praise Je - ho - vah ev - er, Ye Saints in ev - 'ry land.

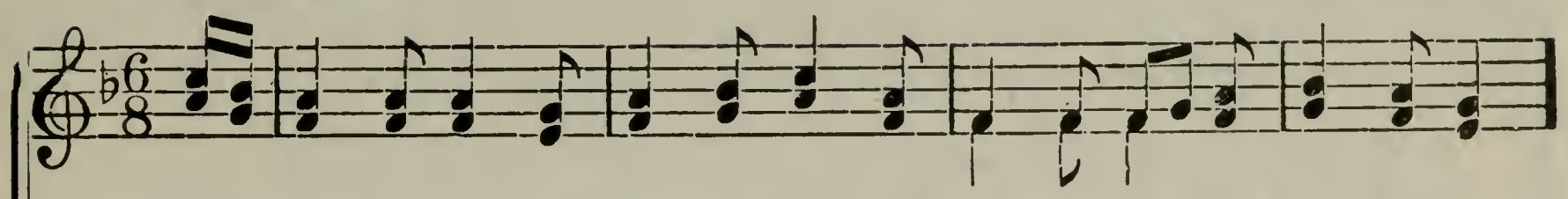
Ex - pand - ed flow'rs in sum - mer, With fruits and fields of grain,
When win - ter spreads its man - tle Of snow - y crys - tals rare,

D.C.

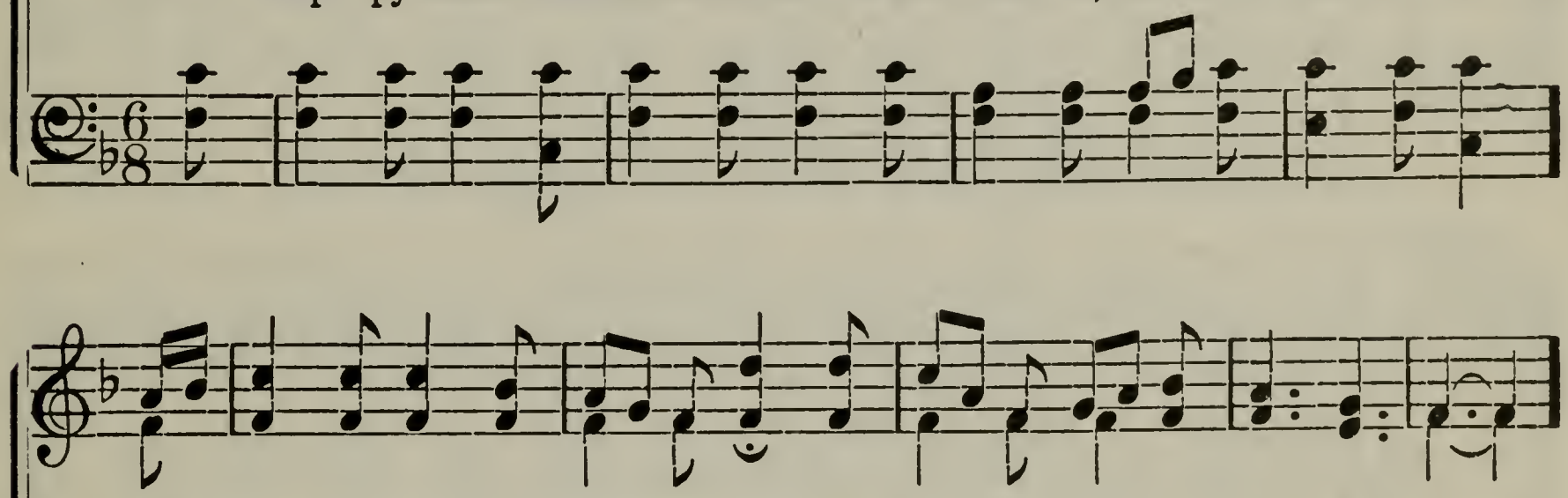
Call for our hearts' thanks-giv-ing In mu - sic's joy - ous strain.
Our grat - i - tude we ren - der For His pro - tect - ing care.

No. 73. 'Tis Sweet to Sing the Matchless Love.

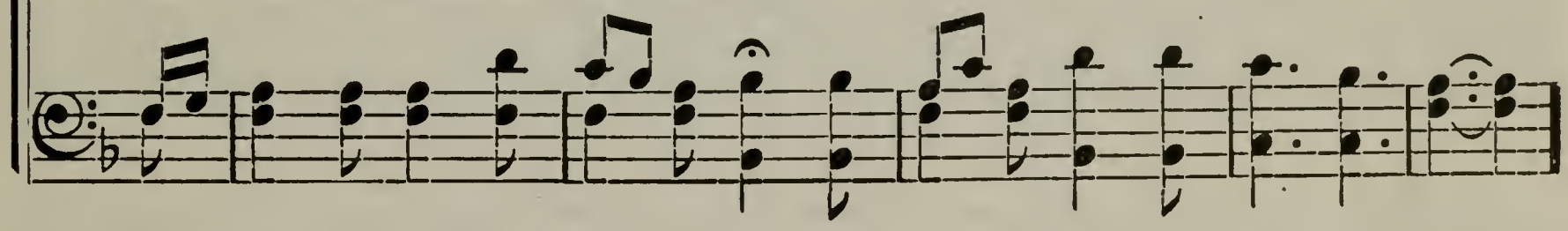
GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.



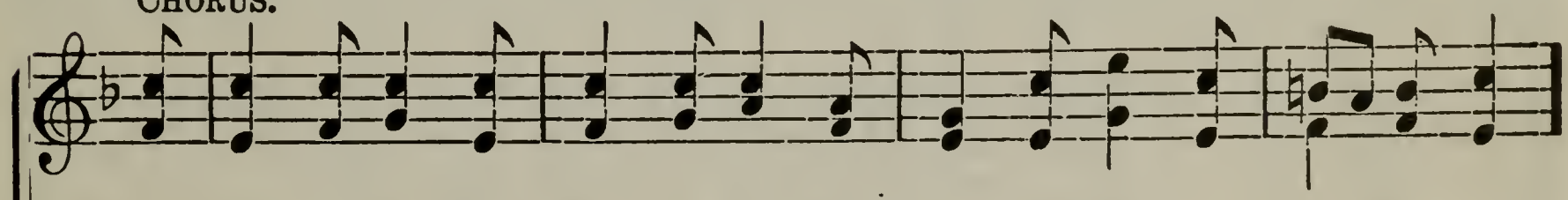
1. 'Tis sweet to sing the matchless love Of Him who left His home a-bove,
2. 'Tis good to meet each Sab-bath day, And, in His own ap-point-ed way,
3. O hap-py hour! communion sweet! When children, friends and teachers meet,



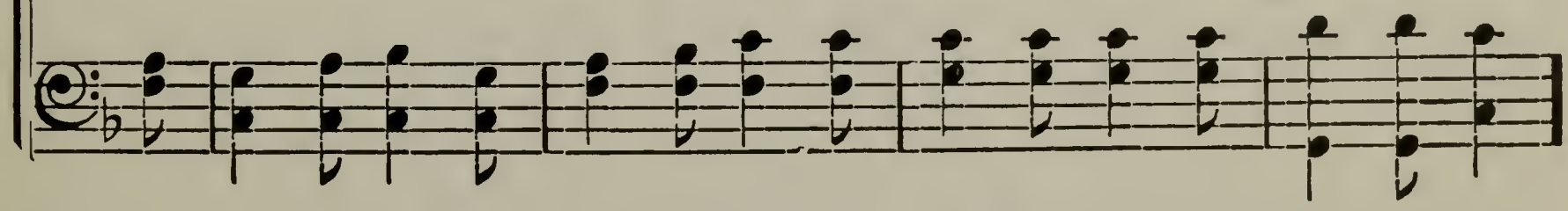
And came to earth—O wondrous plan—To suf-fer, bleed, and die for man!
Par-take the em-blems of His death, And thus re-new our love and faith.
And, in remembrance of His grace, U-nite in sweet-est songs of praise.

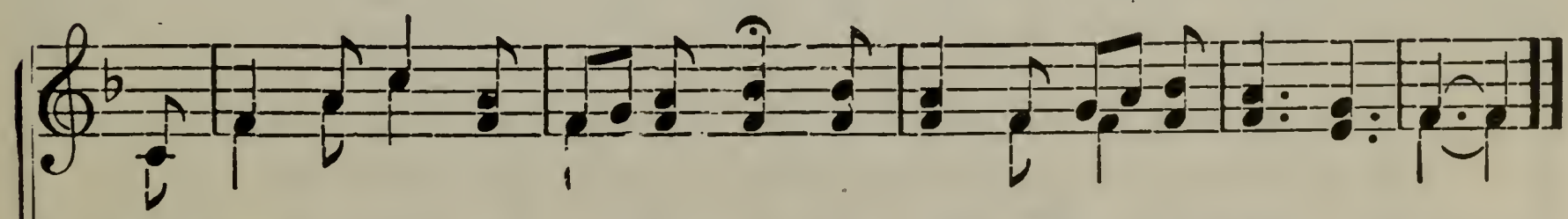


CHORUS.

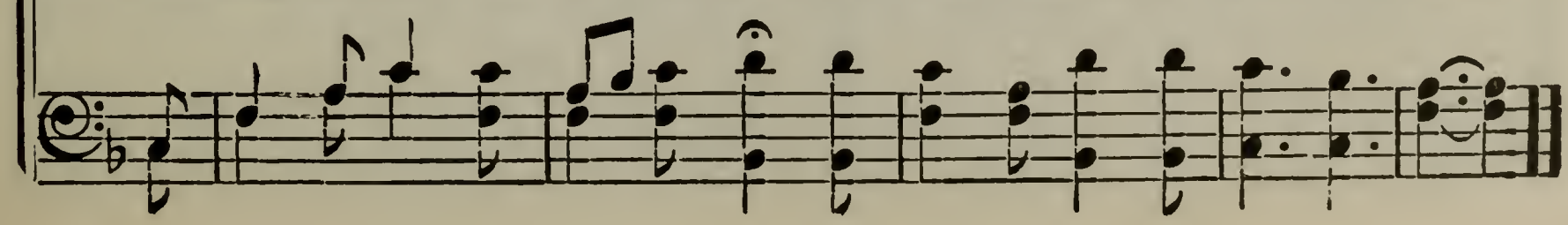


'Twas Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry, That all thro' Him might ransomed be;





Then sing ho-san-nas to His name: Let heav'n and earth His love pro-claim.



No. 74. When Jesus Shall Come in His Glory.

J. L. Townshend. J. M. Chamberlain.

1. When Je - sus shall come in His glo - ry, A - long with the an - gels so bright, May I have my rec - ord be - fore me As clear as the beau - ti - ful light. Then quick - ly I'll be Trans - la - ted, and free

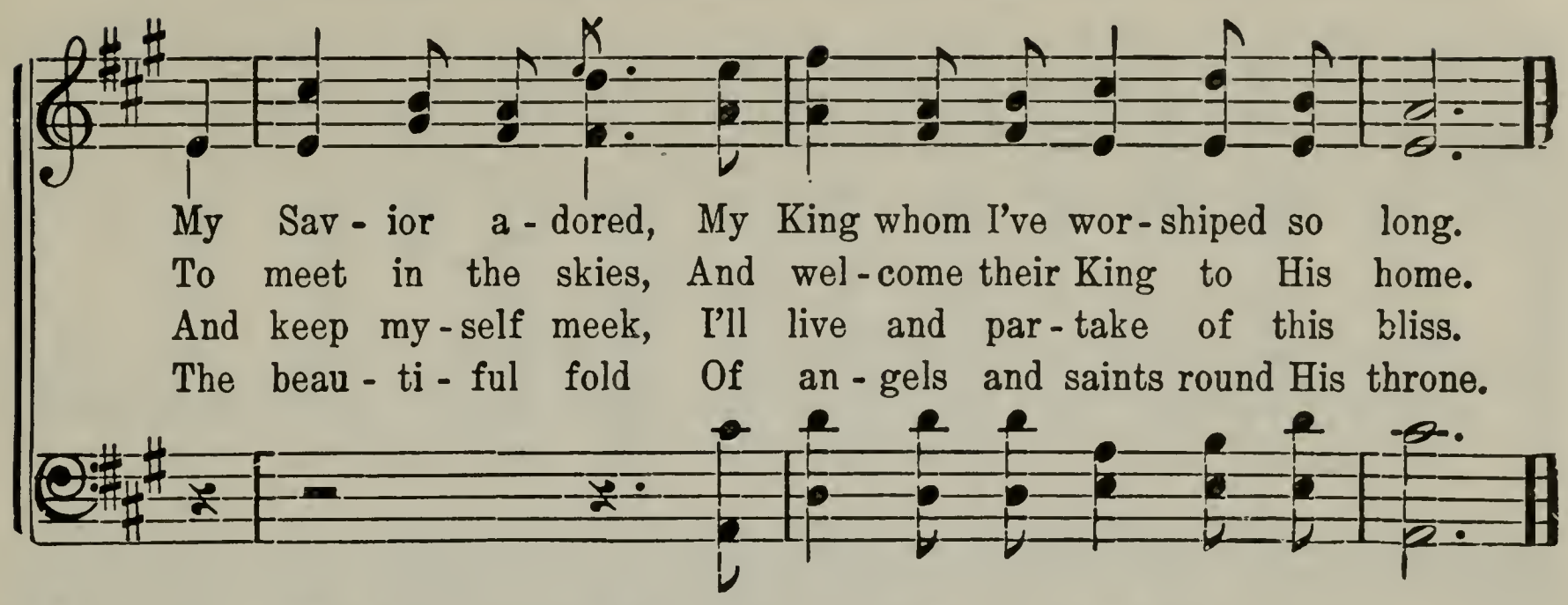
2. For this is the prom-ise that's giv - en— I know that the prom-ise is true: My Sav - ior will come here from heav - en, And I His bright com - ing will view. The clouds shall un - fold In crim - son and gold,

3. A heav - en - ly cho - rus, there ring - ing, Shall wel-come the saints as they rise, And join in the rap - tur - ous sing - ing, While mel - o - dy floats o'er the skies. What greet - ing will be! What glo - ry I'll see!

4. Oh, then let me live to be wor - thy To meet my dear Sav - ior and Lord! To change from this bod - y so earth - y, To one with di - vin - i - ty stored. With Him I a - dore To dwell ev - er - more,

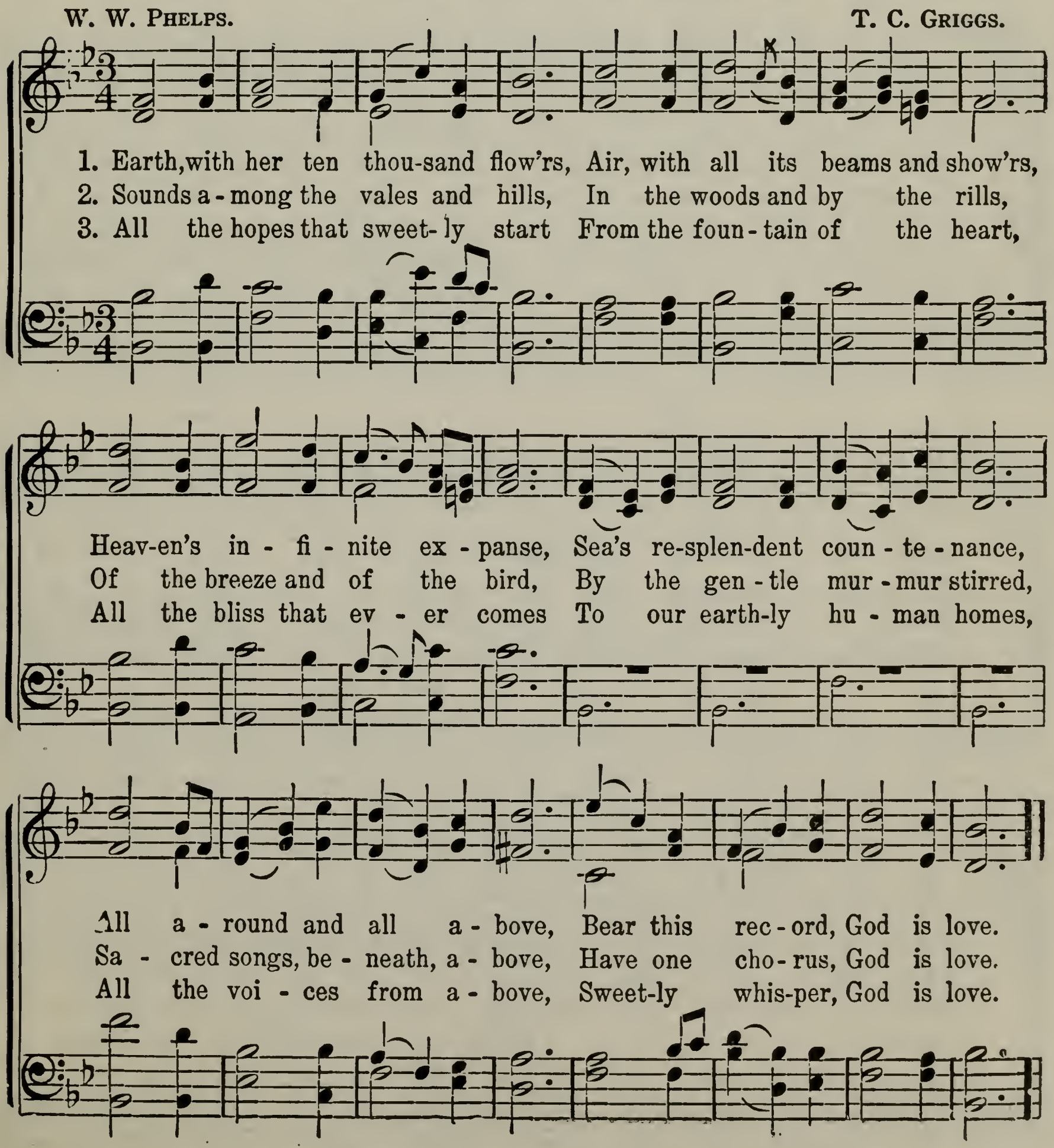
To join in the beau - ti - ful throng, And wel - come my Lord, The can - o - py gor - geous be - come, And saints will a - rise My soul is ec - stat - ic at this: To know, if I seek, With sor - row and sigh - ing un - known, And there to be - hold

When Jesus Shall Come in His Glory.



No. 75. Earth, With Her Ten Thousand Flowers.

W. W. Phelps. T. C. Griggs.



No. 76. O Say, What is Truth?

JOHN JAQUES.

1. O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fair - est gem That the
2. Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the bright - est prize To which
3. The scep - tre may fall from the des - pot's grasp, When with
4. Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first, For the

rich - es of worlds can pro - duce; And price - less the val - ue of
mor - tals or Gods can a - spire: Go search in the depths where it
winds of stern jus - tice he copes, But the pil - lar of truth will en-
lim - its of time it steps o'er: Though the heav - ens de - part, and the

truth will be when The proud mon - arch's cost - li - est
glit - ter - ing lies, Or as - cend in pur - suit to the
dure to the last, And its firm - root - ed bul - warks out-
earth's foun - tains burst, Truth, the sum of ex - ist - ence, will

di - a - dem Is count - ed but dross and ref - use.
loft - iest skies; 'Tis an aim for the no - blest de - sire.
stand the rude blast, And the wreck of the fell ty - rant's hopes.
weath - er the worst, E - ter - nal, un-changed, ev - er - more.

No. 77. Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Sir HENRY BISHOP.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the
give me my low - ly thatched cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er
gai - ly, that came at my call; Oh, give me that peace of mind,

REFRAIN.

met with else-where.
dear - er than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

No. 78. Marching Homeward.

J. M. C. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

1. We're marching on to glo - ry, We're work-ing for our crown,
2. Then day by day we're march-ing, To heav - en we are bound;
3. Then with the ran - somed chil-dren That throng the star - ry throne,

We'll make our ar - mor bright-er, And nev - er lay it down.
Each good act brings us near - er That home where we'll be crowned.
We'll praise our Lord and Sav - ior, His pow'r and mer - cy own.

CHORUS.

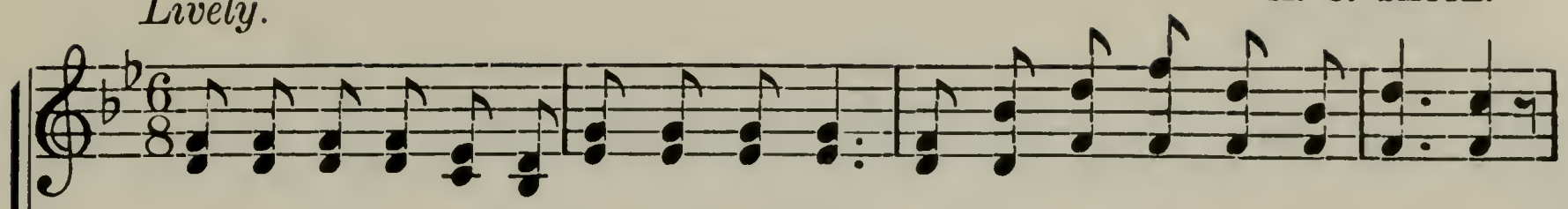
We're march-ing, march-ing home - ward, To that bright land a - far;

We work for life e - ter - nal, It is our guid - ing star.

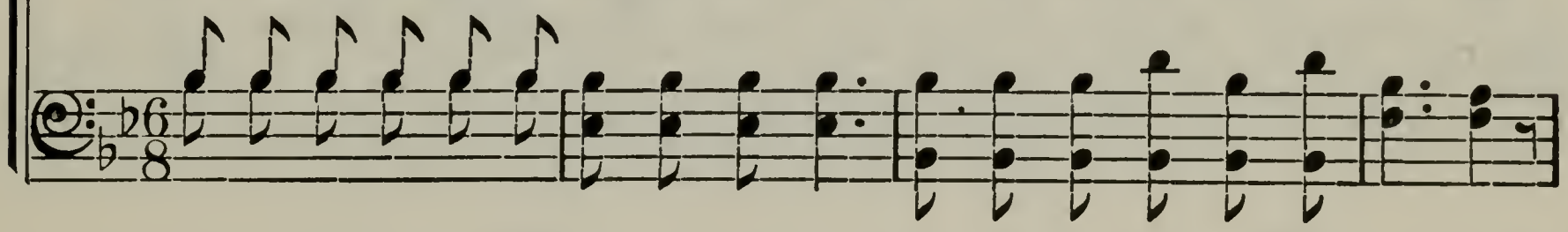
No. 79. Never Be Late.

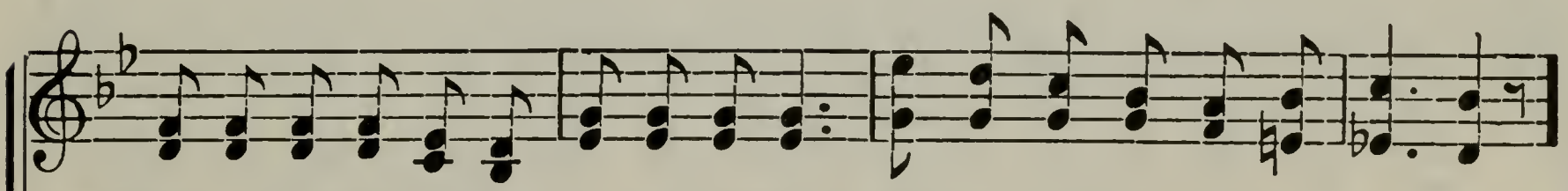
A. C. Smyth.

Lively.

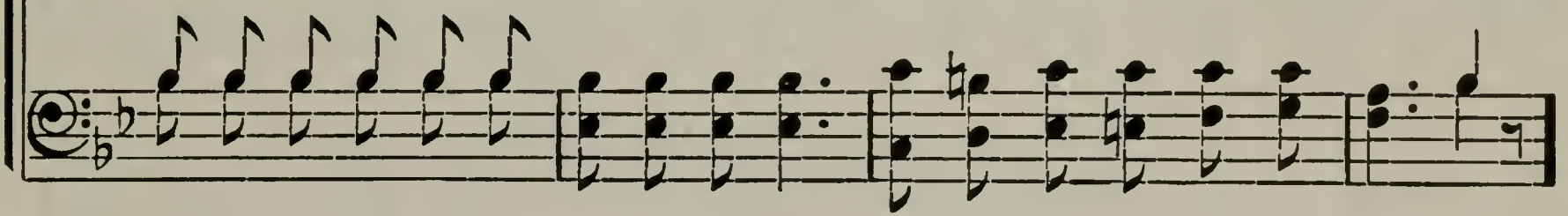


1. Nev- er be late to the Sunday School class, Come with your bright sunny fa - ces;
2. Read-y to mingle your voi- ces in praise, Sing-ing with joy - ful e - mo - tion;
3. Al-ways be read-y and will-ing to learn, Mak-ing your du - ty a pleas-ure,
4. If you are faithful in all that you do, Ev - er your Sav- ior con - fess-ing,

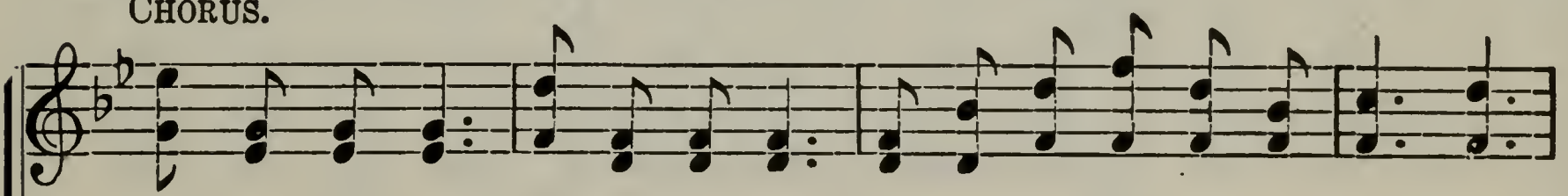




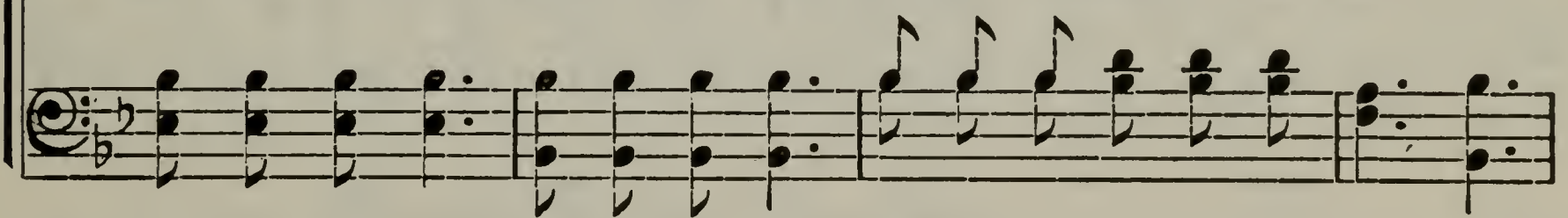
Cheering your teachers and pleasing your God—Al-ways be found in your pla - ces.
Read-y to join in the prayer that is breathed, Bowing in hum - ble de - vo - tion.
Try-ing to fol-low the Savior's command; Then He will give you a treas-ure.
Then will the Sabbath glide cheerfully by, Crowning the week with its bless-ing.

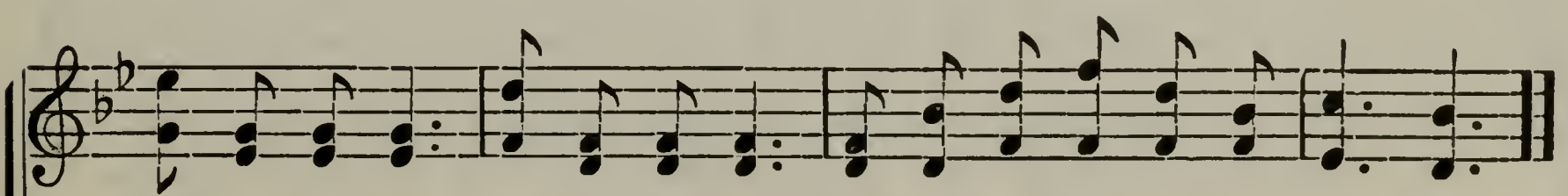


Chorus.

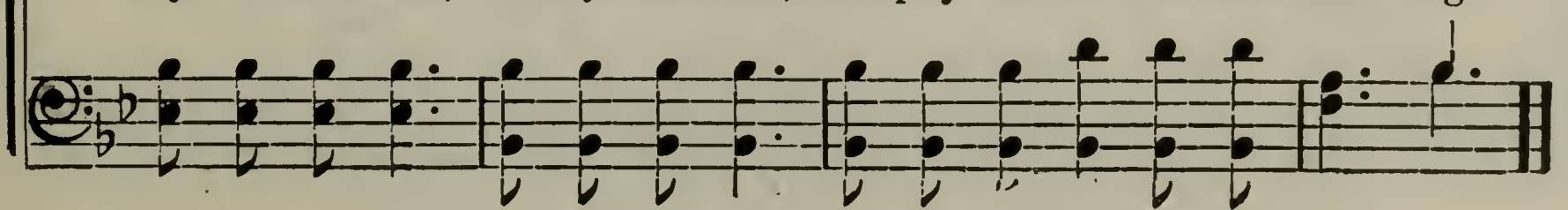


Nev - er be late, nev - er be late; Chil-dren, re-mem-ber the warn - ing:





Try to be there, al-ways be there, Promptly at ten in the morn - ing.



No. 80. Forbid Them Not.

Allegretto.

1. When man-y to the Sav-ior's feet Their lit-tle chil-dren brought,
2. "For-bid them not, and nev-er chide Their wish to see my face,
3. Dear chil-dren, Je-sus is the same, Though now en-throned a-bove,

And from His ho-ly heart and lips A Sav-ior's bless-ing sought;
For lit-tle chil-dren such as these My Fa-ther's king-dom grace."
He waits to bless you as of old With His for-giv-ing love.

To some who, with mis-tak-en zeal, The moth-er's prayers for-bade,
Then gath-ered in His lov-ing arms, And fold-ed to His breast,
He sees with joy each weak at-tempt His fa-vor to ob-tain,

"Let lit-tle chil-dren come to me," The bless-ed Sav-ior said.
He poured a bless-ing all di-vine On ev-'ry lit-tle guest.
And those who ear-ly seek His face, Shall nev-er seek in vain.

No. 81. Far, Far Away On Judea's Plains.

J. M. J. MACFARLANE.

1. Far, far a-way on Ju - de - a's plains, Shep-herds of old heard the
2. Sweet are these strains of re-deem-ing love, Mes - sage of mer - cy from
3. Lord, with the an - gels we too would re-joice, Help us to sing with the
4. Has - ten the time when, from ev - 'ry clime, Men shall u - nite in the

joy - ous strains:
heav'n a - bove:
heart and voice:
strains sub - lime:

Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,
Glo - ry to God in the

Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

Glo - ry to God in the high - est; Peace on earth, good-
high - - est,

Glo - ry to God in the high - est;

will to men, Peace on earth, good - will to men!

No. 82. Welcome, Welcome Sabbath Morning.

R. B. Baird. E. Beesley.

1. Wel-come, wel-come Sab-bath morn-ing, Now we rest from ev - 'ry care;
2. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring - ing—Hear the ech - oes all a - round;
3. Here we bow in meek de - vo - tion, Here we sing God's ho - ly praise;
4. Here we meet with friends and neighbors, Par-ents, too, are in the throng;

Cho.— *Welcome, wel-come Sab-bath morning, Now we rest from ev - 'ry care;*

Fine.

Wel-come, wel-come is thy dawn-ing, Ho - ly Sab-bath, day of prayer.
List! the mer - ry chil-dren sing- ing! What a pleas- ing, joy-ful sound!
Here our hearts, with fond e - mo - tion, Seek to learn His ho - ly ways.
We are ear - nest in our la - bors,—To God's king-dom we be - long.

Wel-come, wel-come is thy dawning, Ho - ly Sab-bath, day of prayer.

Lov - ing teach-ers kind-ly greet us As we meet in Sun-day School,
Ev - 'ry ten - der note en-treats us, Bids us come, nor lon - ger stay;
From the books of rev - e - la - tion We are taught while yet in youth,
Tri - als make our faith grow stronger, Truth is nob - ler than a crown;

D. C. for Chorus.

Where they la - bor hard to teach us By the Sav-ior's gold-en rule.
On our way the mu - sic greets us— Hast-en, hast-en, come a - way.
Words of heav'n-ly in - spi - ra - tion Guide us in the path of truth.
We will brave the tempest lon - ger, Tho' the world up - on us frown.

No. 83. O My Father.

E. R. Snow. (Tune: "My Redeemer.") James McGranahan.

1. O my Fa - ther, Thou that dwellest In the high and glo-rious place!
2. For a wise and glo-rious pur-pose Thou hast placed me here on earth,
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa- ther, Thro' Thy Spir - it from on high;
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist-ence, When I lay this mor- tal by,

When shall I re - gain Thy pres-ence, And a - gain be - hold Thy face?
And with-held the rec - ol- lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth,
But un - til the Key of Knowledge Was re - stored, I knew not why.
Fa - ther, Moth-er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?

In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side;
Yet oft - times a se-cret something Whispered, "You're a stranger here;"
In the heav'ns are par-ents sin - gle? No; the tho't makes rea-son stare!
Then, at length, when I've com-plet - ed All you sent me forth to do,

In Thy holy hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spirit once re - side;

In my first pri - me-val child-hood, Was I nur - tured near Thy side.
And I felt that I had wandered From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
Truth is rea - son, truth e - ter - nal, Tells me I've a moth- er there.
With your mu - tual ap-pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.

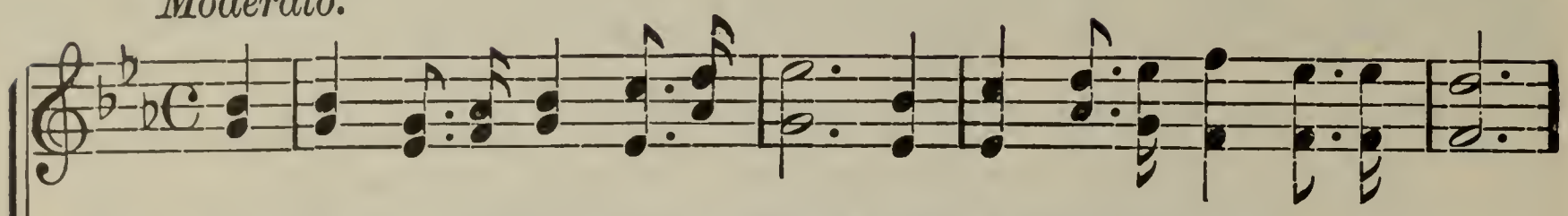
In my first primeval child-hood, Was I nurtured near Thy side.

Music Copyrighted 1906, by Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal. Charles M. Alexander, Owner.

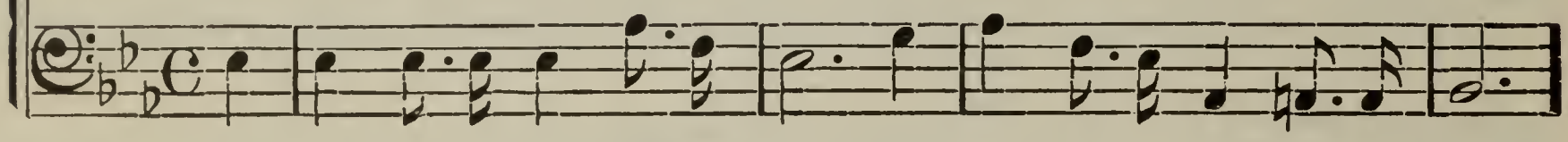
No. 84. What Prize Shall Be Your Reward?

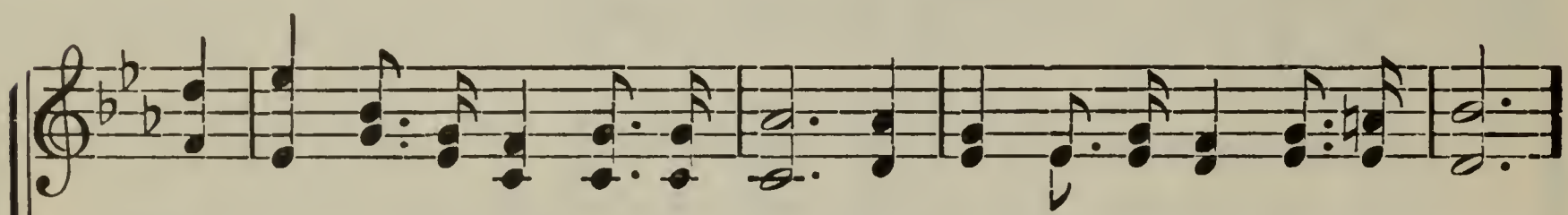
J. L. Townshend. E. Beesley.

Moderato.

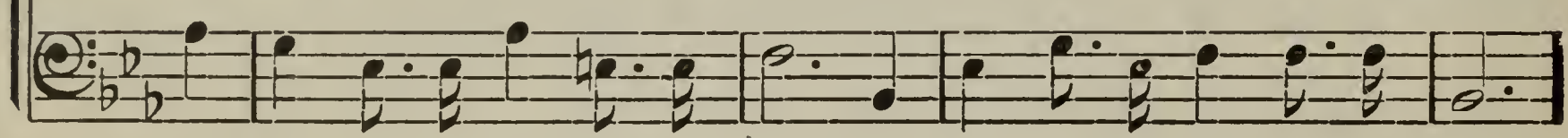


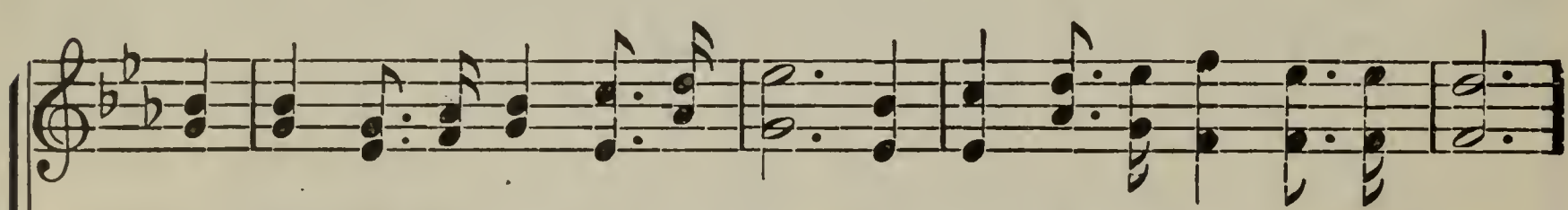
1. When called to the throne of your Lord, And judged from the books of to-day,
2. Im-prove well the time that is now, For then all re-grets will be vain;
3. Re-mem-ber, the course you pur - sue Is sure - ly re-cord - ed a - bove,



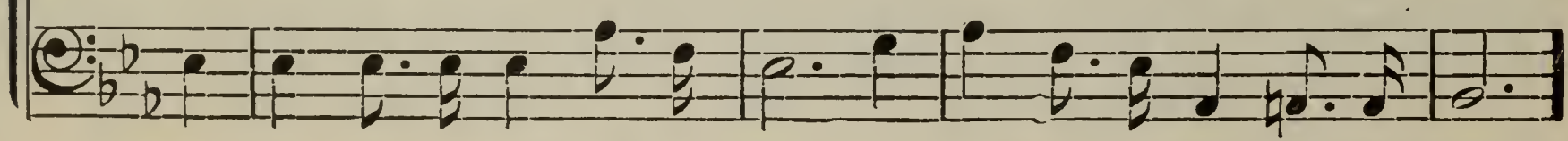


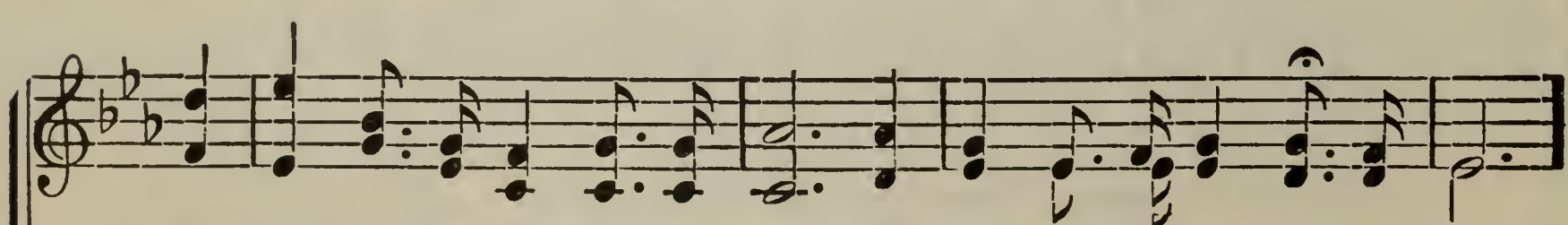
What prize shall then be your re - ward? For what do you la - bor and pray?
Let hon - or enwreathe here your brow; Pre-pare for the boon you would gain.
That ev - er - y act you may do Is writ - ten, "for self", or "for love."



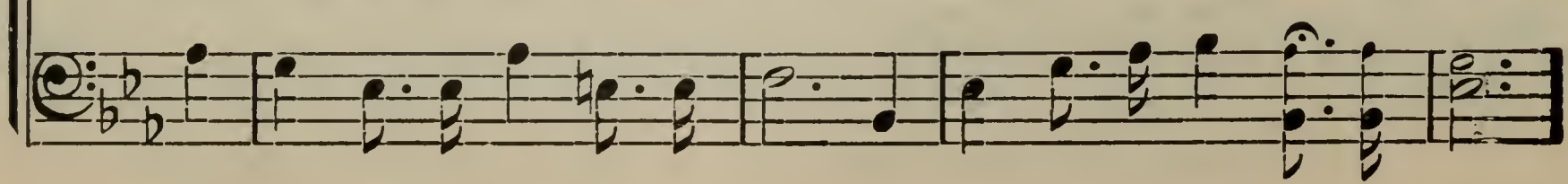


Is there, in the hopes of your heart, A hope for the fu - ture most dear,
An hour is life's jour-ney at best, The mo-ments are fleeting so fast;
O then, should the balance be found "For self," in that day you will see,





When called from this life to de - part And dwell in a ho - li - er sphere?
Be - ware! or the Sav-ior's re - quest Will find you still sleep-ing at last.
Though bless-ings of mer - cy a - bound, No crown for you then there will be!



What Prize Shall Be Your Reward?

CHORUS.

There's man-y a crown will a - wait The brows of the faithful and true;

Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is a - wait-ing for you,

Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is a-wait-ing for you.

No. 85. Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 86. Choose the Right.

J. L. Townshend. Henry A. Tuckett.

Earnestly.

1. Choose the right, when a choice is placed be - fore you; In the right the Ho - ly Spir - it guides; And its light is for - ev - er shin - ing o'er you, When in the right your heart con - fides.
2. Choose the right! let no spir - it of di - gres - sion O - ver - come you in the e - vil hour; There's the right and the wrong to ev - 'ry ques - tion,— Be safe thro' in - spi - ra - tion's pow'r.
3. Choose the right! there is peace in right-eous do - ing; Choose the right! there's safe - ty for the soul; Choose the right, in all la - bors you're pur - su - ing; Let God and heav - en be your goal

Chorus.

Choose the right! Choose the right! Let wis - dom mark the way be - fore; In its light, Choose the right! And God will bless you ev - er - more.

No. 87. How Firm a Foundation.

KIRKHAM.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye Saints of the Lord, Is
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For
4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
pov - er - ty's vale or a - bound-ing in wealth, At home or a-
I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv - ers of sor - row shall not thee o'er-flow, For I will be
will not, I can - not, de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all

say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus, you
broad, on the land or the sea, As thy days may de - mand, as thy
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, up -
with thee, thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee, and
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, I'll

f

who un - to Je - sus, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
days may de - mand, As thy days may de-mand, so thy suc - cor shall be.
held by my right-eous, Up - held by my right-eous, om- nip - o - tent hand.
sanc - ti - fy to thee, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
nev - er, no nev - er, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!

No. 88. Nay, Speak No Ill.

1. Nay, speak no ill, a kind-ly word Can nev-er leave a sting be-hind;
2. Give me the heart that fain would hide—Would fain an-oth-er's faults ef-face:
3. Then speak no ill, but len-ient be To oth-ers' fail-ings as your own;

And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard, Is far be-neath a no-ble mind.
How can it please the hu-man pride To prove hu-man-i-ty but base?
If you're the first a fault to see, Be not the first to make it known.

Full oft a bet-ter seed is sown By choos-ing thus the kind-er plan,
No, let us reach a high-er mood—A no-bler es-ti-mate of man,
For life is but a pass-ing day, No lip may tell how brief its span;

For, if but lit-tle good is known, Still let us speak the best we can.
Be ear-nest in the search for good, And speak of all the best we can.
Then, O the lit-tle time we stay, Let's speak of all the best we can.

No. 89. God Speed the Right.

W. G. Hickson.

f *mf*

1. Now to heav'n our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;

f *mf*

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.
Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.
Ne'er th' e-vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.

f

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
Like the great and good in sto - ry, If we fail, we
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's good

ff

earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.

No. 90. God is Love.

J. G. Fones.

1. Earth with her . . . . . ten thou - sand flow'rs, Air with
2. Sounds a - mong . . . . . the vales and hills, In the
3. All the hopes . . . . . that sweet - ly start From the

Earth with her ten thou-sand flow'rs,

all . . . . its beams and show'rs, Heav - en's in - - fi - nite ex-
woods . . and by the rills, Of the breeze . . . . and of the
foun - tain of the heart, All the bliss . . . . . that ev - er

Air with all its beams and show'rs, Heav-en's in-

panse, Sea's re-splen-dent coun-te - nance, All a - round, and all a-
bird, By the gen - tle murmur stirred; Sacred songs, be - neath, a-
comes To our earth-ly hu - man homes, All the voi - ces from a-

fi-nite expanse,

bove, Bear this rec - ord— God is love; All a - round, and all a-
bove, Have one cho - rus— God is love; Sa - cred songs, be - neath, a-
bove, Sweet - ly whis - per— God is love; All the voi - ces from a-

All a-round, and

God is Love.

bove, Bear this rec - ord— God is love, Bear this
bove, Have one cho - rus— God is love, Have one
bove, Sweet - ly whis - per— God is love, Sweet - ly
all a - bove, Bear this rec - ord— God is love,

rec - ord, Bear this rec - - ord— God is love.
cho - rus, Have one cho - - rus— God is love.
whis - per, Sweet - ly whis - - per— God is love.
Bear this rec - ord— God is love, Bear this rec - ord—God is love.

No. 91. All Things Beautiful.

WILLIAM POWELL.

1. Beau - ti - ful moun-tains, val - leys fair; Zi - on, thou art be - yond com-pare!
2. Beau - ti - ful Sab - bath-school I love, There is in - struc-tion from a - bove,
3. Beau - ti - ful teach-ings—source of joy; Rich - es that time can ne'er de - stroy;
4. Beau - ti - ful are the songs we sing—Hark, how the chil-dren's voi - ces ring!

Beau - ti - ful here the priesthood guides, Beau-ti - ful here the Lord pro-vides.
(All thro' the priest-hood chan-nel giv'n,) How we may fit our-selves for heav'n.
Beau - ti - ful is the "i - ron rod," Lead-ing us back un - to our God.
"Glo - ry to God who reigns on high!" Ech - oes a - round the earth and sky.

No. 92. Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

J. G. Fones.

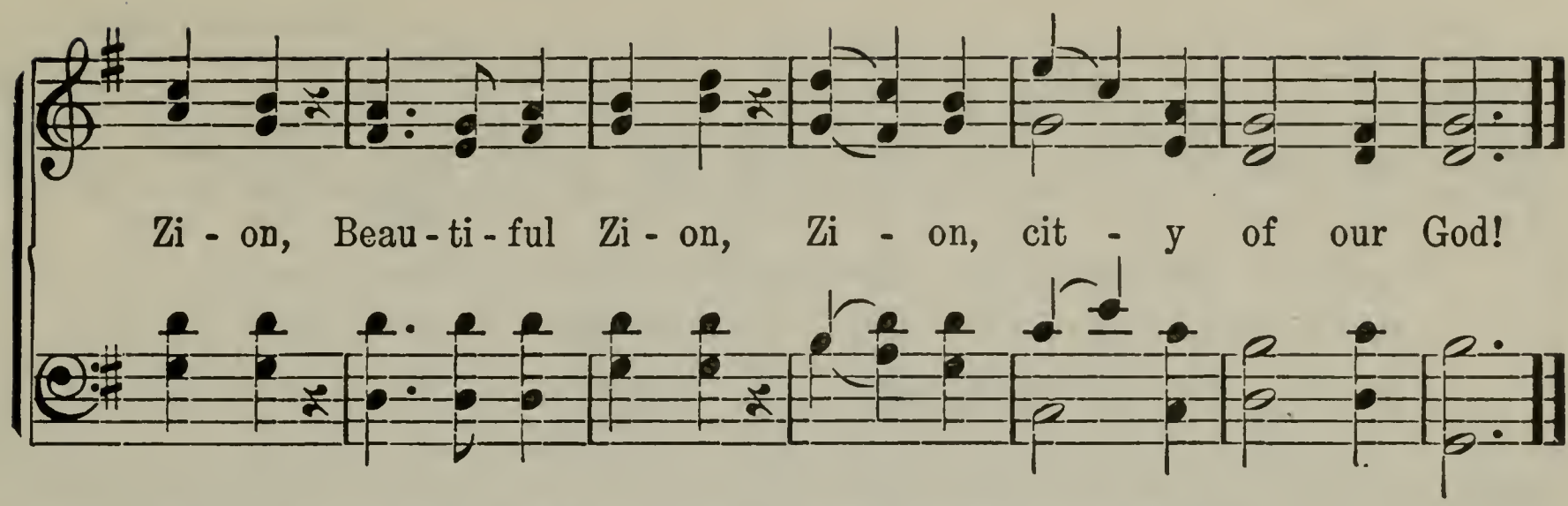
1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove; Beau-ti-ful cit - y
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is light; Beau-ti-ful an - gels,
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow; Beau-ti-ful palms the

that I love; Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl - y white; Beau-ti-ful
clothed in white; Beau-ti-ful strains that nev - er tire; Beau-ti-ful
con-q'rors show; Beau-ti-ful robes the ran-somed wear; Beau-ti-ful

tem - ple—God its light; He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet,
all who en - ter there; Thith-er I press with ea - ger feet—

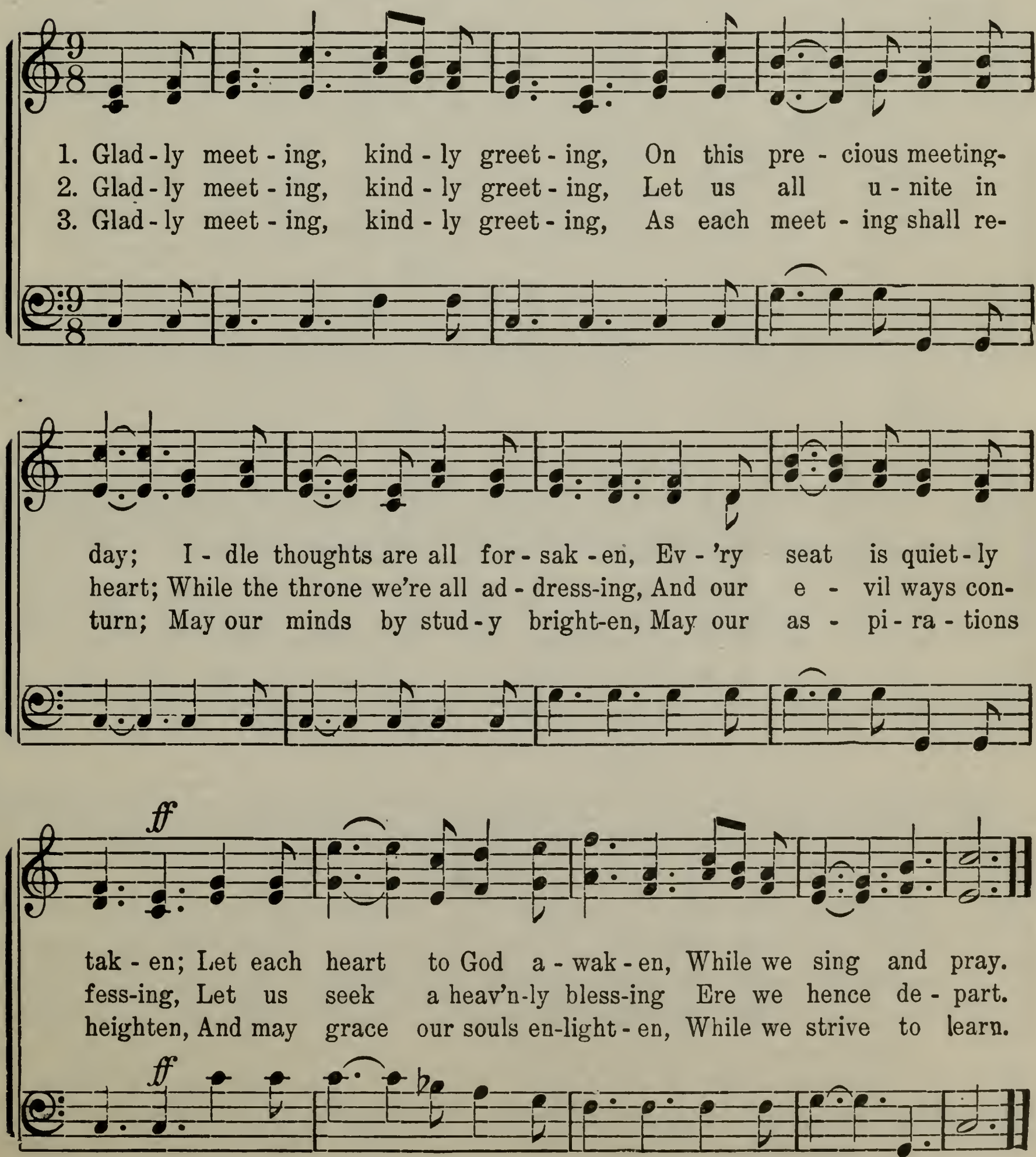
O - pens those pearl - y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on, love-ly
Wor-ship-ing at the Sav - ior's feet. Zi - on, Zi - on, love-ly
There shall my rest be long and sweet. Zi - on, Zi - on, love-ly

Beautiful Zion, Built Above.



No. 93. Gladly Meeting, Kindly Greeting.

E. Stephens.



No. 94. Let the Holy Spirit Guide.

E. F. P. — EDWIN F. PARRY.

p — *mf*

1. Let the Ho - ly Spir - it's prompt-ings Be your dai - ly,
2. Let the Ho - ly Spir - it guard you In each act, and
3. Do not grieve the Ho - ly Spir - it, Or it will not

f

con - stant guide; Let its peace - ful, heav'n - ly pow - er
word, and thought; Nev - er make a sin - gle ef - fort
with you stay; But that it may dwell with - in you,

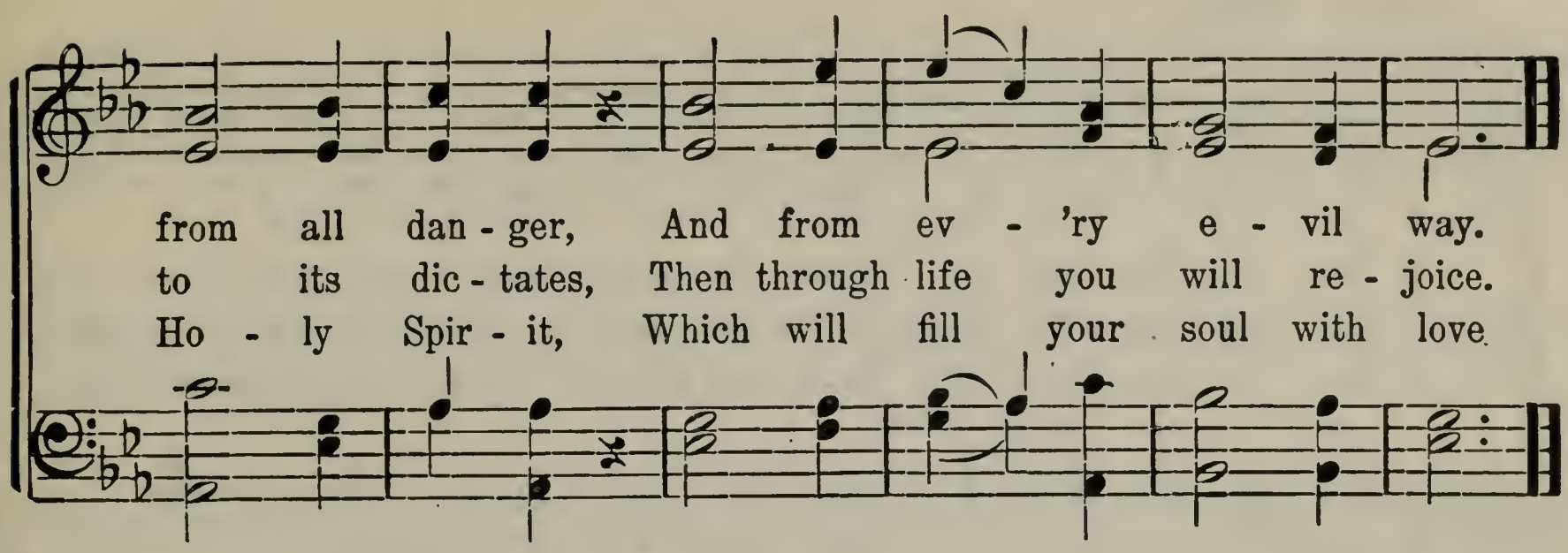
pp

Ev - er in your heart a - bide. It will lead in du - ty's
Till the Spir - it's aid you've sought. Cher - ish it as your com-
To your heav'n - ly Fa - ther pray. Ask in faith, and He will

f

path - way, And will nev - er let you stray; It will keep you
pan - ion; Heed its sweet and still, small voice; Ev - er lis - ten
an - swer, And will bless you from a - bove; He will send His

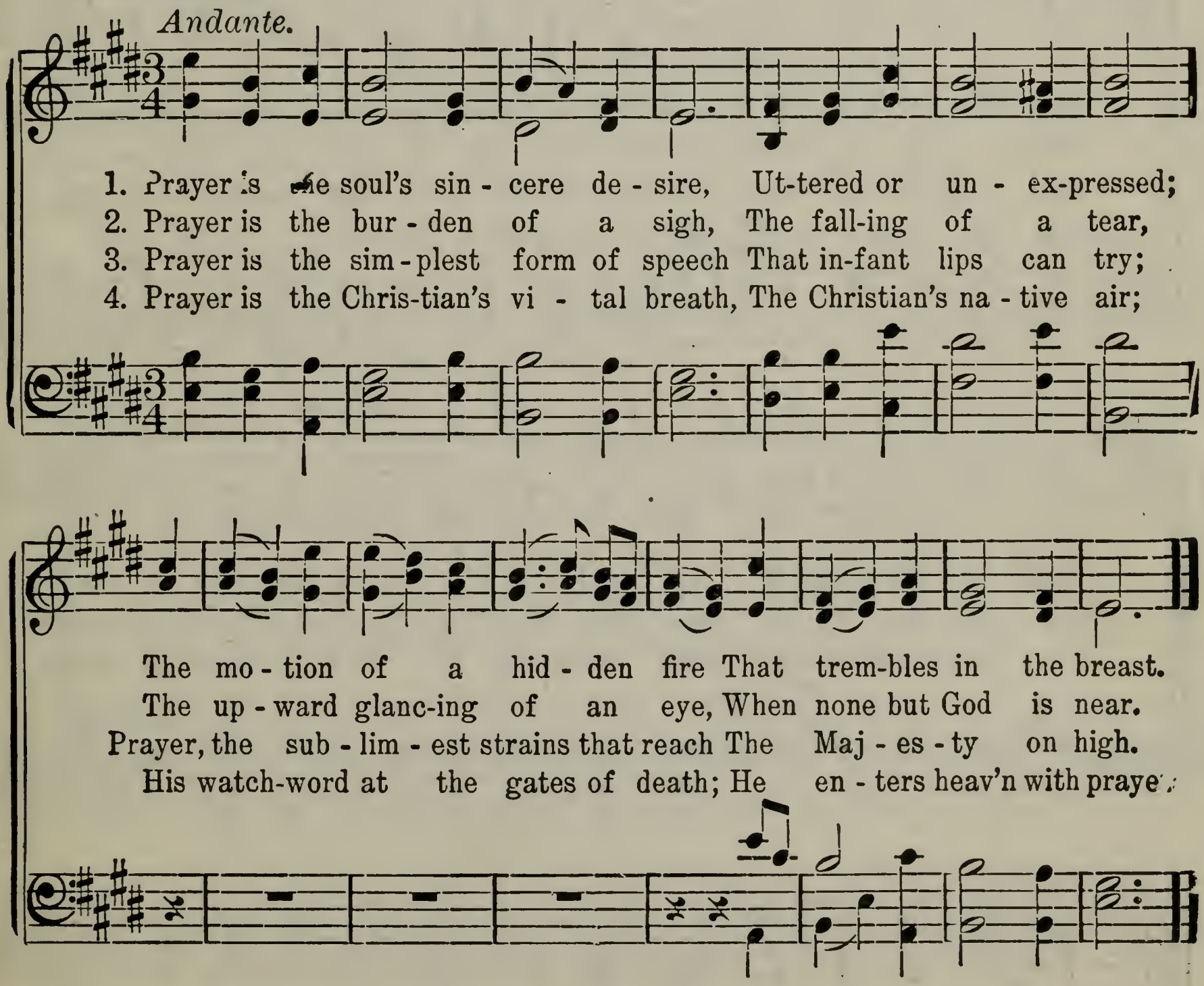
Let the Holy Spirit Guide.



No. 95. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

MONTGOMERY. G. CARELESS.

Andante.



5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 The Saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the Father's throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray.

No. 96. The World's Jubilee.

Eliza R. Snow.

1. The tide of time is ebb - ing low, The wheels of change roll fast;
2. Im - mor - tal gar - lands crown the day On which brave men of God,—
3. The "i - ron horse" and "light-ning wires," Their mu - tual pow'rs com-bine,

Hark! the her - alds of sal - va - tion blow The Gos - pel trump's loud blast.
Who pi - o - neered the des - ert way,—In Salt Lake Val - ley trod.
And man's vile wrath, o'er - ruled, con-spires To aid the great de - sign.

Our God, the source of life and love, To earth His care ex - tends-
From here the "lit - tle stone" will roll, "The king - dom" spread a - broad,
O'er moun-tain tops swell high the strain, To ev - 'ry land pro - claim,

Re - veals the law,—the hosts a - bove In ho - ly un - ion blends.
Till peace shall reign from pole to pole, And all ac-knowl-edge God.
The voice of God is heard a - gain, Shout glo - ry to His name!

The World's Jubilee.

CHORUS.

A-wake! a-wake! let the na-tions hear Je-ho-vah's firm de-cree,

To a-bol-ish sin, and ush-er in The world's great ju-bi-lee.

No. 97. I'll Strive While Young to Tune My Voice.

EVAN STEPHENS. (Hymn of Praise.) ALFRED PETERSON.

1. I'll strive while young to tune my voice To songs of praise and love;
2. He gives His chil-dren here be-low A thou-sand bless-ings rare;
3. He loves each lit-tle, harm-less child, The poor and low-ly heart,
4. O Fa-ther, good and full of grace, Tune Thou my heart and voice,

The theme, of which I'll make a choice, Shall be my God a-bove.
Each pass-ing day and hour doth show His lov-ing, ten-der care.
And e'en the soul with sin de-filed, Re-pent-ing, hath a part.
That I may ev-er chant Thy praise, And in Thy love re-joice.

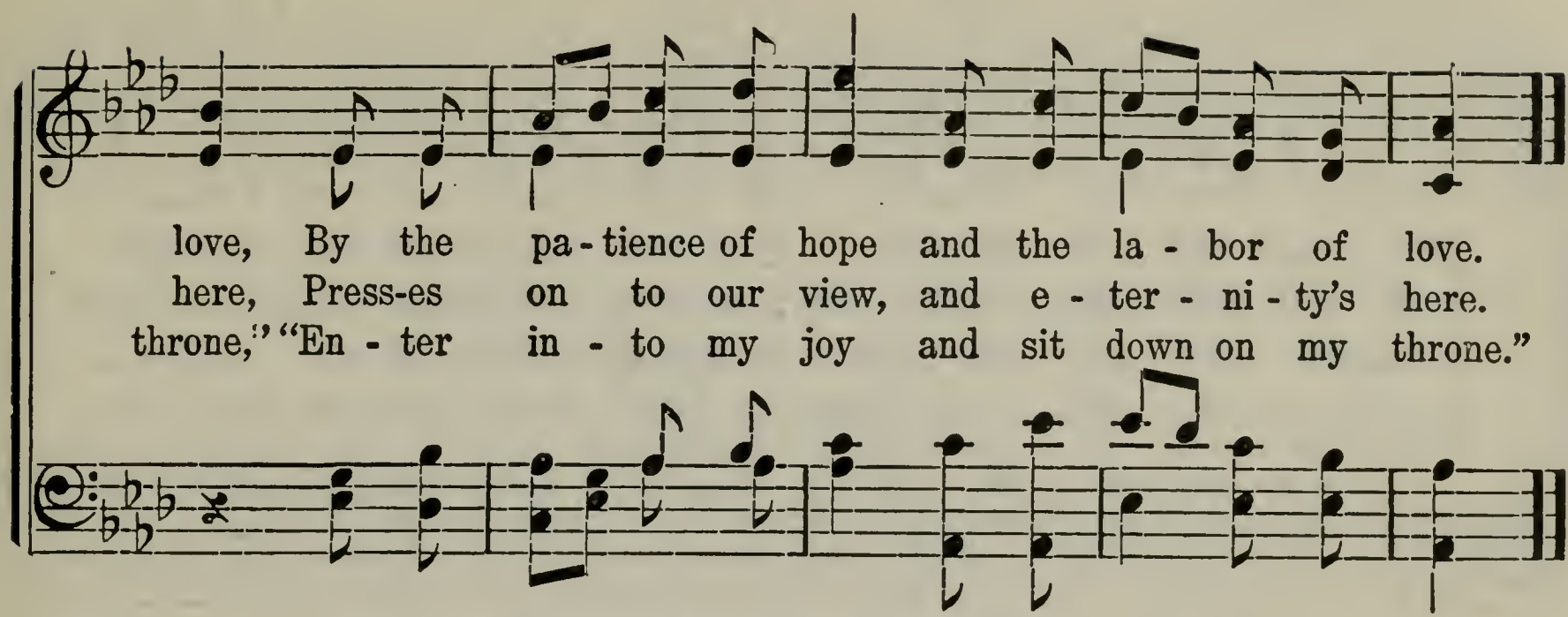
No. 98. Come, Let Us Anew.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.
2. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo-ment re - fus - es to stay. His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im-prove, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of
3. O that each in the day of His com - ing may say, "I have fought my way thro'— I have fin-ished the work Thou did'st give me to do." O that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word: "Well and faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my

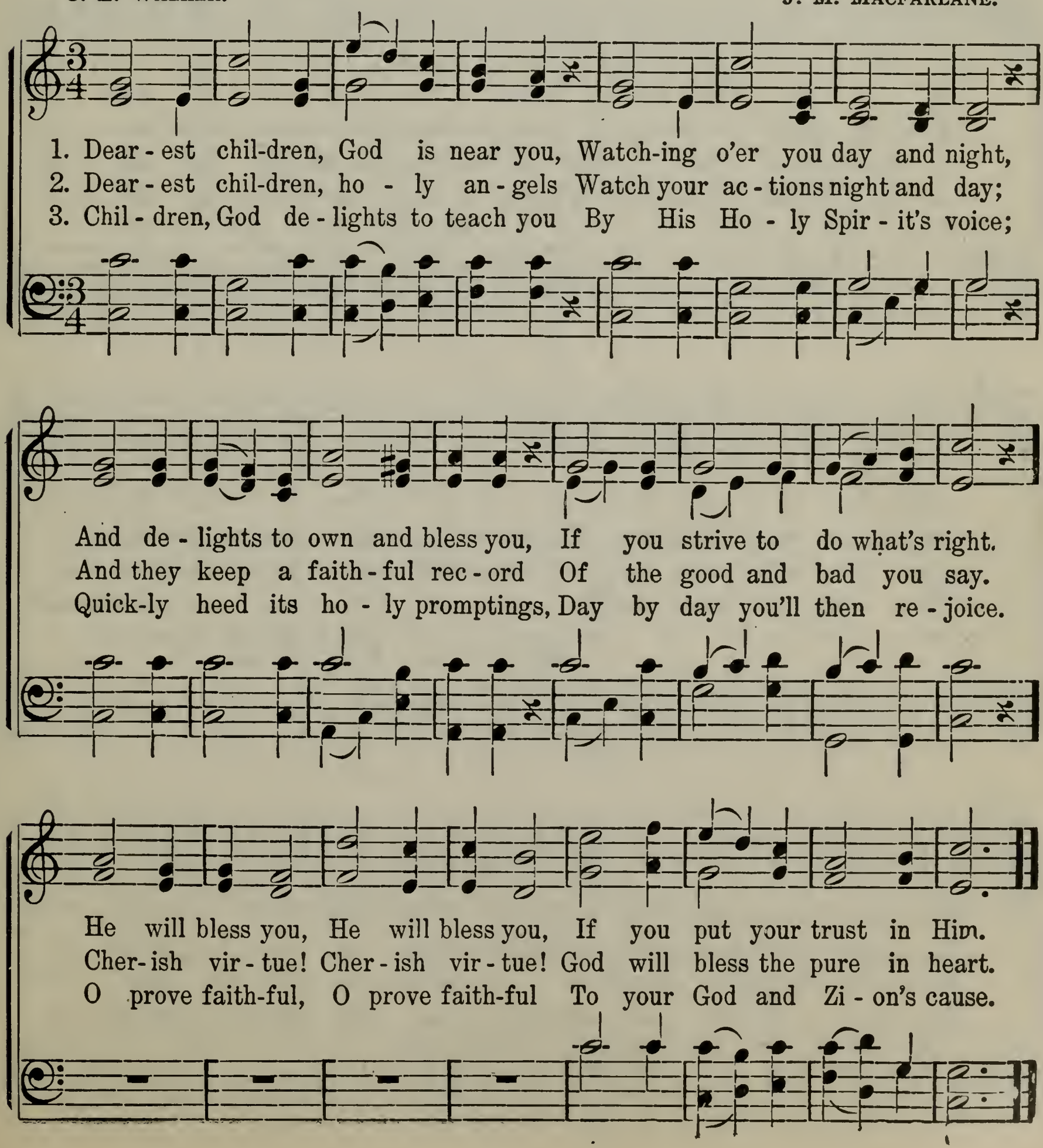
The ar - row is flown, the mo - ments are gone, The Mil- len - ni - al year Press-es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's

Come, Let Us Anew.



No. 99. Dearest Children, God is Near You.

C. L. Walker. J. M. Macfarlane.



No. 100. Sacramental.

H. W. Naisbitt. J. C. Fones.

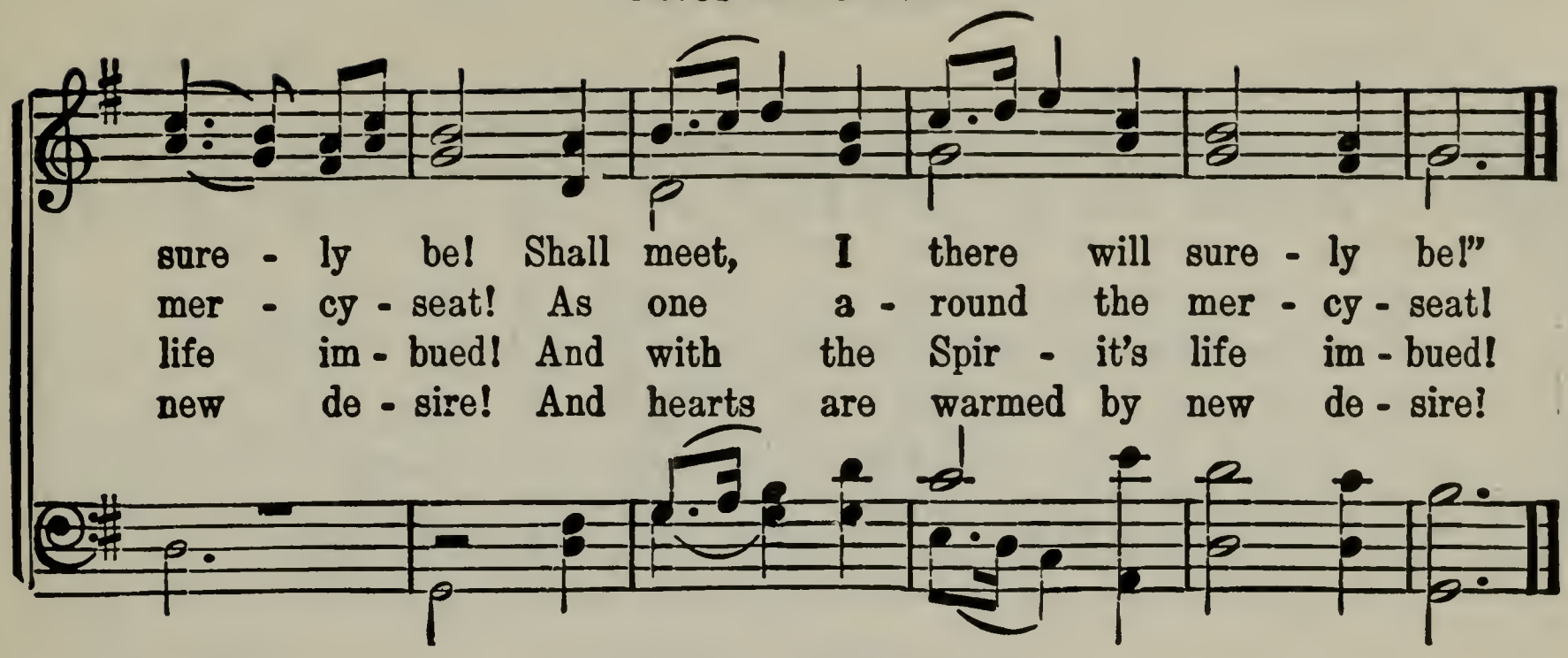
1. For our de - vo - tions, Fa - ther, we In - voke Thy Spir - it
2. In Sab - bath hours, what peace, what rest, What food, what life, dost
3. Pass to each one the bro - ken bread, Give each the cup,— a
4. And when the word comes clothed in pow'r, Truth gives its sure, un -

us to aid; From world-ly tho'ts, oh, set us free, To trust the
Thou im - part! One day in sev'n,—of days the best,--This or - der
to - ken true; Dis - ci - ples by the Priest-hood led In the true
err - ing sound; Comes there a more re - fresh - ing show'r In all of

prom - ise Je - sus made, To trust the prom - ise Je - sus made:
shows how wise Thou art, This or - der shows how wise Thou art.
gos - pel, old, yet new, In the true gos - pel, old, yet new.
du - ty's sa - cred round? In all of du - ty's sa - cred round?

"When, in my name, but two or three Shall meet, I there will
O pre - cious boon, when Saints can meet As one a - round the
What strength in cov - 'nants so re - newed, And with the Spir - it's
From ben - e - dic - tion Saints re - tire, And hearts are warmed by

Sacramental.



No. 101. Christmas Carol.

With spirit. mf

1. With won-d'ring awe The wise men saw The star in heav-en spring - ing,
2. By light of star They trav-eled far, To seek the low - ly man - ger;
3. And still is found, The world a-round, The old and hallowed sto - ry;
4. The heav'n-ly star Its rays a - far On ev - 'ry land is throw - ing,

And with de-light, In peace-ful night, They heard the an - gels sing-ing.
A hum - ble bed Where-in was laid The won-drous lit - tle Stranger.
And still is sung, In ev - 'ry tongue, The an - gels' song of glo - ry.
And shall not cease Till ho - ly peace In all the earth is glow-ing.

REFRAIN.

f

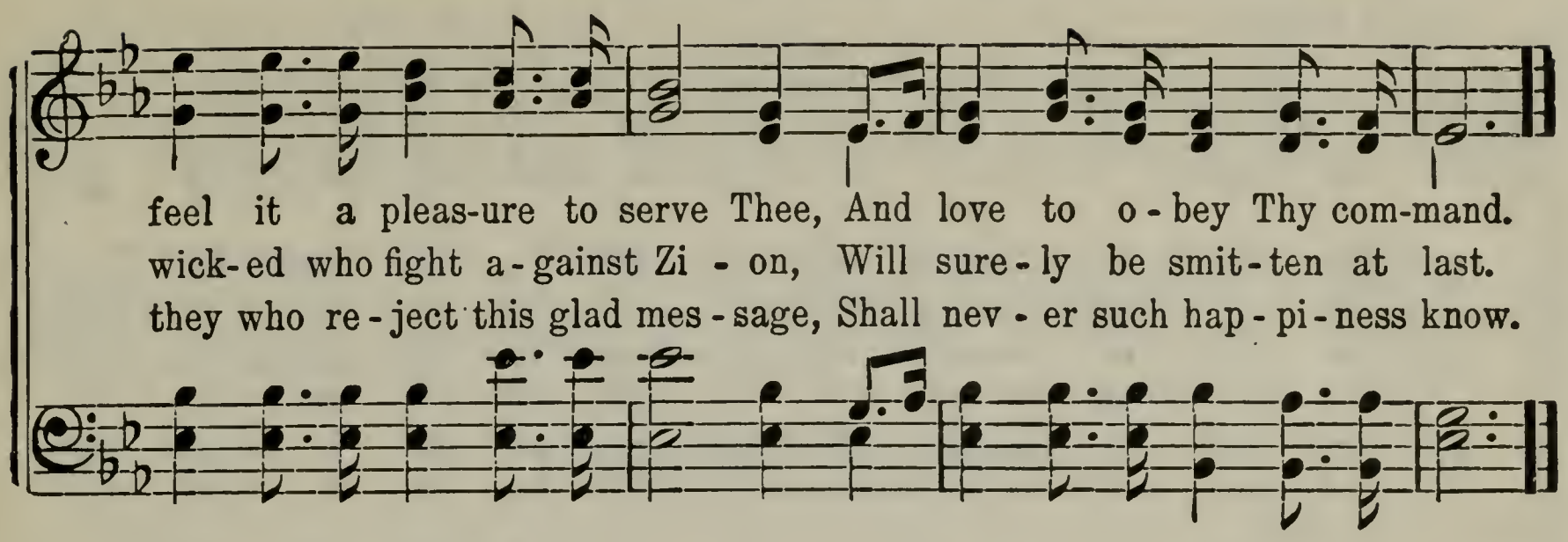
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to His name!

No. 102. We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.

W. Fowler. Mrs. Norton.

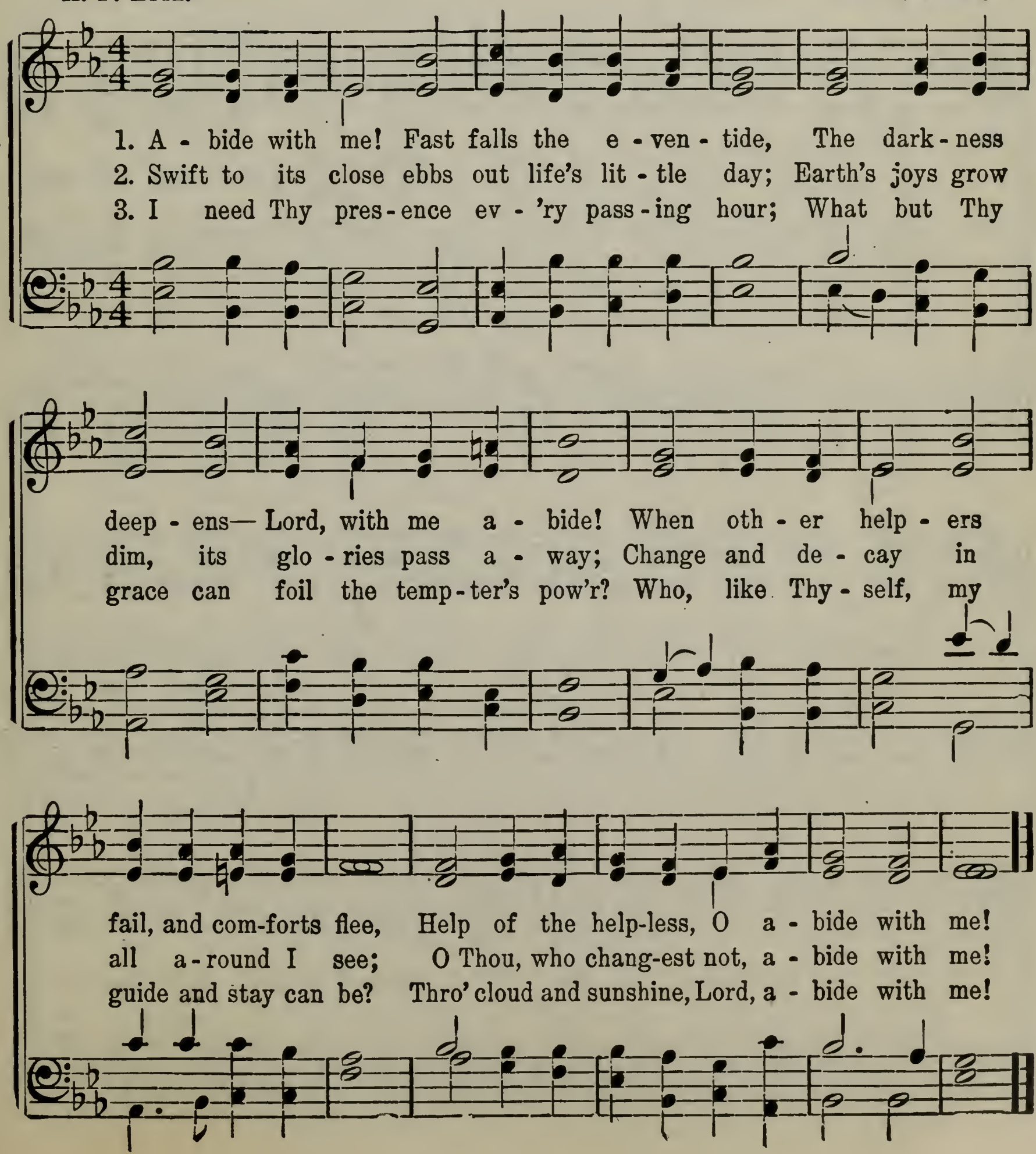
1. We thank Thee, O God, for a Proph - et, To guide us in these lat - ter days; We thank Thee for send - ing the s - pel To light - en our minds with its rays; We thank Thee for ev - er - y bless - ing Be - stowed by Thy boun - te - ous hand; We
2. When dark clouds of troub - le hang o'er us And threat - en our peace to de - stroy, There is hope smil - ing bright-ly be - fore us, And we know that de - liv-'rance is nigh; We doubt not the Lord, nor His good - ness, We've proved Him in days that are past; The
3. We'll sing of His good - ness and mer - cy, We'll praise Him by day and by night, Re - joice in His glo - ri - ous Gos - pel, And bask in its life - giv - ing light; Thus on to e - ter - nal per- fec - tion The hon - est and faith - ful will go, While

We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet.



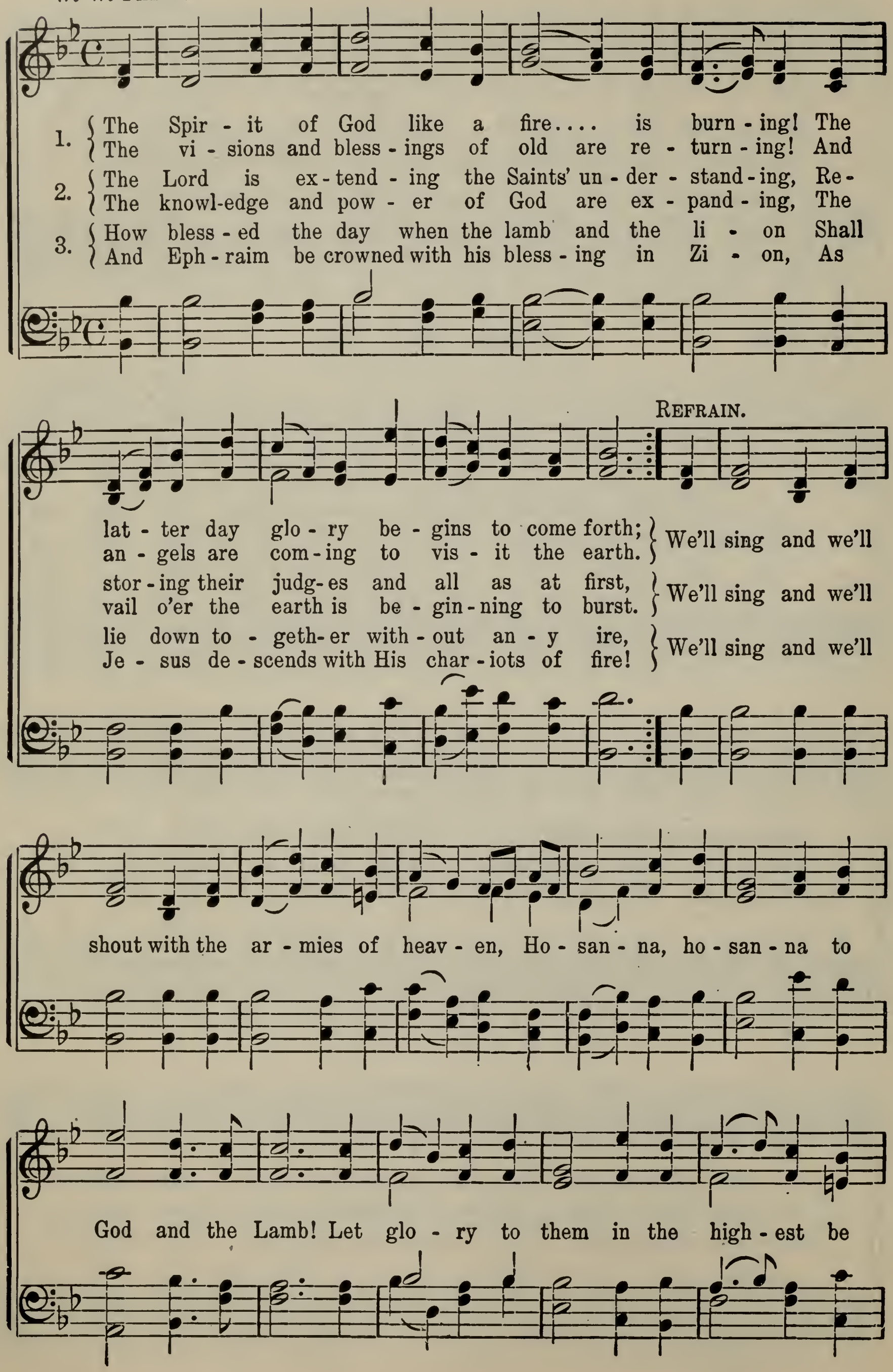
No. 103. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



No. 104. The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

W. W. Phelps.



The Spirit of God Like a Fire.

giv - en, Hence-forth and for - ev - er; a - men, and a - men!

No. 105. Heavenly Treasure.

J. E. JOHN EDWARDS.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Why should we strive for earth - ly things That but our
2. A joy that lives be - yond the grave, Where Saints im-
3. The pure in heart a - lone shall know, And they a-
4. And when in that bright world a - bove, Where joy and

cares in - crease? That but our cares in - crease? 'T is best to
mor - tal dwell, Where Saints im - mor - tal dwell; A joy that
lone shall see, And they a - lone shall see; Joys from ce-
peace a - bide, Where joy and peace a - bide, We'll sing of

seek for that which brings E - ter - nal joy and peace.
none but God can give, And none but Saints can tell.
les - tial springs shall flow, Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.
that re - deem - ing love Of Him who for us died.

No. 106. The Lord is My Light.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. The Lord is my light—then why should I fear? By day and by night
2. The Lord is my light: though clouds may arise, Faith, stronger than sight,
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in His might
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight

His pres - ence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from
looks up through the skies, Where Je - sus for - ev - er in
I'll con - quer at length; My weak - ness in mer - cy He
no dark - ness at all; He is my Re - deem - er, my

sor - row and sin, This bless-ed as - sur-ance the Spir - it doth bring.
glo - ry doth reign—Then how can I ev - er in dark-ness re - main?
cov - ers with power, And, walk-ing by faith, I am blest ev - 'ry hour.
Sav - ior and King—With saints and with an-gels His prais - es I'll sing.

CHORUS.

The Lord..... is my light, He is my
The Lord is my light, the Lord is my light,

The Lord is My Light.

joy and my song,..... By day .....
He is my joy and my song, By day and by night,

and by night..... He leads, He leads me a - long.
by day and by night He leads, He leads me a - long.

No. 107. We'll Sing All Hail to Jesus' Name.

R. Alldridge. Jos. Coslett.

1. We'll sing all hail to Je - sus' name, And praise and hon - or give
2. He passed the por - tals of the grave, Sal - va - tion was His song,
3. He seized the keys of death and hell, And bruised the ser - pent's head;
4. The bread and wine now rep - re - sent His sac - ri - fice for sin;

To Him who bled on Cal - v'ry's hill, And died that we might live.
He called up - on the sin - bound soul To join the heav'n - ly throng.
He bid the pris - on doors un - fold, The grave yield up her dead!
Ye Saints, par - take and tes - ti - fy Ye do re - mem - ber Him.

5 The sacrament the soul inspires,
And calms the human breast;
Points to the time when faithful Saints
Shall enter into rest.

6 Then hail, all hail, to such a Prince
Who saved us by His blood!
He's marked the way, and bids us tread
The path that leads to God.

No. 108. Hark! Listen to the Music!

E. F. Thomas. Arr. by Charles J. Thomas.

Andantino.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the mu - sic Swell
2. Re - joice, re - joice, dear chil - dren, Great
3. God bless our no - ble lead - ers With

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

from that might-y throng! 'Tis the chil - dren of God's king - dom, Their
bless - ings are in store For all those who live faith - ful, And
health, and light, and pow'r, To ban - ish ev - 'ry e - vil, And

tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

voi - ces sweet and strong. Their heav'n - ly notes in - spire me, And
strive to sin no more. Be kind un - to your par - ents, Their
con - quer Sa - tan's pow'r. Come, chil - dren, raise your voi - ces In

tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la,

Hark! Listen to the Music!

Rall. *A tempo.*

fill my soul with praise, ... To thank our heaven-ly
coun - sels strict o - bey, ... And fol - low good ex-
praise to Zi - on's King; . . . . . And make the hills re-

tra la la la, la la, tra la la la,

Fa - ther . . . . . For these the lat - ter days.
am - ples — . . . . . That is the bet - - ter way.
ech - o . . . . . With loud ho - san - - nas' ring.

tra la la la, tra la la la, la la la.

No. 109. Hark! The Pretty Birds are Singing.

(Round for Four Voices.)

1. 2.

Hark! the pret - ty birds are sing - ing, On the tree, their sweet song;

3. 4.

And the mer - ry bells are ring-ing, Ding, dong, bell, dong, ding, dong.

No. 110. Guide Me to Thee.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

Slow, with expression.

p

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior true, Guide me to Thee;
2. Thro' this dark world of strife, Guide me to Thee;
3. When strife and sin a - rise, Guide me to Thee;
4. When si - lent death draws near, Guide me to Thee;

Help me Thy will to do, Guide me to Thee;
Teach me a bet - ter life, Guide me to Thee;
When tears be - dim my eyes, Guide me to Thee;
Calm Thou my trem - bling fear, Guide me to Thee;

mf

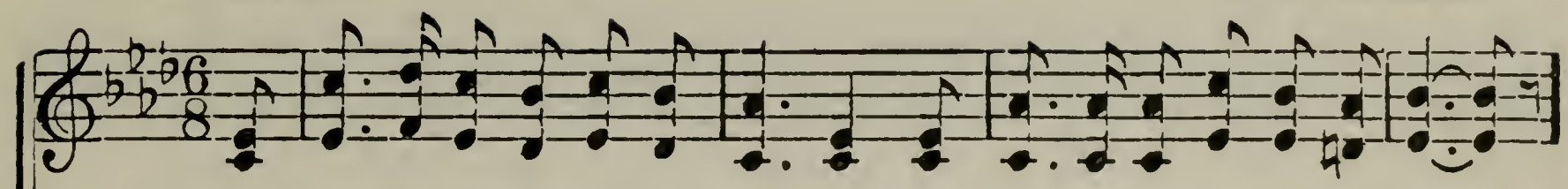
E'en in the dark - est night, As in the morn - ing bright,
Let Thy re - deem - ing pow'r Be with me ev - 'ry hour,
When hopes are crushed and dead, When earth - ly joys are fled,
Let me Thy mer - cy prove, Let Thy en - dur - ing love

p

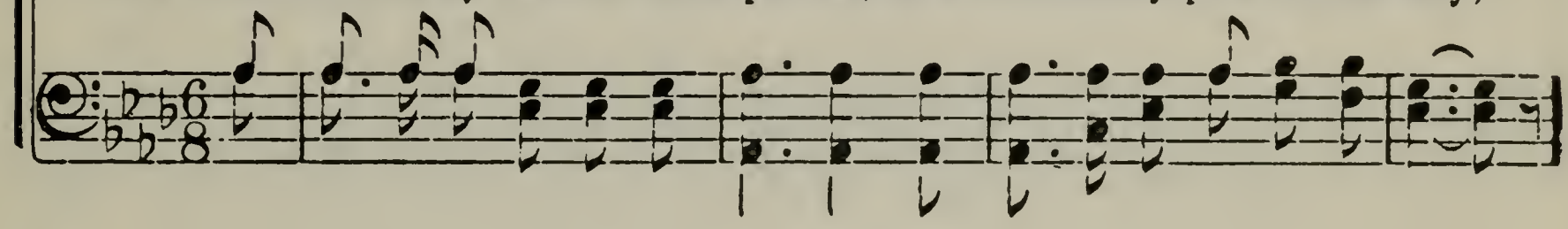
Be Thou my bea - con - light, Guide me to Thee.
Be Thou my safe - ty tow'r, Guide me to Thee.
Thy glo - ry round me shed, Guide me to Thee.
Guide me to heav'n a - bove, Guide me to Thee.

No. 111. Don't Worry.

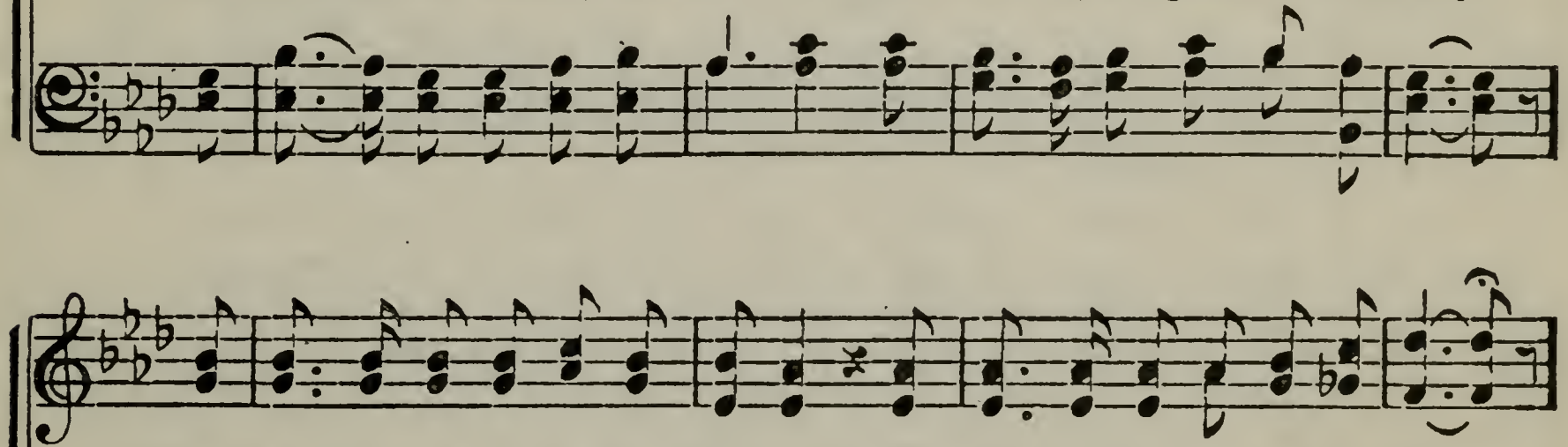
W. W. Burton. H. H. Peterson.



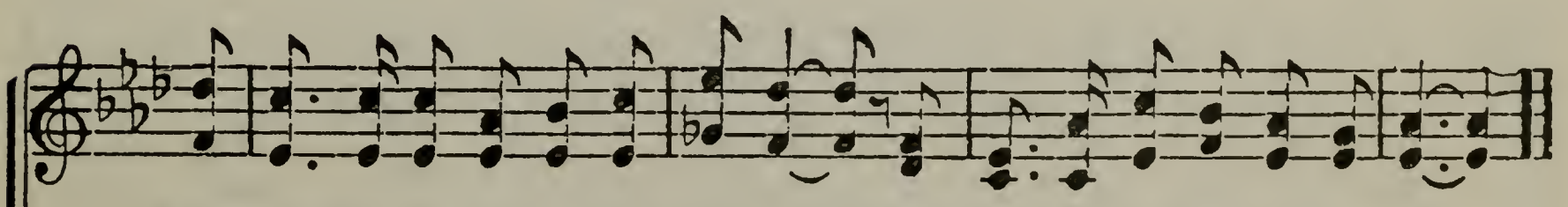
1. Oh, fret not nor wor-ry, 't is use - less, Nor bor - row of troub-le to - day;
2. Our tho'ts may be worse than our burdens, And crush us far more than our load,
3. 'T is bet - ter by far to be hope - ful, And cheer-ful-ly plod on our way;



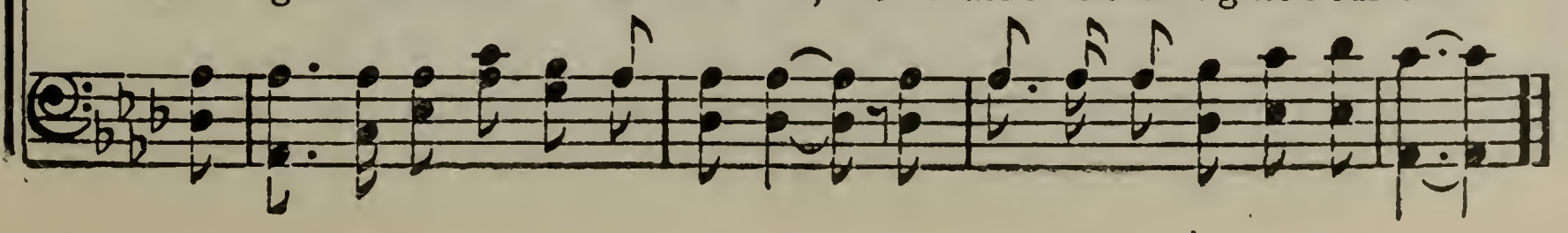
If troub - le you see in the dis - tance, 'T is fol - ly to meet it half way.
If hope's bright light be not shin - ing To give us some light on the road.
Be faith- ful - ly do - ing our du - ty, And trust-ing for guidance each day.



The bur - den of life may be heav-y, But wor - ry will add to the strain;
Our way may be freighted with sadness, If on - ly we walk in the gloom;
In love let us treat one an - oth - er, And help up the soul that is down;



'T is bet - ter to look on the bright side; Be cheer-ful and nev-er com-plain.
To brood o-ver troub-le is mad - ness, And leads to a sor-row-ful doom.
Let's light-en the load of each oth - er, And then we shall lighten our own.



No. 112. Break Not the Sabbath Day.

R. B. B. R. B. Baird.

1. With mer - ry, tune - ful voi - ces sweet prais - es let us sing,
2. When Sab - bath morn-ing dawn - eth, in gold - en rays of light,
3. Each schol - ar should re - mem - ber, strict or - der to main - tain;

Un - til each heart re - joi - ces, and ech - oes loud - ly ring;
All na - ture's beau - ty seem - eth to spark - le then more bright;
And let his aim be ev - er, his teach - er's love to gain;

Let all u - nite with will - ing hearts, and join the cheer-ful lay,
How pleas - ing 't is to gath - er here with hearts so light and gay,
O let us seek the truth to find, nor ev - er go a - stray;

To praise Him who be-queathed to us the ho - ly Sab - bath day.
And learn of God's own ho - ly laws, on this, the Sab - bath day!
But al - ways be at Sun - day-school on this, the Sab - bath day.

Break Not the Sabbath Day.

CHORUS.

Then, chil - dren, haste to Sun - day-school, Nor tar - ry on the way;

Re - mem - ber well this gold - en rule: Break not the Sab - bath day.

No. 113. Welcome, Happy Sunday.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. Wel-come, hap - py Sun - day, Day of days the best; Glad - ly do we
2. Hum - bly, low - ly bend - ing To the God a - bove, Prayers of Saints as -

hail thee, Bless - ed day of rest. Cheer - ful voi - ces sing - ing,
cend - ing, Thank Him for His love. Thank Him for the Sab - bath,

Joy-ous, grate-ful lays, Angels bear them heav'nward, Songs of love and praise.
Ho - ly day, and blest, Best of all the sev - en, Hallowed day of rest.

No. 114. In Our Lovely Deseret.

ELIZA R. SNOW. G. F. ROOT.

1. In our love - ly Des - e - ret, Where the Saints of God have met,
2. That the chil - dren may live long, And be beau - ti - ful and strong,
3. They should be in-struct - ed young, How to watch and guard the tongue,
4. They must not for - get to pray, Night and morn - ing, ev - 'ry day,

There's a mul - ti - tude of chil - dren all a - round; They are
Tea and cof - fee and to - bac - co they de - spise, Drink no
And their tem - pers train, and e - vil pas - sions bind; They should
For the Lord to keep them safe from ev - 'ry ill, And as-

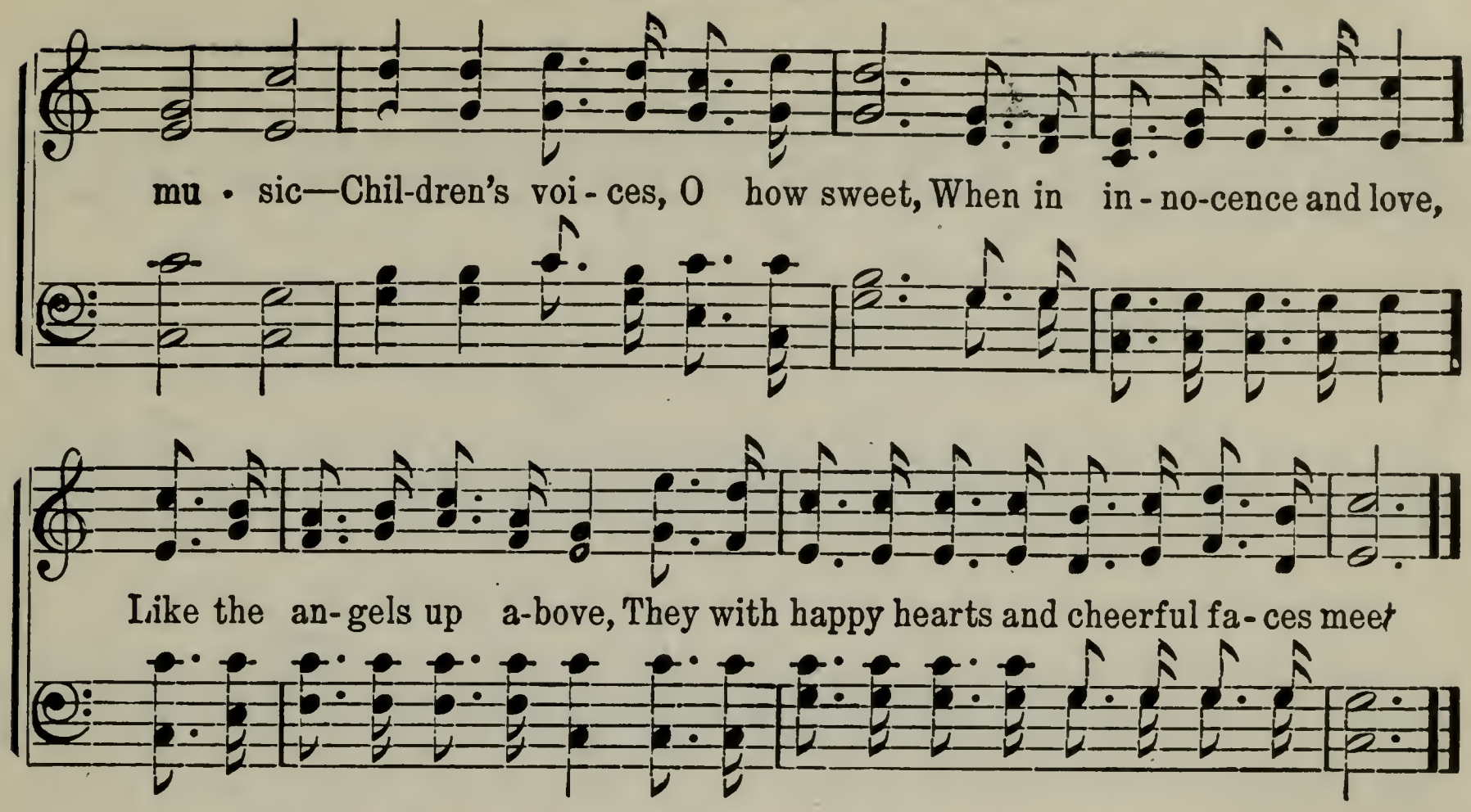
gen - er - ous and brave, They have pre-cious souls to save, They must
li - quor, and they eat But a ver - y lit - tle meat; They are
al - ways be po - lite, And treat ev - 'ry - bod - y right, And in
sist them to do right, That with all their mind and might, They may

CHORUS.

lis - ten and o - bey the gos-pel's sound.
seek-ing to be great and good and wise.
ev - 'ry place be af - fa - ble and kind.
love Him and may learn to do His will.

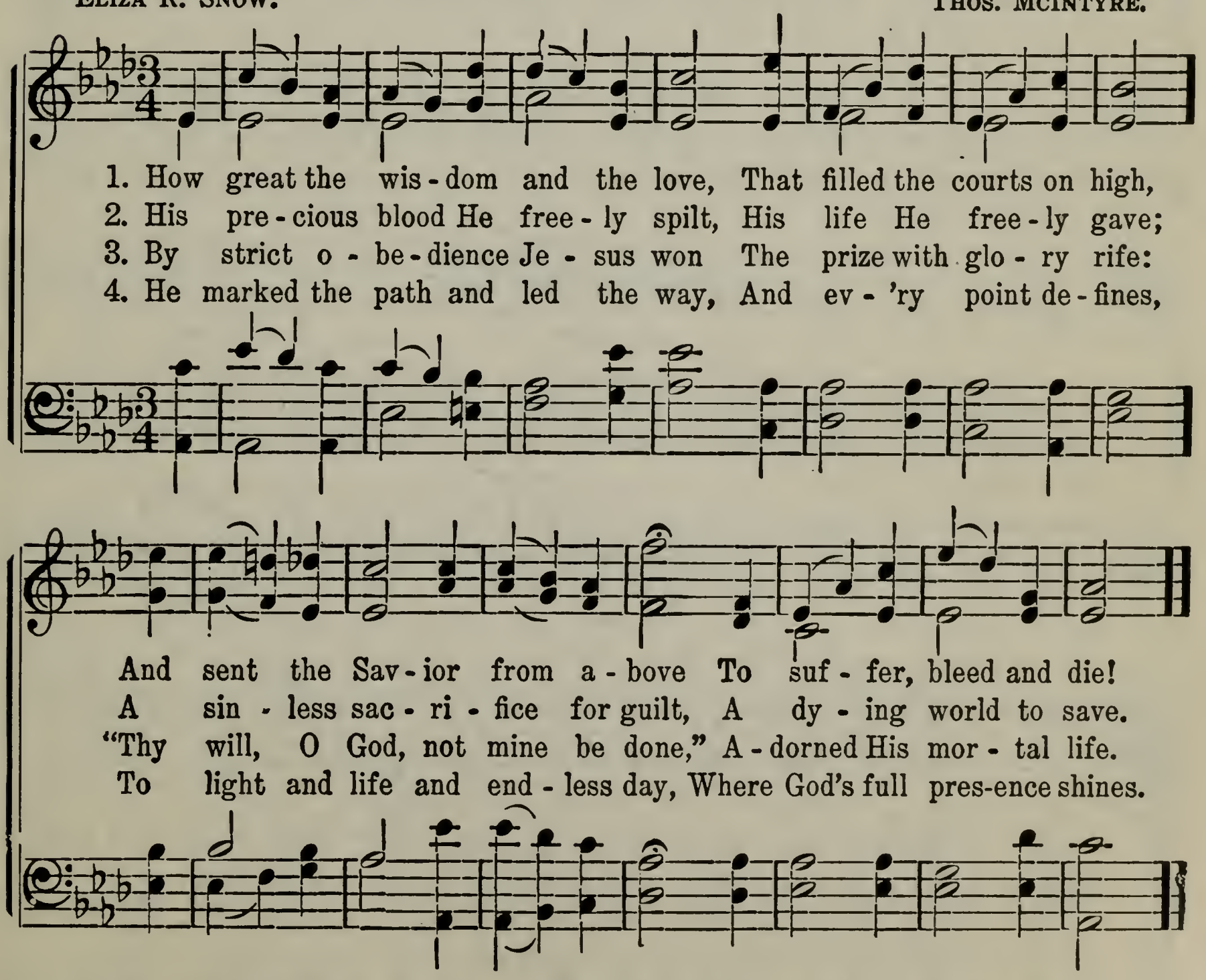
Hark, hark, hark. 'tis chil-dren's

In Our Lovely Deseret.



No. 115. How Great the Wisdom and the Love.

ELIZA R. SNOW. THOS. MCINTYRE.



5 How great, how glorious and complete,
Redemption's grand design,
Where justice, love and mercy meet
In harmony divine!

6 In memory of the broken flesh,
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ our Head.

No. 116. The Joy and the Song.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. H. R. PALMER.

Prelude. (*Organ or Piano.*)

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the joy and the song Which un - to us this beau - ti - ful sea - son be - long; We love and a - dore Thee, for light and for love, And for all the rich bless - ings that come from a - bove.
2. The gates are wide open, and they beck - on us all, Each to fol - low and serve at the sound of Thy call; Thro' por - tals of praise, and thro' Zi - on's fair gates, We will pass on with songs to the work that a - waits.
3. At last in that city, with its glo - ries un - told, With its gates all of pearl and with streets of pure gold, We'll give to the Sav - ior, who dwell-eth in light, All the pow'r and do - min - ion, and wis - dom and might.

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The Joy and the Song.

REFRAIN. *ff*

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! O the joy and the song!

With hap - py hearts and mer - ry voi - ces We the glad strain pro-

Ending for last stanza.

long. (*Interlude after 1st and 2nd stanzas, in exact time.*) long....

No. 117. Little Lispers.

J. L. TOWNSHEND. J. HOSLER.

1. What can lit - tle bod - ies do, Like us lit - tle lisp - ers,
2. Oh, we here can come to school, And, with mer - ry voi - ces,
3. Je - sus gave the gold - en rule; May - be you don't know it,
4. Un - to oth - ers al - ways do As you would have oth - ers

Full of life, and mis-chief too, And prone to nois - y whis - pers?
Sing a - bout the gold - en rule, Till ev - 'ry heart re - joi - ces.
But 't is known to all our school, And do not o - ver-throw it.
Do a - gain in turn to you, As sis - ters and as broth - ers.

No. 118. Do What is Right.

f

1. Do what is right; the day-dawn is break-ing, Hail - ing a
2. Do what is right; the shack-les are fall - ing, Chains of the
3. Do what is right; be faith - ful and fear - less, On - ward, press

fu - ture of free - dom and light; An - gels a - bove us are
bondsmen no lon - ger are bright; Light - ened by hope, soon they'll
on - ward, the goal is in sight; Eyes that are wet now, ere

si - lent notes tak - ing Of ev -'ry ac - tion; do what is right!
cease to be gall - ing; Truth go - eth on - ward; do what is right!
long will be tear - less; Bless - ings a - wait you; do what is right!

CHORUS.

f

Do what is right, let the con - se-quence fol - low; Bat - tle for

Do What is Right.

free - dom in spir - it and might; And with stout hearts look ye

forth till to - mor - row; God will pro - tect you; do what is right!

No. 119. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

NEWTON. J. S. HANECY.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
2. On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,
4. Fad - ing are all world-ly treasures, With their boasted pomp and show;

He whose word can - not be bro-ken, Chose thee for His own a - bode.
With sal - va - tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.
For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near.
Heav'nly joys and last - ing pleasures, None but Zi - on's chil-dren know.

No. 120. Welcome to All.

H. A. T. H. A. Tuckett.

f Girls. *Allegretto.*

Boys.

1. Wel-come to all! with joy we give you greet-ing, And may our blythesome sing - ing glad - den ev - 'ry heart; Wel-come to all! the air with mu- sic's ring - ing, And may you all be hap - py when we part.

2. Wel-come to all! and may all care and sor - row Be ban - ished a- far, that all may hap - py be; Wel-come to all! and may your smil-ing fa - ces Greet us with cheer, as we war - ble forth in glee.

Chorus. *Waltz time.*

And we gai - ly sing, tra la la la,..... And we gai - ly sing, tra la la la, ... And we gai - ly sing, tra la la

Welcome to All.

ff Both times. *Repeat pp.*

la,..... We're as hap - py as larks all the day.....

No. 121. Wanted on the Other Side.

C. W. Stayner. Jno. S. Lewis.

1. Oft, when loved ones, called to leave us, Pass to
2. But with words most true and ten - der Some one
3. Want - ed? Yes, to preach sal - va - tion! Vis - it
4. While we mourn, their wel - comes greet him, Hail to
5. Cease your sobs, oh, cease your weep - ing! In your

shin - ing scenes be - yond, Ques - tions, why they
whis - pers at our side, "Serv - ice he has
friends long passed a - way,— Fa - ther, moth - er,
one so no - bly born! With what joy they
Sav - ior now con - fide; He is in the

thus be - reave us, Plunge us in - to dark de - spond.
gone to ren - der, Want - ed on the oth - er side."
dear re - la - tion; Lon - ger here he could not stay!
flock to meet him, He, for whom we mor - tals mourn!
Lord's safe keep - ing, Want - ed on the oth - er side.

No. 122. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di - vin - er
2. Each flow-'ry glen..... and moss - y dell,..... Where hap-py birds..... in song a - gree,..... Thro' sun-ny morn..... the prais-es
3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore..... Of Him who walked.... up - on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... ... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be; O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.

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No. 123. The World is Full of Beauty.

Mrs. M. W. Hackleton. G. Careless.

1. There is beau - ty in the for - est, When the trees are green and fair;
2. There is beau - ty in the foun-tain, Sing - ing gai - ly at its play,
3. There is beau - ty in the brightness Beam-ing from a lov - ing eye;

There is beau - ty in the mead-ow Where the wild flow'rs scent the air;
While the rain - bow hues are glitt'ring On its sil - ver - shin - ing spray;
In the warm blush of af - fec - tion, In the tear of sym - pa - thy;

There is beau - ty in the sun-light, and a soft, blue beam a - bove;—
There is beau - ty in the streamlet, Murm'ring soft-ly through the grove;—
In the sweet low voice whose accents The spir - it's glad - ness prove;—

Oh, the world is full of beau-ty When the heart is full of love;

Oh, the world is full of beau - ty When the heart is full of love.

No. 124. Rock-a-bye, Baby.

H. A. Tuckett.

1. Rock - a - bye, ba - by, on the tree top, When the wind
2. Rock - a - bye, ba - by, pa - pa is hunt - ing, Ma - ma is

blows the cra - dle will rock, When the bough breaks the
wait - ing glad - ly his com - ing; Rise with the lark, love,

Fine.

cra - dle will fall, Down will come ba - by, cra - dle and all.
and glad - ly greet him: All will be joy with thee to - day.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, ba - by, sleep, Sleep till the

Sleep, ba - by, sleep till the dawn of the day, Sleep, ba - by, sleep

dawn of the day; Sleep, sleep, sleep, ba - by, sleep,—

till dawn of day; Sleep, ba-by, sleep till the dawn of the day,—

Rock-a-bye, Baby.

1 2 D. C.

Then a - wake! Sleep,— then a-wake! Ah!

No. 125. O Come to the Jubilee.

C. J. T. CHARLES J. THOMAS.

1. We once more meet on this glad day, Our songs of praise to sing,
2. Now let us all with one ac-cord U-nite in songs of praise,
3. With par-ents, teach-ers, we re-joice To learn the ways of love,

That we have found the bet-ter way To serve our God and King.
To thank the Lord for His glad word In these the lat-ter days.
That we can sing with heart and voice, And praise our God a-bove.

CHORUS.

O come to the ju-bi-lee, O come to the ju-bi-lee!

For this it is our hearts re-joice, On this, our ju-bi-lee!

No. 126. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

KELLY. A. C. SMYTH.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed— Zi - on, kept by
2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend un-
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee

pow'r di - vine; All her foes shall be con-found - ed,
faith - ful prove, Moth - ers cease their own to cher - ish,
forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee,

Though the world in arms com - bine; Hap - py Zi - on,
Heav'n and earth at last re - move; But no chang-es,
Thou art pre - cious in His sight; God is with thee,

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee; Thou shalt tri - umph in His might.

No. 127. Pansies.

JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

Allegro moderato.

1. Lit - tle pur - ple pan-sies, touched with yel - low gold, Grow-ing in one cor - ner of the gar - den old;— We are ver - y ti - ny, but must
2. When the skies are drear-y, drear-y, dark and cold, And the rain falls soft - ly on the gar - den old, Oth - er flow'rs grow wear-y, we must
3. In what-ev - er cor - ner we may chance to grow, Wheth-er cold or warm the wind may ev - er blow, Dark the day or sun - ny, we must

try, try, try, Just one spot to glad - den, you and I.
try, try, try, Just one spot to glad - den, you and I.
try, try, try, Just one spot to glad - den, you and I.

No. 128. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel: "As ye
3. He has sound ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau- ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

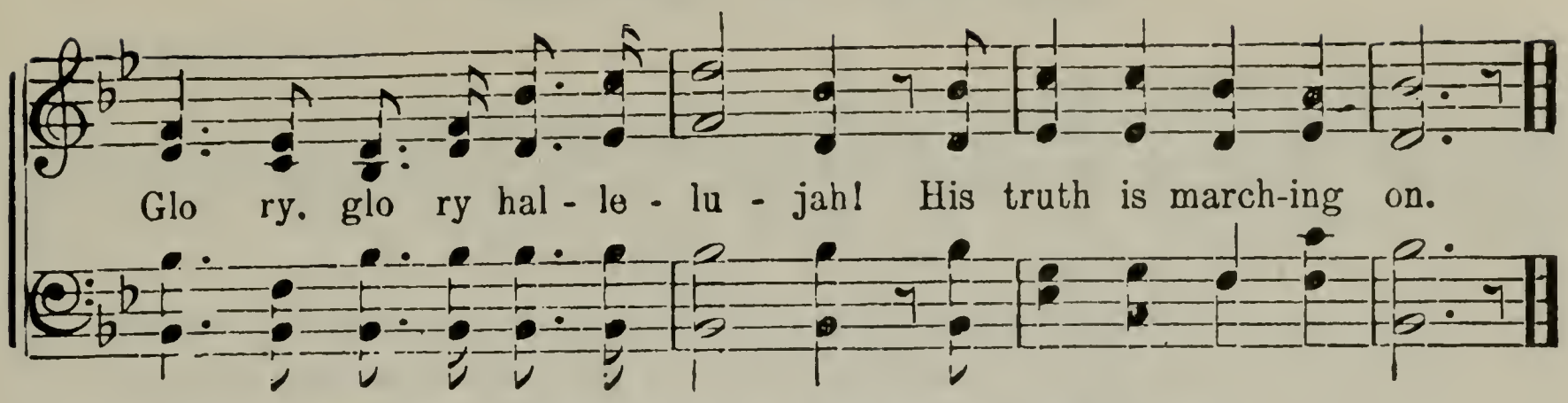
trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro,
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; Oh, be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble, swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

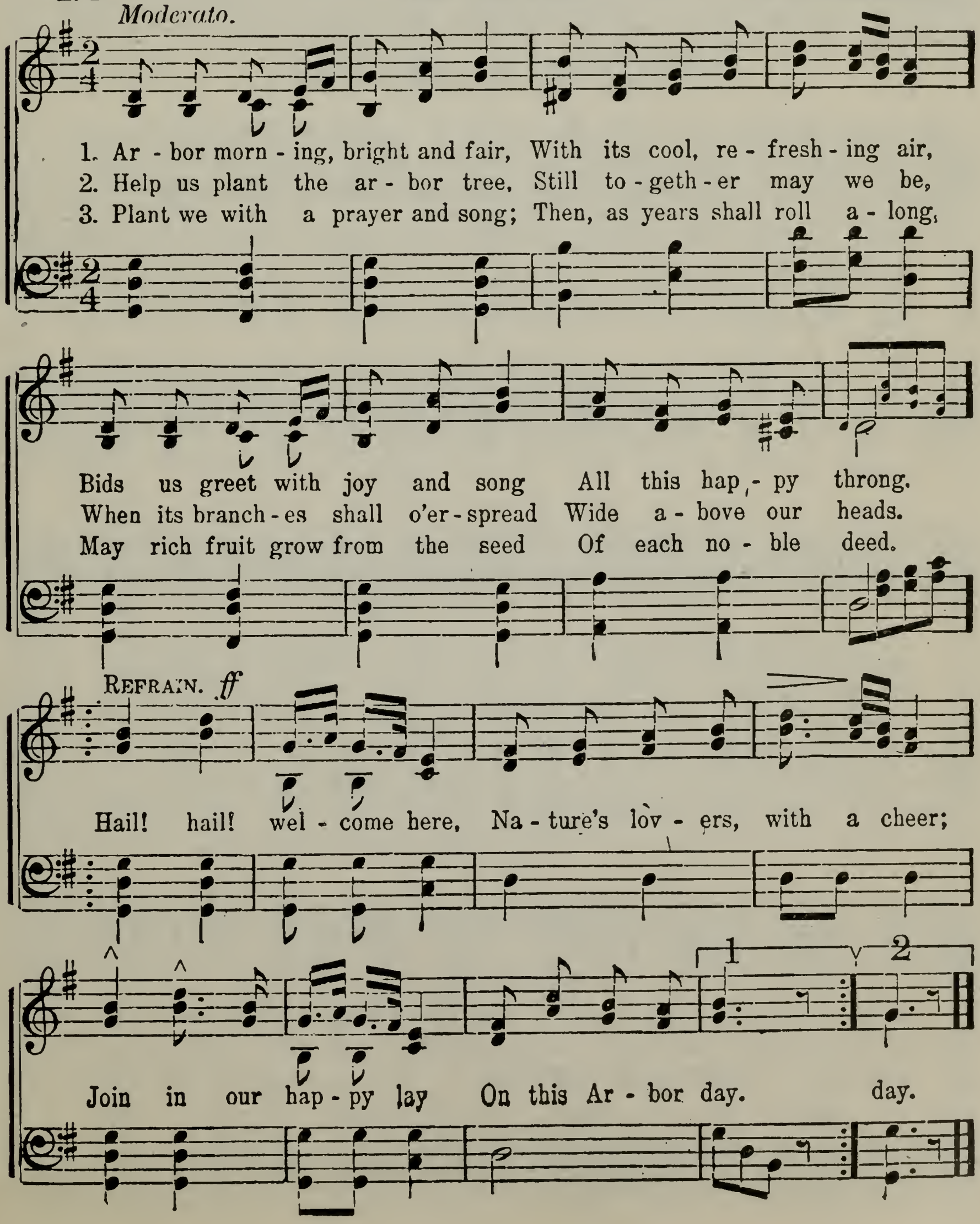
Battle Hymn of the Republic.



No. 129. Arbor Morning, Bright and Fair.

E. S. (Arbor Day Song.) EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato.



No. 130. We Are All Enlisted.

W. B. Bradbury.

Marching movement.

1. We are all en-list - ed till the con - flict is o'er— Hap - py are we!
2. Hark! the cry of bat - tle sounding loud - ly and clear—Come join the ranks!
3. Fighting for a king-dom, and the world is our foe— Hap - py are we!

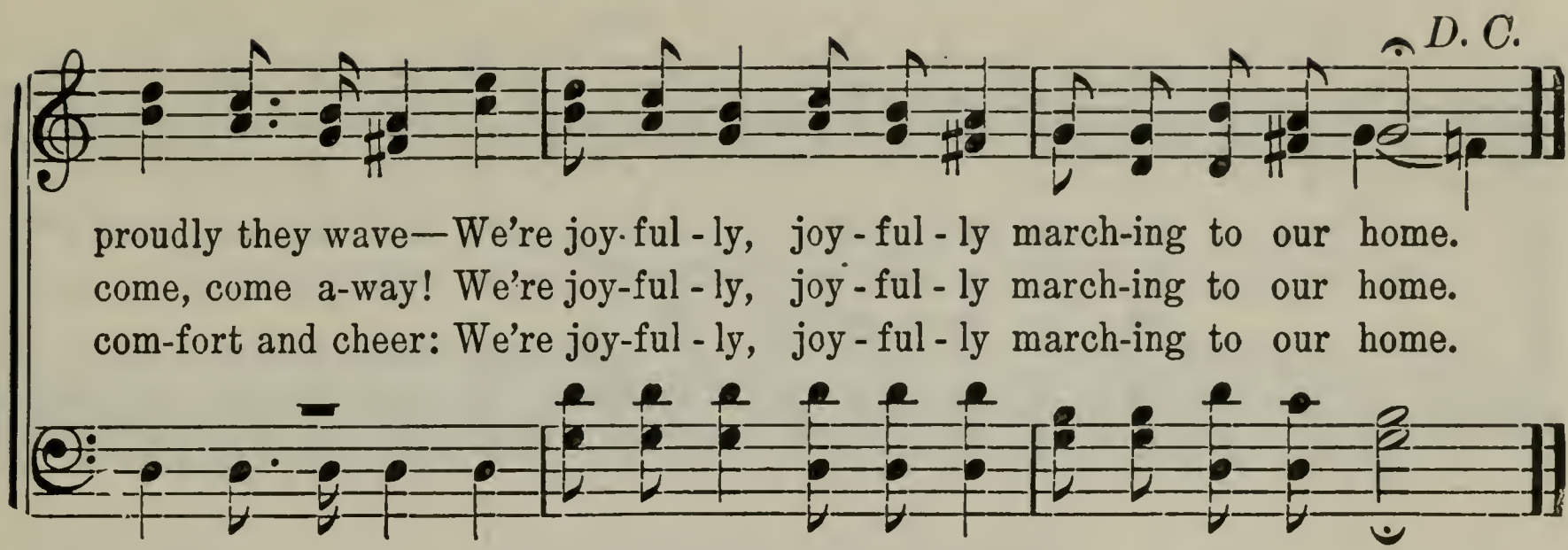
Hap - py are we! Sol-diers in the ar - my, there's a bright crown in store:
Come join the ranks! We are wait-ing now for sol-diers—who'll vol - un-teer?
Hap - py are we! Glad to join the ar - my, we will sing as we go;

Fine.

We shall win and wear it by and by. Haste to the bat - tle,
Ral - ly round the stand-ard of the cross. Hark! 'tis our Cap - tain
We shall gain the vic - t'ry by and by. Dan - gers may gath - er—

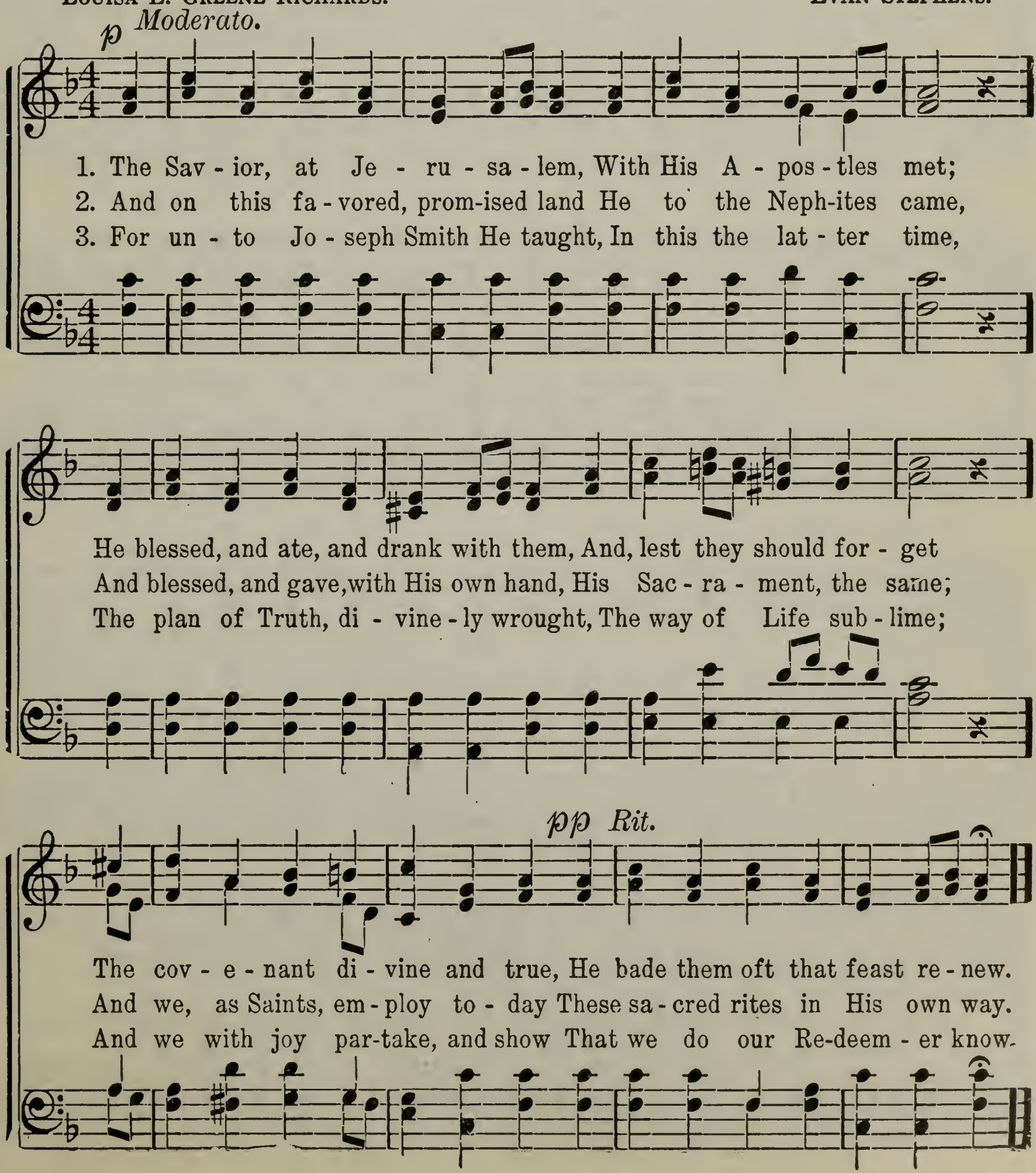
quick to the field, Truth is our hel - met, buck-ler and shield. Stand by our colors—
calls you to- day; Lose not a mo-ment, make no de - lay! Fight for our Savior,
why should we fear! Je-sus, our Leader, ev - er is near. He will protect us,

We Are All Enlisted.



No. 131. The Savior at Jerusalem.

LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS. EVAN STEPHENS.



No. 132. Waiting for the Reapers.

Spirited.

1. Wait-ing for the reap-ers' sick-les, Waves the whit-ened har-vest field;
2. Wait-ing for the mor-row's dawn-ing, Work ye while 'tis called to-day;

Har-bin-gers of love and mer-cy, For-ward go and bind the sheaves.
Lo, the har-vest time now com-ing, Je-sus calls, make no de-lay.

Go, ye la-b'rers, bold with cour-age, Reap the gold-en-head-ed grain—
Gath-er in the spa-cious gar-ner Seed-time har-vest ush-ers in;

Rip-ened fields all wait-ing, wait-ing, Since the Son of God was slain.
Wake the song, mil-len-nial glo-ry Dawns up-on a world of sin.

CHORUS.

Seize the torch (seize the torch), the torch, and wave it; Zi-on's her-alds loud pro-claim;

Waiting for the Reapers.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah!

Hal - le- lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! swell the chorus, Je-sus Christ our Lord shall reign.

No. 133. Redeemer of Israel.

W. W. Phelps.

1. Re - deem - er of Is - rael, Our on - ly de - light, On whom for a bless - ing we call, Our shad - ow by day, And our pil - lar by night, Our King, our De - liv - 'rer, our all!
2. We know He is com - ing To gath - er His sheep, And lead them to Zi - on in love; For why in the val - ley Of death should they weep, Or in the lone wil - der-ness rove?
3. How long we have wan - dered As stran - gers in sin, And cried in the des - ert for Thee! Our foes have re - joiced When our sor-rows they've seen, But Is - rael will short-ly be free.
4. As chil - dren of Zi - on, Good ti - dings for us, The tok - ens al - read - y ap - pear; Fear not, and be just, For the king-dom is ours; The hour of re - demp-tion is near.

No. 134. Tradition and Error in Battle Array.

W. P. WILLIAM POWELL.

1. Tra - di - tion and er - ror in bat - tle ar - ray, The chil - dren of
2. Then let us press on - ward, hold fast to the end, While bat - tling for
3. From the east to the west shall God's king-dom ex-tend, Meet in ev - 'ry
4. The sea shall roll back to its place in the north, The ten tribes of

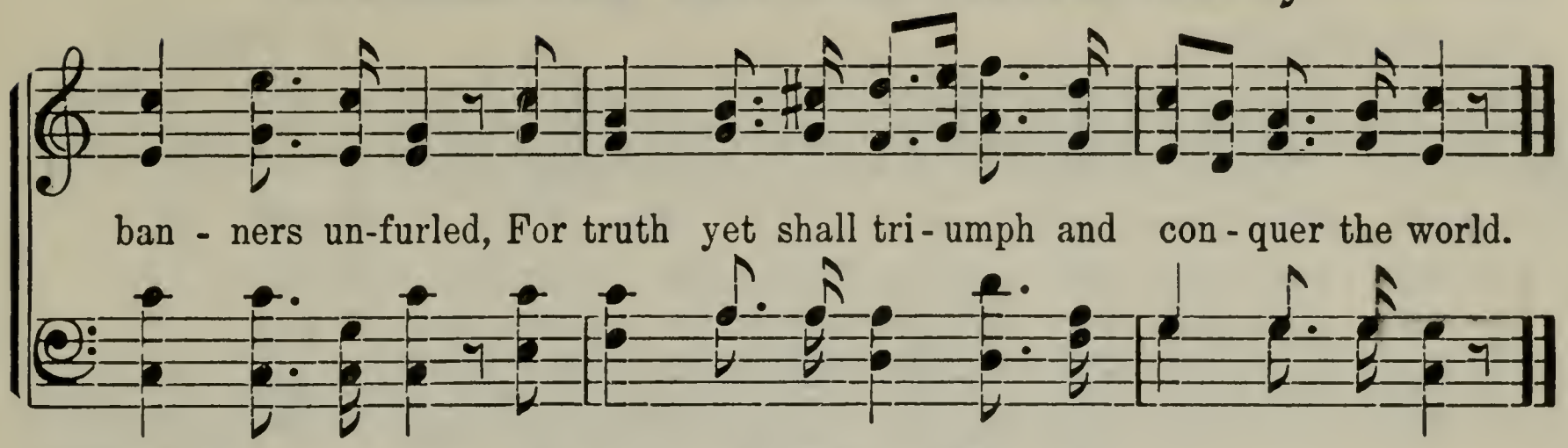
Zi - on pre-pare for the fray. Je - ho - vah's their strength and their
truth we have God for our friend; The tri - umph of truth is the
land a true broth - er and friend; Then Sa - tan all pow - er will
Is - rael with joy will come forth; Then God will re - store E - noch's

buck - ler and shield; They're on - ward to con - quer, or die on the field.
theme of our song, As on - ward and up - ward we're marching a - long.
have to re - sign, When Je - sus in tri - umph on earth comes to reign.
cit - y of old, And A - bra-ham's chil-dren shall meet in one fold.

CHORUS.

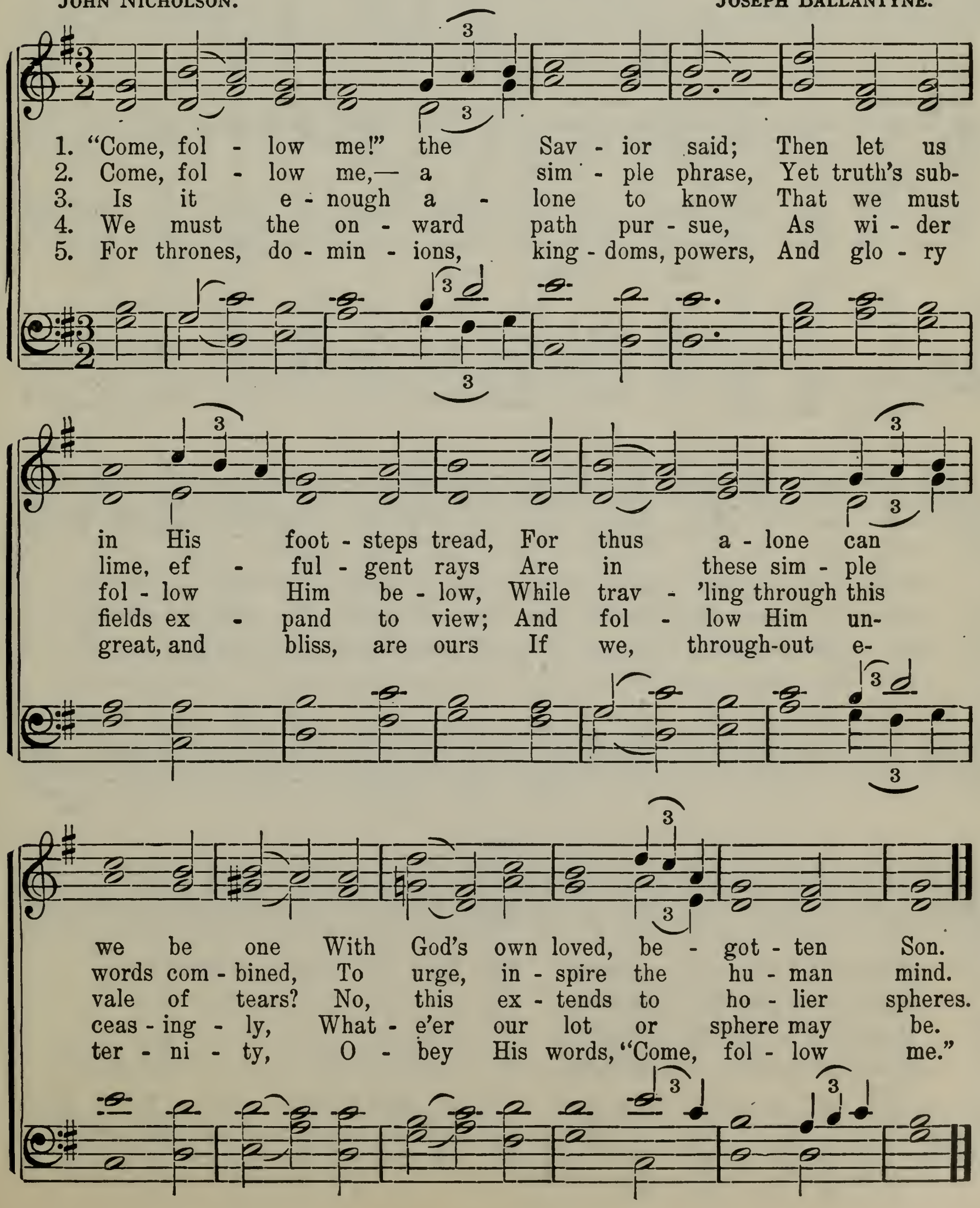
Join in the song, come and join in the song, Up with the standard and

bold - ly march on; Then up - ward and on - ward with



No. 135. Come, Follow Me.

JOHN NICHOLSON. JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.



No. 136. That the Lord Will Provide.

J. L. Townshend. E. Stephens.

1. That the Lord will pro-vide, Is a prom-ise that's giv'n; Ye
2. How the Lord will pro-vide, From the store-house of heav'n, We
3. What the Lord will pro-vide When He aids us from heav'n Not
4. When the Lord will pro-vide From His store-house in heav'n, Just

faith-ful and true, 'Tis a prom-ise to you! So in
know not al-way, Yet to Him will we pray: For we're
al-ways we know; When in pov-er-ty low He has
when He will aid He has nev-er yet said; Oft-en

meek-ness con-fide, And look up-ward to heav'n; The Lord is our Fa-
nev-er de-nied, When in pov-er-ty driv'n, We ask for our Fa-
oft-en sup-plied, When we brave-ly have striv'n; In wis-dom our Fa-
soon He's com-plied, And oft wait-ed and prov'n, But al-ways our Fa-

Chorus.

ther, The Lord will pro-vide. The Lord will pro-vide,
ther, The Lord, to pro-vide.
ther, The Lord, will pro-vide.
ther, The Lord, will pro-vide. The Lord will provide,

That the Lord Will Provide.

The Lord will pro-vide, So in meek-ness con-fide, And look
The Lord will pro-vide,

up-ward to heav'n; The Lord is our Fa-ther, The Lord will pro-vide.

No. 137. To Thee, Our Heavenly Father.

(A Thanksgiving Hymn.)

A. N. K. EDWIN F. PARRY.

1. To Thee, our heav'n-ly Fa-ther, We'll now our voi-ces raise,
2. We'll join to sing Thy prais-es, For bless-ings Thou hast giv'n,—
3. The Proph-et Jo-seph brought us Thy truth with-out al-loy;
4. We thank Thee that an an-gel To earth the ti-dings bore,

Thro' whose e-ter-nal mer-cy We live in these last days.
The bless-ings of the gos-pel, Which lead from earth to heav'n.
The prin-ci-ples he taught us Fill hum-ble hearts with joy.
That Thy e-ter-nal Priest-hood Thou didst a-gain re-store.

No. 138. To-day, While the Sun Shines.

March movement, cheerfully.

E. STEPHENS.

1. To - day, while the sun shines, work with a will, To - day all your du - ties with pa - tience ful - fil; To - day, while the birds sing, har - bor no care, Call life a good gift, call the world fair.
2. To - day seek the treas - ure bet - ter than gold; The peace and the joy that are found in the fold; To - day seek the gems that shine in the heart; While here we la - bor choose the good part.
3. To - day seek for good - ness, vir - tue and truth, As crown of your life and the grace of your youth; To - day, while the heart beats, live to be true, Con - stant and faith - ful all the way thro'.

CHORUS.

To - day, to-day, work with a will, To - day, to-day, your du - ties ful - fil; To - day, to - day, work while you du - ties ful - fil;

Work, O work to - day with a will, And to - day your du - ties ful - fil; Work to - day, O work while you

To-day, While the Sun Shines.

may, There is no to - mor - row, but on - ly to - day.
may, There is no to - mor - row, but on - ly to - day.

No. 139. Our Mountain Home so Dear.

E. B. Wells. E. Stephens.

1. Our moun-tain home so dear, Where crys-tal wa-ters clear Flow ev - er
2. We'll roam the ver-dant hills, And by the sparkling rills Pluck the wild
3. In syl - van depth and shade, In for - est and in glade, Where'er we
4. The stream-let, flow'r and sod, Be-speak the works of God; And all com -

free, Flow ev - er free; While thro' the val - leys wide The flow'rs on
flow'rs, Pluck the wild flow'rs; The fra-grance on the air, The land-scape
pass, Wher-e'er we pass, The hand of God we see, In leaf and
bine, And all com-bine, With most tran-sport - ing grace, His hand - i -

Flow ev - er free;

ev - 'ry side, Bloom-ing in state - ly pride, Are fair to see.
bright and fair, And sun - shine ev - 'ry-where, Make pleas-ant hours.
bud and tree, Or bird or hum - ming bee, Or blade of grass.
work to trace, Thro' na - ture's smil - ing face, In heart di - vine.

No. 140. Now Let Us Rejoice.

W. W. Phelps.

1. Now let us re-joice in the day of sal-va-tion, No lon-ger as stran-gers on earth need we roam, Good ti-dings are sound-ing to us and each na-tion, And short-ly the hour of re-demp-tion wil. come:
2. We'll love one an-oth-er, and nev-er dis-sem-ble, But cease to do e-vil, and ev-er be one; And when the un-god-ly are fear-ing, and trem-ble, We'll watch for the day when the Sav-ior will come:
3. In faith we'll re-ly on the arm of Je-ho-vah To guide thro' these last days of troub-le and gloom, And, aft-er the scour-ges and har-vest are o-ver, We'll rise with the just when the Sav-ior doth come.

When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-
When all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And none will mo-
Then all that was promised the Saints will be giv-en, And they will be

Now Let Us Rejoice.

lest them from morn un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the
lest them from morn un - til ev'n, And earth will ap - pear as the
crowned with the an - gels of heav'n, And earth will ap - pear as the

gar-den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.
gar-den of E - den, And Je - sus will say to all Is - rael, Come home.
gar-den of E - den, And Christ and His peo - ple will ev - er be one.

No. 141. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper. J. E. Gould.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest - uous sea;

D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When, at last, I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not: I will pilot thee."

No. 142. The Teacher's Work is Done.

(MALE QUARTET.)

In memory of Dr. Karl G. Maeser.

ANNIE PIKE. L. D. EDWARDS.

Slow, distinct, and with feeling.

1. Come, lay his books and pa - pers by, He shall not need them more,
2. His work is done; no care to - night His tran - quil rest shall break.
3. We feel it, while we miss the hand That made us brave to bear,

The ink shall dry up - on his pen, So soft - ly close the door.
Sweet dreams, and with the morn - ing light, On oth - er shores he'll wake.
Per - chance, in that near-touch - ing land His work did wait him there.

His tired head, with locks of white, And like the win - ter's sun,
His no - ble thoughts, his wise ap - peal, His works that bat - tles won;—
Per-chance, when death its change hath wrought, And this brief race is run,

Rit. ad lib.

Hath lain to peace - ful rest to - night,— The teach-er's work is done.
But God doth know the loss we feel,— The teach-er's work is done.
His voice a - gain shall teach. Who thought The teach-er's work was done?

No. 143. When Dark and Drear the Skies Appear.

E. H. Woodmansee. Jos. J. Daynes.

1. When dark and drear the skies ap - pear, And doubt and
2. With jeal - ous zeal God guards our weal, And lifts our
3. The dir - est woe that mor - tals know Can ne'er the

dread would thee en - thrall, Look up, nor fear, the
way - ward thoughts a - bove; When storms as - sail life's
hon - est heart ap - pall, Who holds the trust— that

day is near, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.
bark so frail, We seek the ha - ven of His love.
God is just, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.

From heav'n a-bove, His light and love, God giv - eth free-ly when we call:
And when our eyes transcend the skies, His gra-cious purpose is com-plete.
Should foes in-crease to mar our peace, Frus-trat-ed all their plans shall fall.

Our ut-most need is oft de-creed, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.
No more the night distracts our sight— The clouds are all beneath our feet.
Our ut-most need is oft de-creed, And Prov - i - dence is o - ver all.

No. 144. Kind and Heavenly Father.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

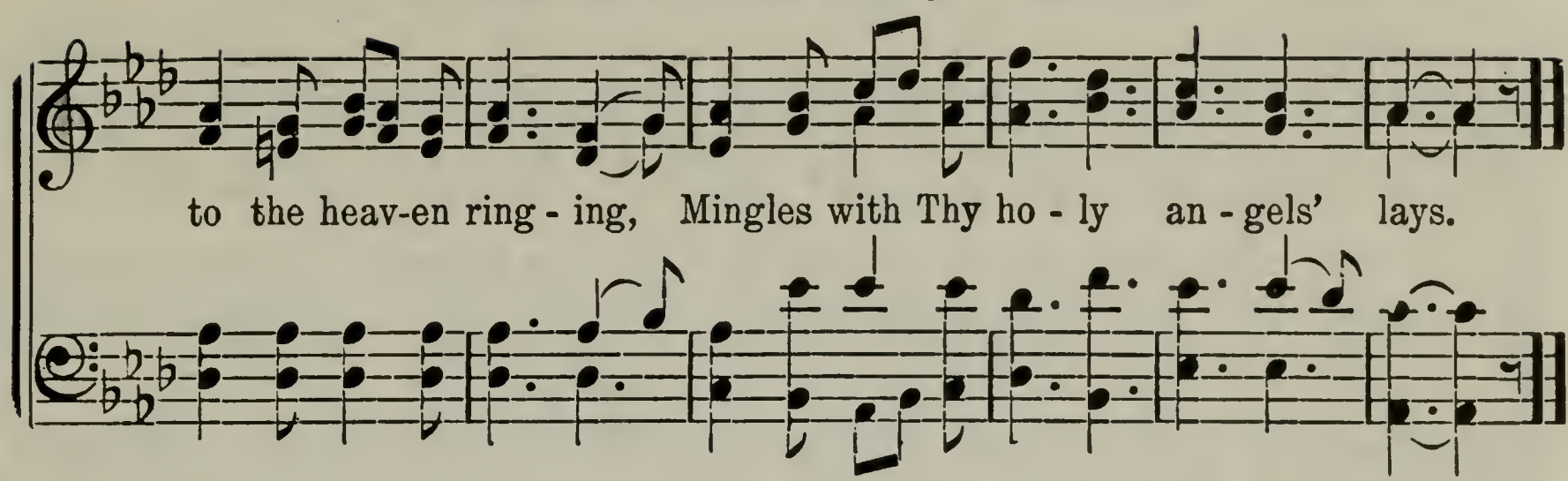
Andante.

1. Kind and heav'nly Fa- ther, from Thy ho - ly dwell-ing See Thy lit - tle chil-dren sing- ing praise to Thee;..... Hear our lit - tle voi - ces of Thy goodness telling, Let our man-y fol- lies all for-giv - en be.
2. Fa - ther, we will praise Thee, for Thy man-y bless-ings, Which we are re- ceiv - ing from Thy bounteous hand:..... For the peaceful vales which we are now pos-sess-ing, And the streams of wa-ter flow-ing thro' the land.
3. Bless the faith-ful lead- ers who are placed a-bove us, As they kind- ly teach us here to do Thy will;..... Bless our friends and par - ents who so dear- ly love us, Help us all our du-ties right-ly to ful - fil.

CHORUS.

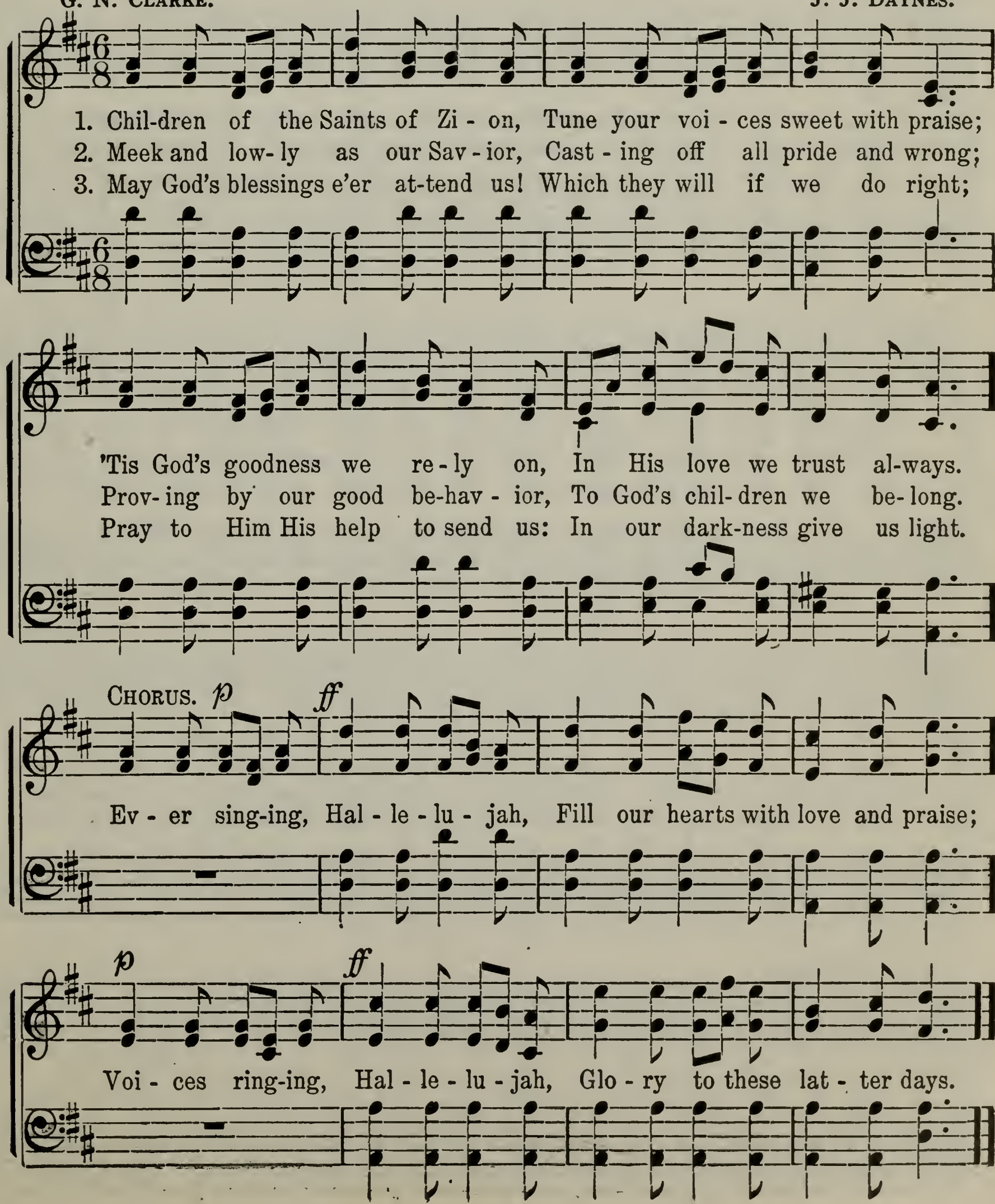
Smile in love up - on us, shed Thy Spir-it on us; Tune our youth-ful voi - ces to Thy praise..... Till the song we're sing - ing,

Kind and Heavenly Father.



No. 145. Children of the Saints of Zion.

G. N. Clarke. J. J. Daynes.



No. 146. Let Us Treat Each Other Kindly.

L. G. RICHARDS. J. S. LEWIS.

1. Let us treat each oth - er kind - ly, We are friends u - ni - ted here;
2. Let us tru - ly trust each oth - er, We are on - ly mor-tals weak,
3. Char - i - ty's fair bea - con lift - ed, Scat-ters rays of light for all—

Not in ig - no-rance, nor blind-ly, But by sa - cred ties most dear.
Oft in need of friend or broth-er, Gen-'rous - ly to act or speak.
Er - ring, weak, or good and gift - ed, High or low - ly, great or small.

p

Love will own no cold sus - pi - cion, Gold - en sun - shine it im - parts,
Pass not si - lent - ly and cold - ly O'er a wrong we might a - mend,
Let us al - so strive com-plete - ly, Has - ty judg-ments to with-draw;

And its ho - ly, pure am - bi - tion Is to cheer and glad-den hearts.
But speak ear - nest - ly and bold - ly, Truth and jus - tice to de - fend.
Let us trust each oth - er sweet - ly, And let love ful - fil its law.

f CHORUS.

Let us treat each oth - er kind - ly, We are friends u - ni - ted here;

Let Us Treat Each Other Kindly.

Not in ig - no-rance, nor blind-ly, But by sa - cred ties most dear.

No. 147. God of Our Fathers, We Come Unto Thee.

C. W. Penrose. E. Beesley.

1. God of our fa-thers, we come un - to Thee; Chil-dren of those whom Thy
2. Grateful for all that Thy boun-ty im-parts, Prais-es we of - fer with
3. Blessed with the gifts of the gos-pel of peace, Dwell-ing in Zi - on, whose
4. Strengthened by Thee for the con-flict with sin, On- ward we'll press till life's

p

truth has made free; Grant us the joy of Thy pres-ence to - day,
voi - ces and hearts; Life of our be - ing, and sun of our day,
light shall in - crease, Led by the Priest - hood a - long the bright way,
bat - tle we win; Then in Thy glo - ry for - ev - er we'll stay -

f

Nev - er from Thee let us stray!
Nev - er from Thee let us stray!
Nev - er from Thee should we stray!
Nev - er from Thee should we stray!
} Nev - er! nev - er! Nev - er from

Thee let us stray! Ev - er! ev - er! Ev - er to Thee will we pray!

No. 148. The Day-Dawn is Breaking.

J. L. Townshend. William Clayson.

Allegretto.

1. The day-dawn is break-ing, The world is a - wak - ing, The clouds of night's dark-ness are flee - ing a - way; The world - wide com - mo - tion, From o - cean to o - cean, Now her - alds the time of the beau - ti - ful day.
2. In man - y a tem - ple The Saints will as-sem - ble, And la - bor as sav - iors of dear ones a - way; Then hap - py re - un - ion, And sweet-est com-mun - ion We'll have with our friends in the beau - ti - ful day.
3. Still let us be do - ing, Our les - sons re-view - ing, Which God has re- vealed for our walk in His way; And then, won-drous sto - ry, The Lord in His glo - ry Will come in His pow'r in the beau - ti - ful day.
4. Then pure and su - per - nal, Our friend-ship e - ter - nal, With Je - sus we'll live, and His coun - sels o - bey; Un - til ev - 'ry na - tion Will join in sal - va - tion, And wor - ship the Lord of the beau - ti - ful day.

Chorus. *Moderato.*

Beau - ti - ful day..... of peace and rest,..... Bright be thy
Beau - ti - ful day of peace and rest,

The Day-Dawn is Breaking.

dawn..... from east to west:.... Hail to thine ear - - - liest
Bright be thy dawn from east to west: Hail to thine ear-liest

wel-come ray, Beau - ti - ful, bright, ... mil-len - nial day.
wel-come ray, Beau - ti - ful, bright, mil-len - nial day.

No. 149. Haste to the Sunday School.

W. G. B. W. G. Bickley.

1. Haste to the Sun-day school, Come, come, come, Why will you wait-ing stand?
2. Haste to the Sun-day school, Come, come, come, Here we with one ac - cord
3. Haste to the Sun-day school, Come, come, come, Here we will learn the laws

Come, join our union band, Gladly we'll take your hand, Come, come, come; Here we have
All meet to praise the Lord, And learn His ho-ly word–Come, come, come; Oh, do not
Of God's most ho-ly cause, Then do not longer pause–Come, come, come; Why will you

teach-ers kind, And we shall surely find Much to improve the mind, Come, come, come.
hes - i - tate! Come, ere it be too late, March on to heaven's gate, Come, come, come.
waiting stand? Come, join our union band, Gladly we'll take your hand, Come, come, come.

No. 150. Utah, the Queen of the West.

J. H. Ward. J. M. Chamberlain.

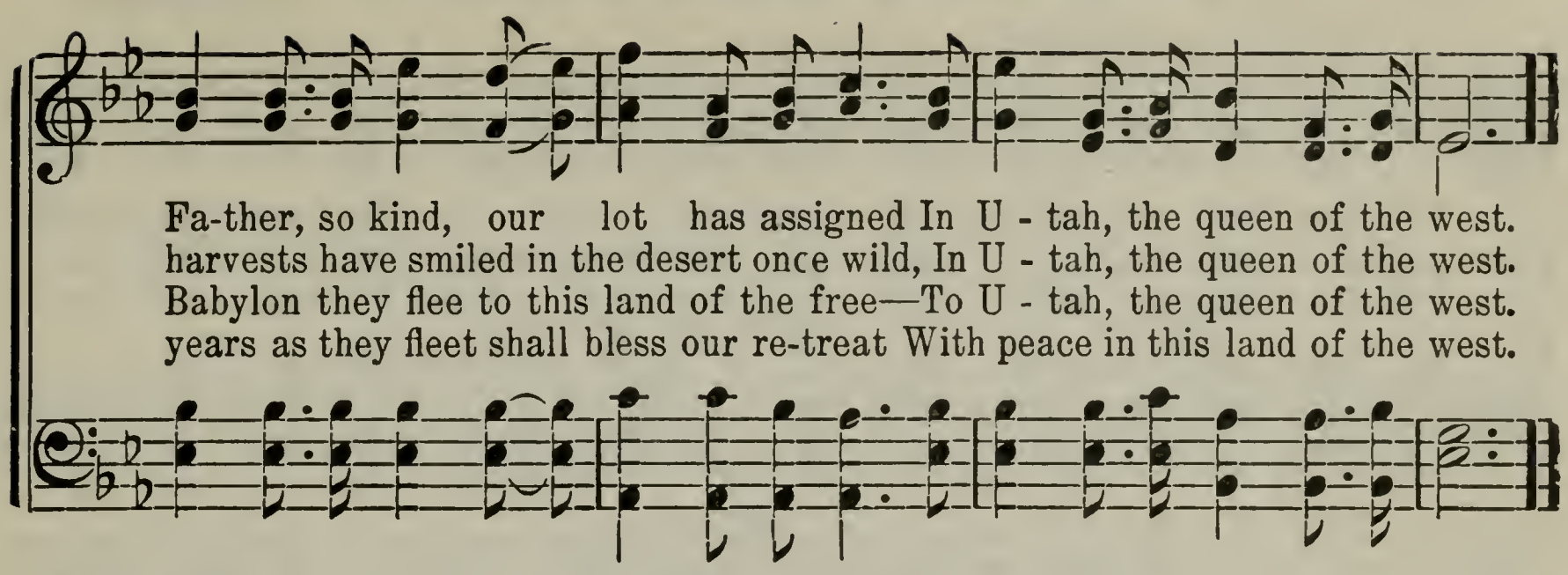
1. The youth of each land for their fa-ther-land stand, And boast of its grand-
2. The bold mountains rise, and point to the skies, Like sen - ti - nels round
3. The poor and oppressed, in this land of the west, Find plen - ty, and free -
4. Thy sis - ters first born, who taunt-ing-ly scorn, Shall joy to do hon -

eur with pride; What - e'er their es - tate, their for - tunes or fate,
our a - bode; And vales calm and sweet, re - pose at their feet—
dom, and joy; Tho' the wick - ed may sneer, to us thou art dear,
or to thee; With each com - ing hour thy glo - ry shall tow'r,

To none is this free - dom de - nied; Then why should not we, young,
Fit home of the peo - ple of God. From those cold, bleak forms, fit
And fair as thine own sun - ny sky. The gos - pel's proclaimed to
Till the na - tions thy beau - ty shall see. Thy tri - umph is nigh, op -

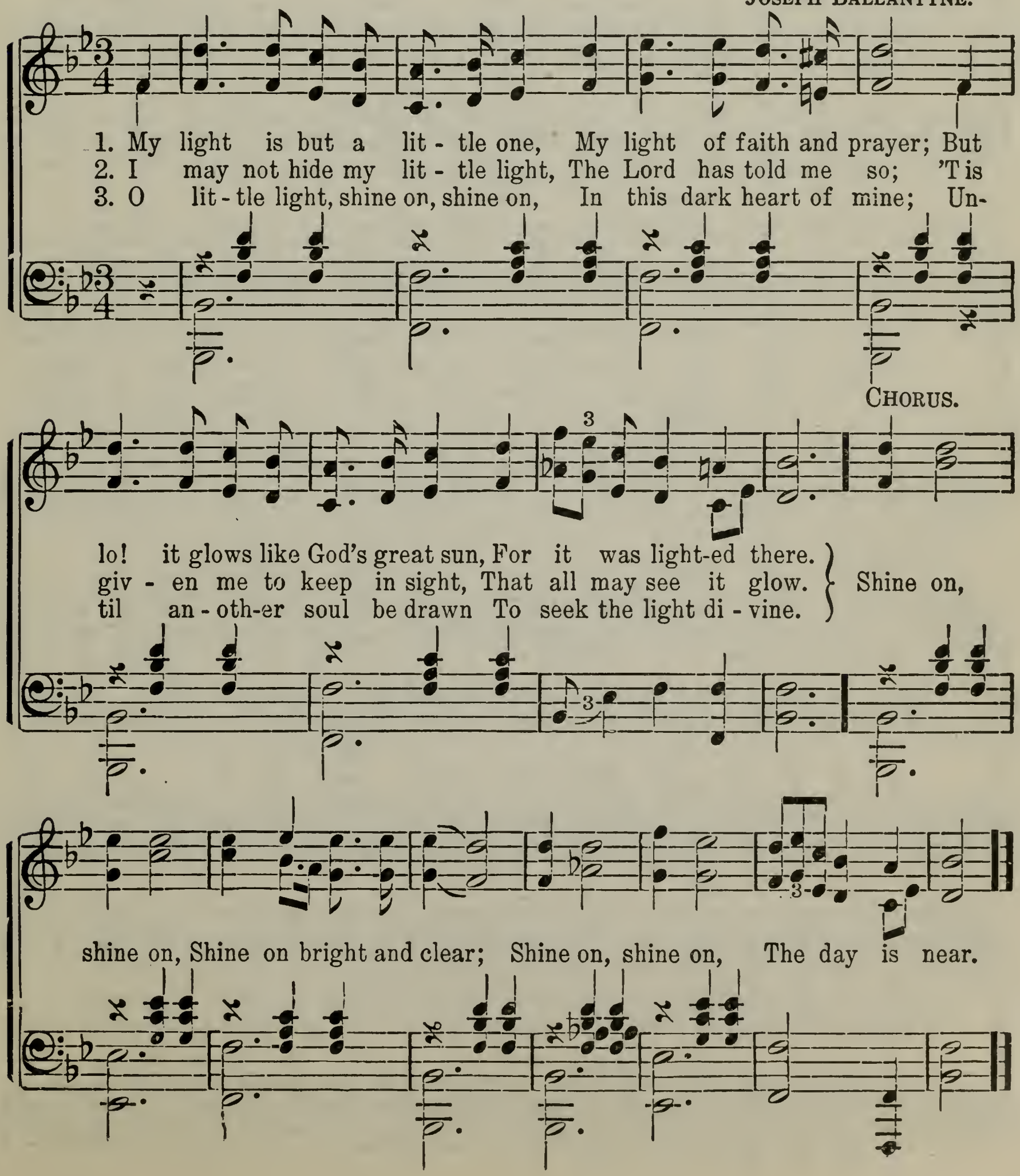
hap - py and free, Re - joice in the land we love best? For our
dwell-ings for storms, Flow crys - tal - line streams God has blest; Rich
all here on earth, The meek and the low - ly re - joice; From
pres - sion shall die, For thee there is free - dom and rest; The

Utah, the Queen of the West.



No. 151. Shine On.

JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.



No. 152. Let Us All Press On.

E. S. E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto marcato.

1. Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when
2. We will not re - treat, tho' our num-bers may be few, When com-
3. If we do what's right we have no need to fear, For the

life is o'er we may gain a re-ward; In the fight for
pared with the op - po - site host in view; But an un - seen
Lord, our help - er, will ev - er be near; In the days of

right let us wield a sword, The might - y sword of truth.
pow - er will aid me and you In the glo - rious cause of truth.
tri - al His Saints He will cheer, And pros - per the cause of truth.

CHORUS.

Fear not, tho' the en - e - my de-ride, Cour - age, for the
Fear not, courage, tho' the en - e - my de-ride, We must be vic - to-rious, for the

Lord is on our side; We will heed not what the wick - ed may say,
Lord is on our side; We'll not fear the wick - ed or give heed to what they say,

Let Us All Press On.

But the Lord a - lone we will o - bey.
But the Lord, our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Him a - lone we will o - bey.

No. 153. Zion Prospers, All is Well.

ELIZA R. SNOW. EVAN STEPHENS.

f

1. O a-wake! my slumb'ring min-strel, Let my harp for - get its spell;
2. Strike a chord un-known to sad - ness, Strike, and let its num-bers tell,
3. Zi - on's wel - fare is my por - tion, And I feel my bos - om swell.
4. Zi - on, lo! thy day is dawn-ing, Tho' the dark-some shad-ows swell,
5. Thy swift mes-sen- gers are tread-ing Thy high courts where princ-es dwell,

Say, O say, in sweet-est ac - cents, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
In ce - les - tial tones of glad- ness, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
With a warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she pros-pers, all is well;
Faith and hope pre-lude the morn-ing, Thou art pros-p'ring, all is well;
And thy glo-rious light is spread-ing; Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;

p *ff*

Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.
Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.
When she pros-pers, when she pros - pers, When she pros-pers, all is well.
Thou art prosp'ring, thou art prosp'ring, Thou art prosp'ring, all is well.
Zi - on pros-pers, Zi - on pros - pers, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well.

No. 154. When the Rosy Light of Morning.

R. B. B. R. B. Baird.

1. When the ro - sy light of morn - ing Soft - ly beams a-bove the hill,
2. For a good and glo-rious pur - pose Thus we meet each Sab-bath day,
3. Let us then press bold-ly on - ward, Prove ourselves as sol - diers true;

And the birds, sweet heav'nly song - sters, Ev - 'ry dell with mu - sic fill,
Each one striv- ing for sal - va - tion Thro' the Lord's ap - point- ed way.
He will lead us, He will guide us, Come, there's work for all to do.

Fresh from slum-ber we a - wak - en, Sun-shine makes the heart so gay;
Ear - nest toil will be re - ward - ed, Zeal- ous hearts need not re - pine;
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er doubt - ing, Bold - ly strug-gling to the end,

Na - ture breathes her sweet-est fra-grance On the ho - ly Sab-bath day.
God will not with-hold His bless-ings From the ea - ger, seek-ing mind.
In the world, tho' foes as - sail us, God will sure - ly be our friend.

When the Rosy Light of Morning.

CHORUS.

Then a - way, haste a - way, Come a - way to the Sun-day school;
Then a - way, haste a - way,

Then a - way, do not de - lay, Come a - way to the Sun - day school.

No. 155. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

HAMMOND. C. M. VON WEBER.

Moderato.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
3. Send some mes-sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
4. Grant we all may seek and find Thee, our gra - cious God, and kind;

Do not Thou our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, from hence we would not go, Till a bless-ing Thou be - stow.
Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let "the time of love" re - turn.
Heal the sick, the cap - tive free, Let us all re - joice in Thee.

No. 156. Try It Again.

JOHN LYON. J. EARDLEY.

1. Should the chan-ges of life, like the tide's ebb and flow, Be cease-less and
2. There was nev - er a val - ley but hill - tops ap-pear—Nor storm that's not
3. All the fears of sad part-ing, the pangs of re-gret, The sighs of fond

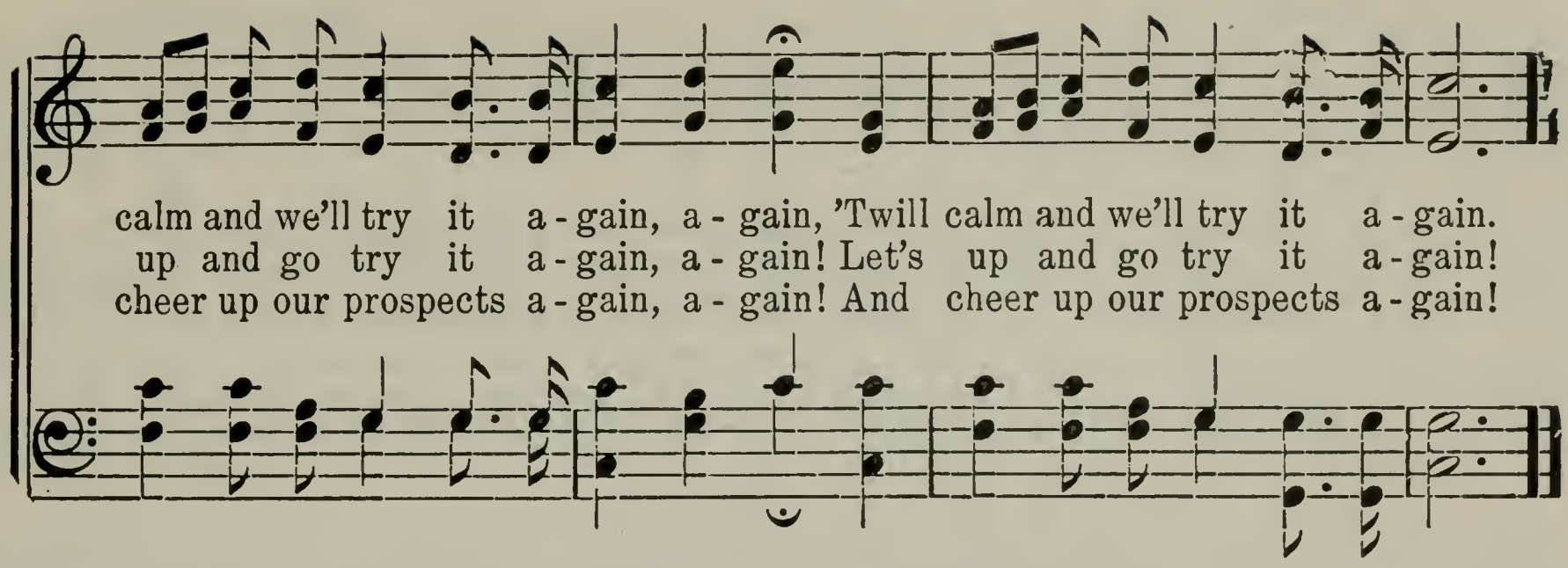
var - ied in form, And the frail bark of life in a mo-ment fore-go
spent to a calm; Nor a pain with-out pleas-ure, a hope with-out fear,
hope or dull care, Are but feel - ings im-plant - ed to make us re-spect

Its reck'ning a-midst the dark storm, Stand firm to the helm and
Nor wound but has al - ways a balm! When clouds of ad-ver - si - ty
The death-sting of hope - less de - spair! The tear-drop of sor- row may

close furl each sail, While the tem - pest sweeps o - ver the main:
gath - er a - round, And our friends turn their backs in dis - dain,
dark - en the eye, Like the sun-beams ob-scured by the rain,

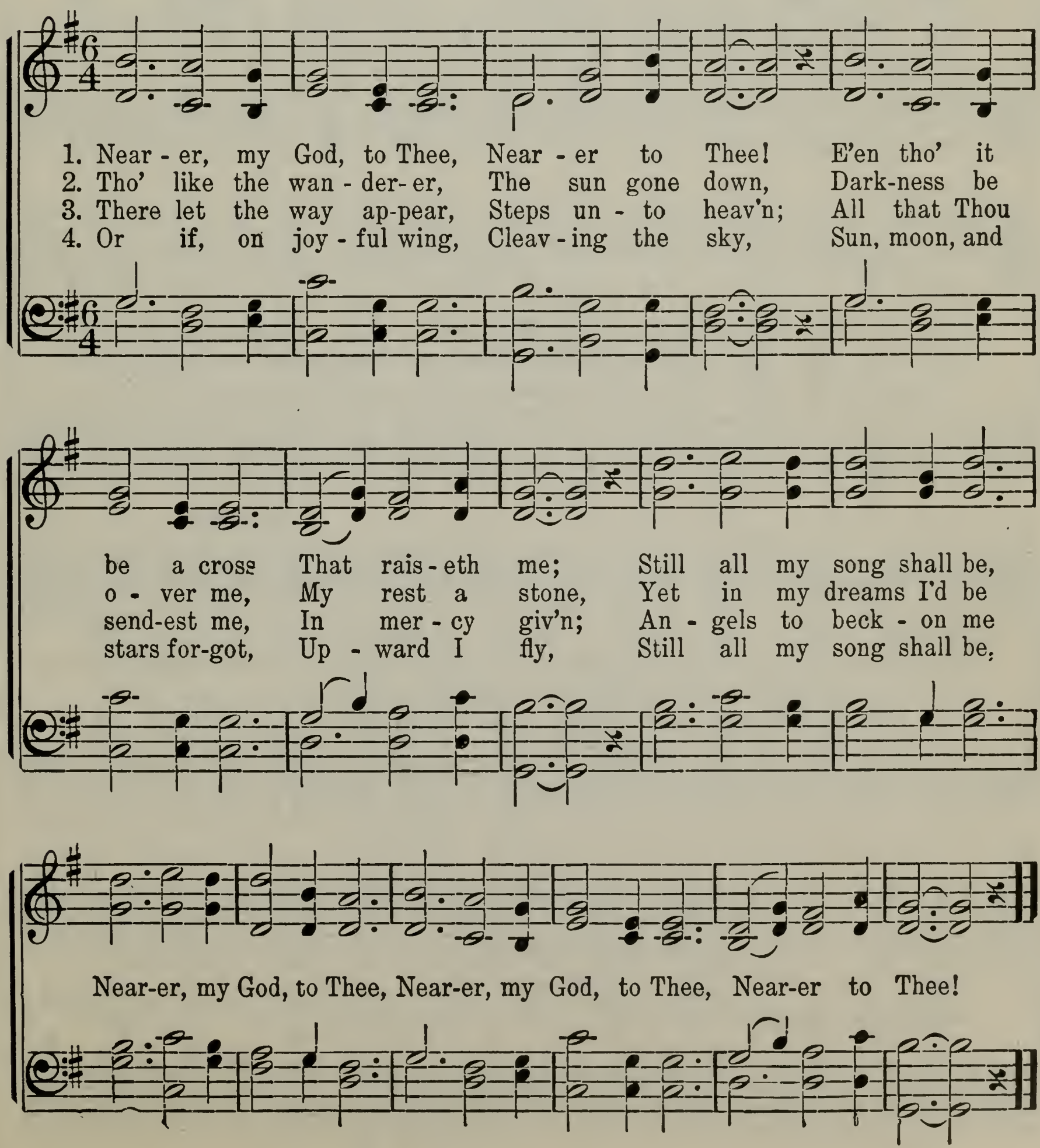
There is hope in the wind, tho' de - struc - tive the gale, 'Twill
Tho' the world should con-spire all our hopes to con-found, Let's
But the clouds will dis-perse o - ver hope's gloom - y sky, And

Try It Again.



No. 157. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 158. If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not.

W. H. Flaville. John R. Sweney.

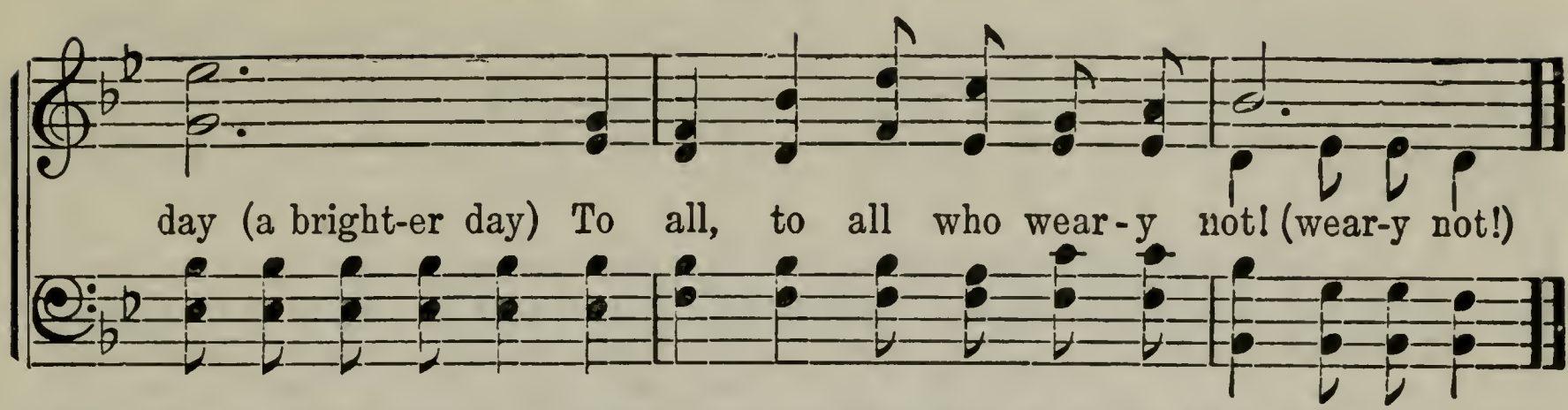
1. If the way be full of tri - al, Wear - y not! (Wear-y not!) If it's one of sore de - ni - al, Wear - y not! (Wear - y not!) If it
2. If the way be one of sor-row, Wear - y not! (Wear-y not!) Hap-pi - er will be the mor - row, Wear - y not! (Wear - y not!) Here we
3. If mis - for-tune o - ver - take us, Wear - y not! (Wear-y not!) Je - sus nev - er will for - sake us, Wear - y not! (Wear - y not!) He will

now be one of weep-ing, There will come a joy - ous greet-ing, When the
suf - fer trib - u - la - tion, Here we must en-dure temp-ta - tion; But there'll
leave us nev - er, nev - er; From His lovo there's naught can sever; Glo - ry

Chorus.

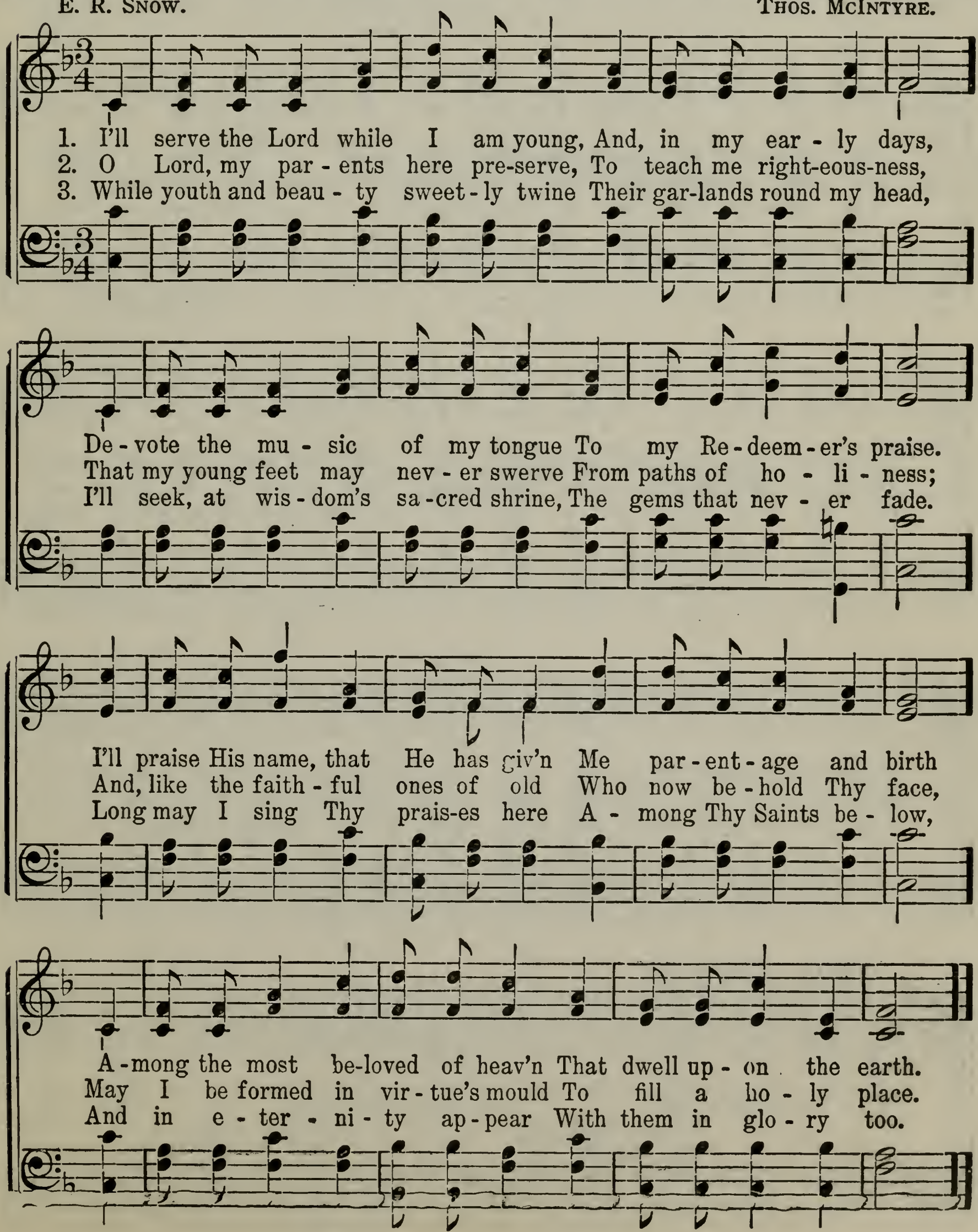
har- vest we are reap-ing—Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear-y by the way, What - ev - er be thy lot;..... There a-waits a brighter
come a great sal- va-tion—Weary not! (Weary not!) wear-y by the way, be thy lot;
to the Lamb for-ev - er!—Weary not! (Weary not!) Do not wear - y,

If the Way be Full of Trial, Weary Not.



No. 159. I'll Serve the Lord While I Am Young.

E. R. Snow. Thos. McIntyre.



No. 160. We are Watchers, Earnest Watchers.

H. W. Naisbitt. J. C. Fones.

Moderato con espressione.

1. We are watch-ers, ear-nest watch-ers, For the com-ing bet-ter day,
2. We are work-ing, brave-ly work-ing, That the truth we may de-clare,
3. We are look-ing, calm-ly look-ing For a glo-rious fu-ture near,

By proph-ets oft fore-shad-owed mid Old Is-rael far a-way;
As man-y bands, yet one in heart, We try to do and dare;
For tri-umph and the vic-tor's wreath, For each brave work-er here;

Their bea-con fires were light-ed by The true, the liv-ing flame,
And heav'n hath blessed our ef-forts here— O'er all this fa-vored land,
Our God is rul-ing o-ver all, His Priest-hood points the way,

God's Spir-it prompt-ed ev-'ry one The fu-ture to pro-claim.
That un-ion is the key-note struck By each un-flinch-ing hand.
And Sab-bath-Schools in un-ion move, To greet the com-ing day.

Chorus. *Cheerfully.*

We are work-ers, ear-nest work-ers, And 'tis
We are work-ers, earnest work-ers,

We are Watchers, Earnest Watchers.

in a cause we love;..... On - ward,
And 'tis in a cause we love, a cause we love;

up-ward is our movement, For 't is led by God a - bove.
Onward, upward is our movement, For 't is led by God a - bove.

No. 161. Come, Dear Children, Join and Sing.

ANNIE SMITH. CHARLES J. THOMAS.

Moderato.

1. Come, dear chil-dren, join and sing Prais - es to our heav'nly King,
2. Let praise then our tongues em-ploy, For all bless-ings we en - joy;
3. May we in our youth-ful days Ev - er walk in wis-dom's ways;

For His care and ten - der love, And all bless-ings from a - bove.
For the gos - pel's ho - ly light, Shin - ing for us, pure and bright.
Then we'll gain a glo-rious crown, When our work on earth is done.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come! Come, dear children, join and sing Praises to our heav'nly King.

No. 162. Beautiful Mountain Home.

GEORGE MANWARING. A. C. SMYTH.

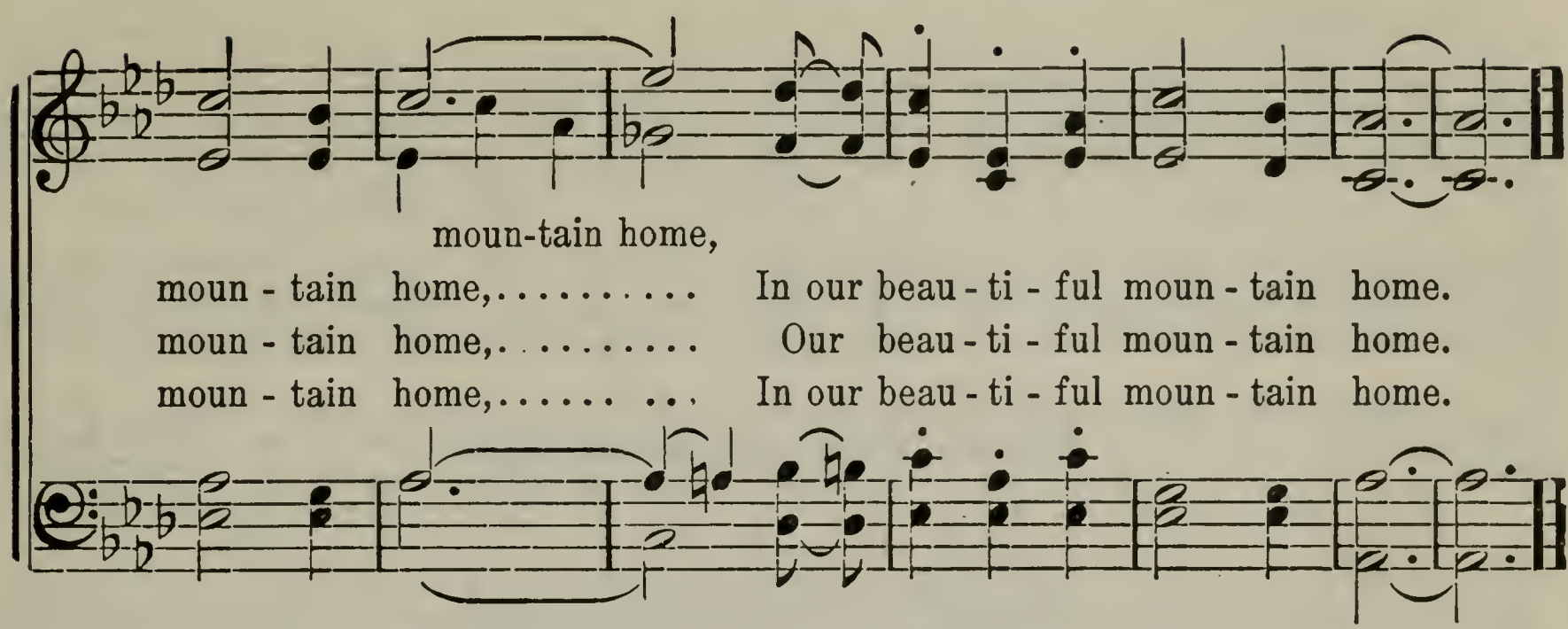
1. Beau - ti - ful moun - tain home,..... Beau - ti - ful moun - tain
2. Beau - ti - ful moun - tain home,..... Beau - ti - ful moun - tain
3. Beau - ti - ful moun - tain home,..... Beau - ti - ful moun - tain
moun-tain home,

home,..... The bea - con star For Saints a - far, for Saints, for
home,..... Where love is found, And joys a - bound, and joys, and
home,..... The seers of old Thy growth fore-told, thy growth, thy
moun-tain home,

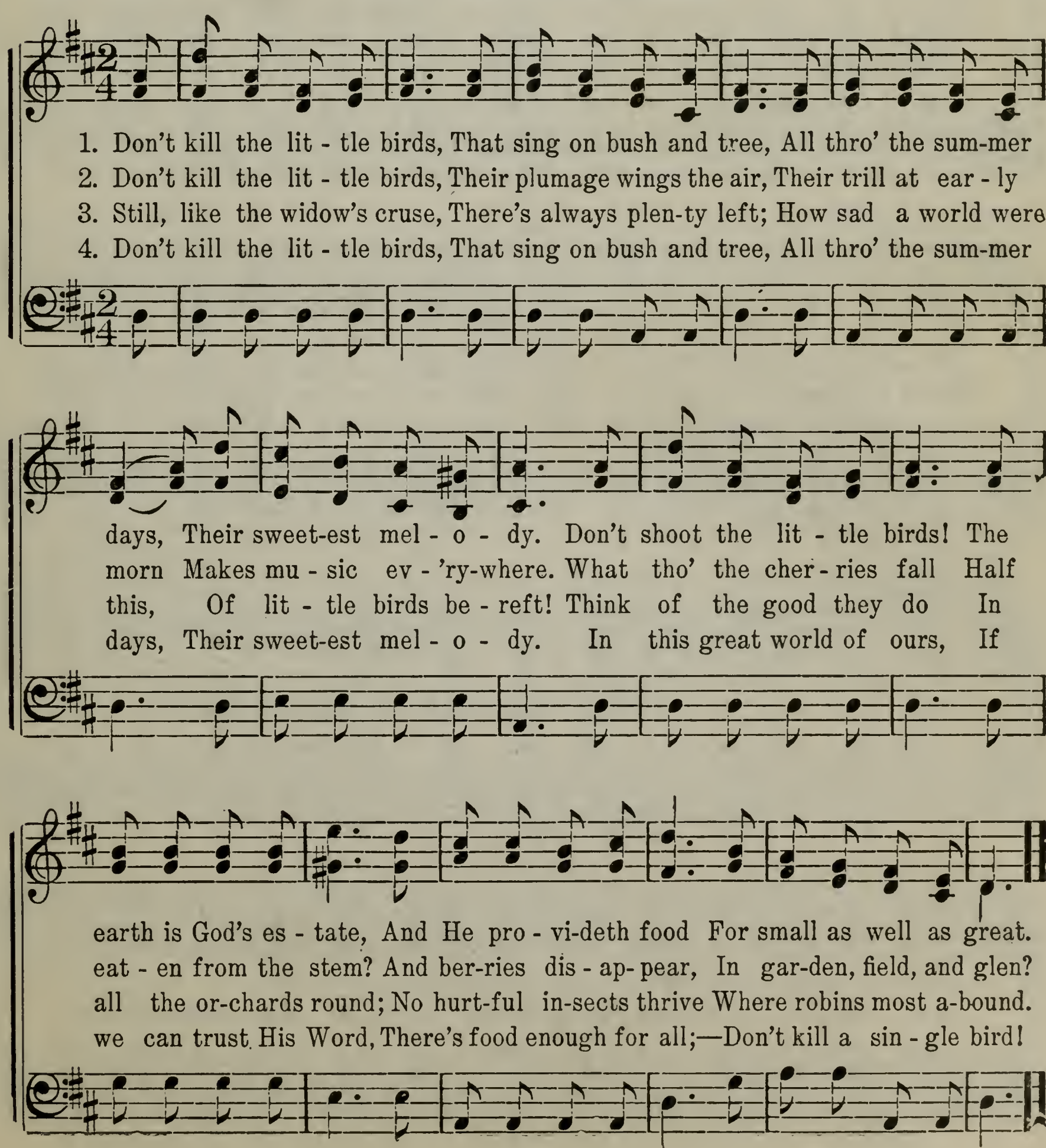
Saints a - far; From ev - 'ry land they come (they come),
joys a - bound; What Saint from thee would roam (would roam)?
growth fore - told; And soon thy light shall come (shall come);

To dwell in the vales Where vir - tue pre - vails, In our beau - ti - ful
The world may de - spise, But dear - ly we prize Our beau - ti - ful
Here, dwell-ing in peace, God's peo - ple in - crease, In our beau - ti - ful

Beautiful Mountain Home.



No. 163. Don't Kill the Birds.



No. 164. Thanks for the Sabbath School.

WM. WILLES. JAS. R. MURRAY.

1. Thanks for the Sab-bath School, hail to the day When e - vil and
2. Now in the morn-ing of life let us try Each vir - tue to
3. May we en - deav - or thro' life's de-vious way To watch and be

er - ror are flee - ing a - way; Thanks for our teach- ers who
cher - ish, all vice to de - cry; Strive with the no - ble in
ear - nest—true wis - dom dis - play; Try to o'er - come each temp -

la - bor with care, That we in the light of the gos - pel may share.
deeds that ex - alt, And bat - tle with en - er - gy each child-ish fault.
ta - tion and snare, There-by full sal - va - tion e - ter - nal - ly share.

CHORUS.

Join in the ju - bi - lee, min - gle in song, Join in the

joy of the Sab-bath School throng; Great be the glo - ry of

Thanks for the Sabbath School.

those who do right, Who o - ver-come e - vil, in good take de - light.

No. 165. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth- ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Refrain.

Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul.

roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

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No. 166. Angels Singing Glad Hosannas.

H. H. Petersen.

1. If we on - ly sought to bright-en Ev - 'ry path-way dark with care,
2. If we on - ly strove to cher - ish Ev - 'ry pure and ho - ly thought,
3. If it were our aim to pon - der On the good that we might win,
4. If we on - ly did our du - ty, Think-ing not what it might cost,

If we on - ly tried to light - en All the bur - dens oth - ers bear,—
Till with - in our hearts should per - ish All that is with e - vil fraught,—
Soon our feet would cease to wan - der In for - bid - den paths of sin.
Then the earth would wear new beau - ty, Fair as that in E - den lost.

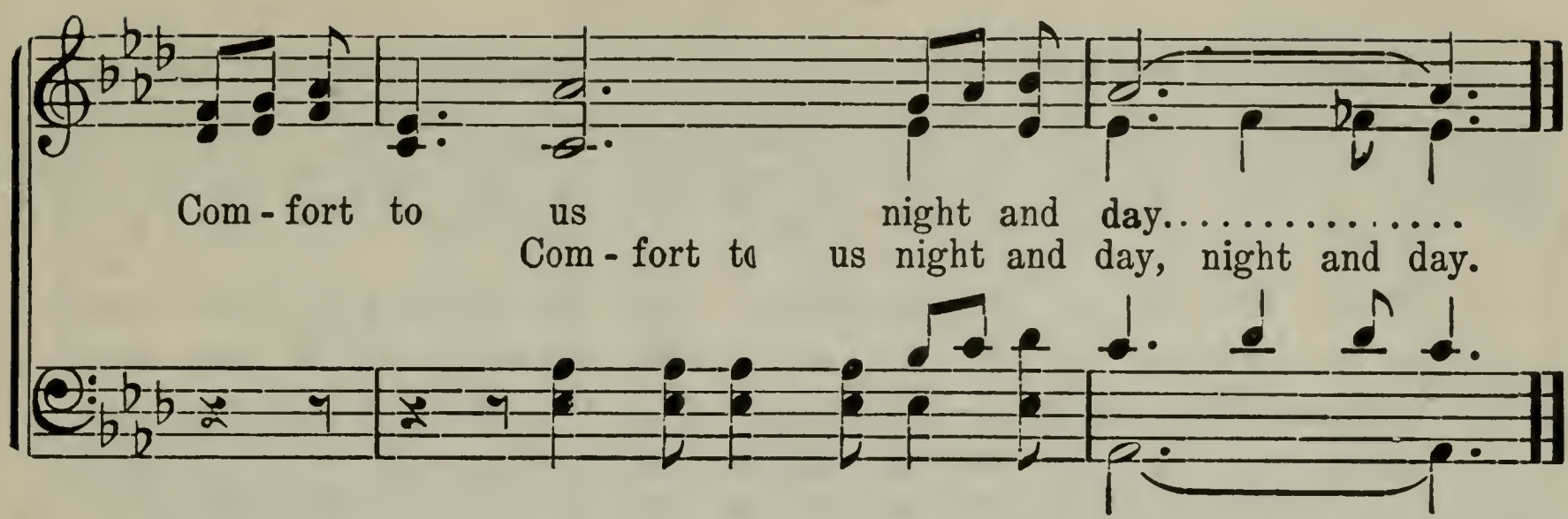
Chorus.

We should hear the an - gels sing - ing
We should hear the an - gels, an - gels sing - ing

Glad ho - san - nas on our way (on our way);
Glad ho - san - nas, glad ho - san - nas on our way;

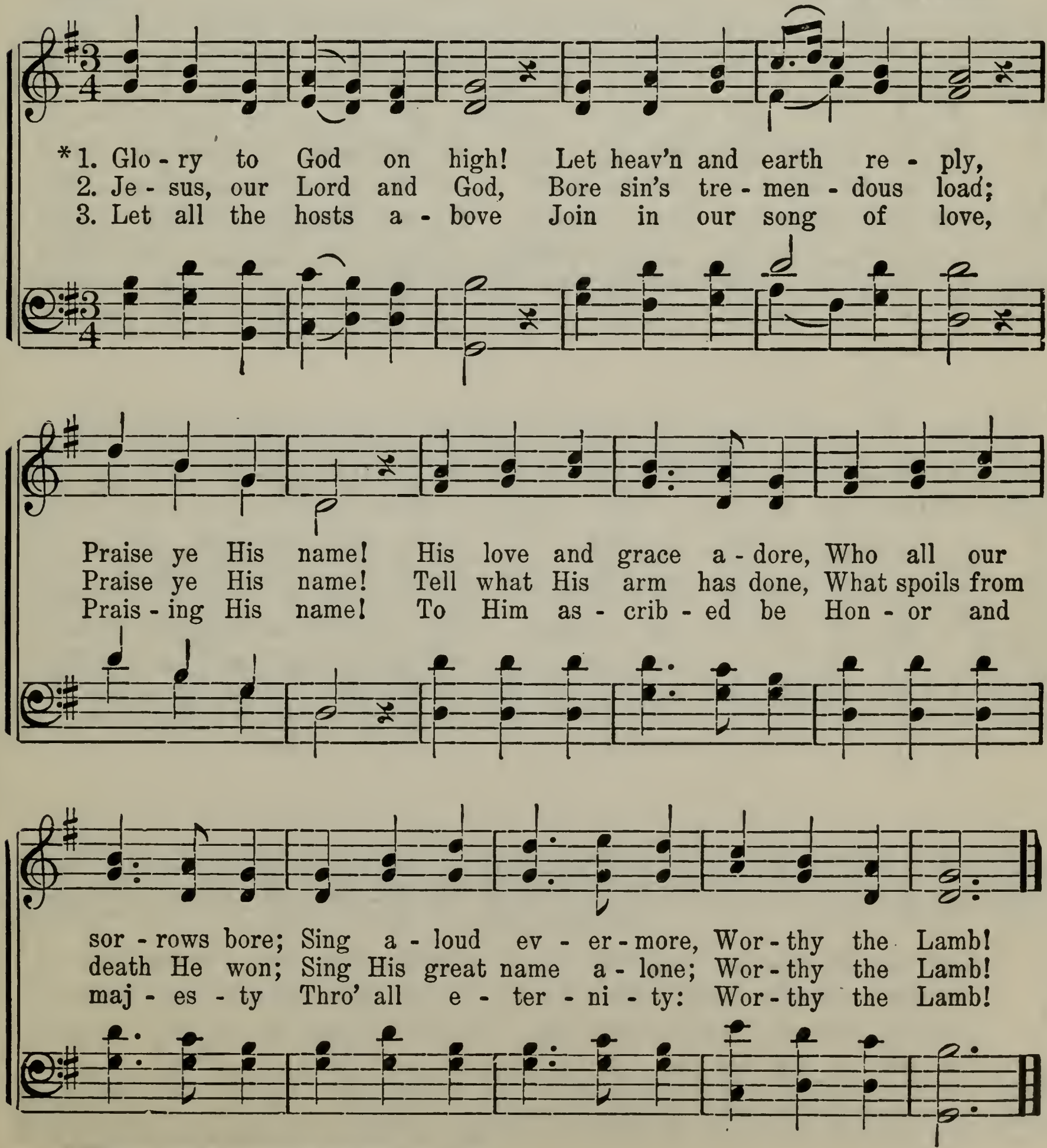
We should feel..... that they were bring - ing
We should feel that they were, they were bring - ing

Angels Singing Glad Hosannas.



No. 167. Glory to God on High.

BODEN. FELICE GIARDINI.



* These words are also sung to No. 139.

No. 168. To the Giver of all Blessings.

(A Thanksgiving Song.)

Words from "*Our Dumb Animals.*" Music by CHARLES J. THOMAS.

1. To the Giv - er of all bless-ings Let our voi - ces rise in praise,
2. For the splen-dor of the for - est, For the beau - ty of the hills,
3. For the wealth of gold - en har - vest, For the sun-light and the rain,

For the joy and count-less mer - cies He hath sent to crown our days,
For the freshness of the mead-ows, And the thou-sand spark-ling rills,
For the grandeur of the o - cean, For the moun-tain and the plain,

For the homes of peace and plen - ty, And a land so fair and wide,
For the blos - som of the spring-time, And the mem - o - ries they bring,
For the ev - er-chang-ing sea - sons, And the com-forts which they bring,

For the la - bor at the noon - day, And the rest at e - ven - tide.
For the rip - ened fruits of au - tumn, Do we thank Thee, O our King!
For Thy love so grand, e - ter - nal, We would thank Thee, O our King!

No. 169. Summer Time.

Waltz time.

JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,.....
2. Mead-ow, field, and moun - tain, Clothed in shin - ing green,....

All your scenes so bril - liant, They are dear to me.....
Lit - tle rip - pling foun - tains, Thro' the wil - lows seen,....

Rit.

Let your tho'ts be ev - er Pure as yon - der sun,.....
Birds that sweet - ly war - ble All the sum - mer days,.....

Gen - tle as the breez - es When the night comes on.....
All things speak in mu - sic Their Cre - a - tor's praise.....

No. 170. We Ever Pray for Thee.

(TRIO FOR GIRLS' VOICES.)

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

1. We ev - er pray for thee, our Proph - et dear, That God will give to thee com - fort and cheer; As the ad - vanc - ing years fur - row thy brow, Still may the light with - in shine bright as now.

2. We ev - er pray for thee, with all our hearts, That strength be giv - en thee to do thy part, To guide and coun - sel us from day to day, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our way.

3. We ev - er pray for thee, with fer - vent love, And as the chil-dren's prayer is heard a - bove, Thou shalt be ev - er blest, and God will give All that is meet, or best, while thou shalt live.

No. 171. Accept the Tribute of Our Hearts.

(Our Jubilee.)

E. H. Goddard. E. Beesley.

1. Ac - cept the trib - ute of our hearts, O Lord, in praise to Thee,
2. We ask Thee, Fa - ther, now to bless Our friends who kind - ly strive
3. That in that glo - rious ju - bi - lee, When Christ our King shall reign,

Filled with the joy Thy grace im - parts, On this, our ju - bi - lee;
To teach the way of hap - pi - ness, The gos - pel truths to live;
We all may meet Him glo - rious - ly, And sing in no - bler strain;

On this, our ju - bi - lee, On this, our ju - bi - lee;
The gos - pel truths to live, The gos - pel truths to live;
And sing in no - bler strain, And sing in no - bler strain;

Filled with the joy Thy grace im - parts, On this, our ju - bi - lee.
To teach the way of hap - pi - ness, The gos - pel truths to live.
We all may meet Him glo - rious - ly, And sing in no - bler strain.

No. 172. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

ANNA HERBERT. H. H. PETERSEN.

Andante.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are dust,—
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,

And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,—
If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug - gle to be just,—
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.

We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray;
Snow - y vines of peace shall cov - er All the pain that hides a - way,
Lo! be - yond the o - rient shad-ows Floats the gold - en fringe of day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way.
When the wear - y watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way
Heart to heart we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a - way.

CHORUS.

When the mists..... have cleared a - way, When the
When the mists have cleared a - way,

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

mists..... have cleared a - way; We shall know each oth - er
When the mists have cleared a - way;

bet - ter When the mists..... have cleared a - way.
When the mists have cleared a - way.

No. 173. Jesus, Mighty King in Zion.

JOHN EDWARDS.

Majestically.

1. Je - sus, might-y King in Zi - on, Thou a - lone our guide shalt be:
2. As an em - blem of Thy pas-sion, And Thy vic - t'ry o'er the grave,
3. Fear-less of the world's de - spis-ing, We the an - cient path pur - sue,

Thy com - mis - sion we re - ly on; We will fol - low none but Thee.
We, who know Thy great sal - va - tion, Are bap-tized be - neath the wave.
Bur - ied with our Lord, and ris - ing To a life di - vine - ly new.

No. 174. Christmas Cradle Song.

JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

Moderato.

1. Oh, hush thee, my ba - by, a sto - ry I'll tell, How lit - tle Lord
2. The sto - ry was told by the an - gels so bright, As 'round them was
3. The shepherds here found Him, as an - gels had said, The poor lit - tle

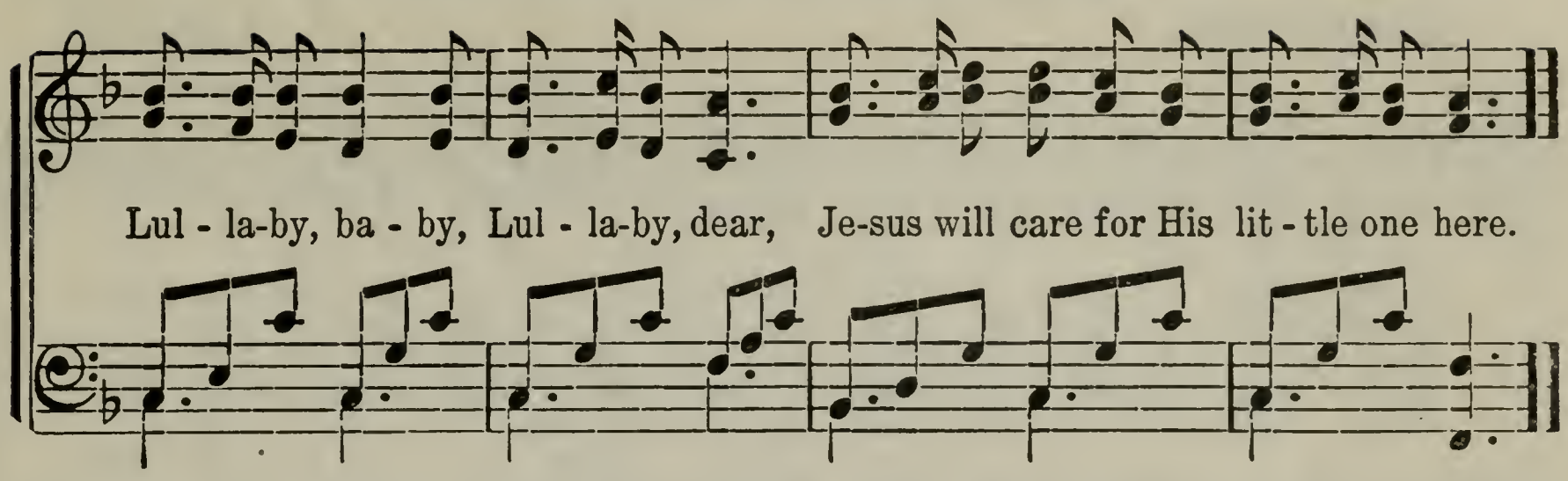
Je - sus on earth came to dwell; How in a far coun - try, 'way
shin - ing a heav - en - ly light; The stars shone out bright - ly, but
stranger, no crib for a bed; Down low in a man - ger so

o - ver the sea, Was born a wee ba - by, my dear one, like thee.
one led the way, And stood o'er the place where the dear ba - by lay.
qui - et He lay, This lit - tle child Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.

CHORUS.

Lul - la-by, ba - by, lul-la-by, dear, Sleep, lit-tle ba - by, have nothing to fear;

Christmas Cradle Song.



No. 175. Sweet is the Breath of Morning Air.

(Communion.)

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Tenderly.

1. Sweet is the breath of morn - ing air, Sweet are the sounds of song and prayer; Sweet the com - pan - ion- ship and love, When kin-dred souls in un - ion move.
2. Sweet the com - mun - ion we par - take,— The cov - e- nants a - new we make, To serve our blest Re- deem - er, Lord, To learn His will and keep His word.
3. Sweet, in our pil - grim - age on earth, These mo - ments of such price - less worth, When grace and com - fort blest is giv'n, A fore-taste of a fu - ture heav'n.

No. 176. We Meet Again in Sabbath School.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

f

1. We meet a - gain in Sab - bath School On this the Lord's own day,
2. We meet a - gain, yes, glad - ly meet, To learn the will of God,
3. O hap - py day! on which we meet, With friends and teach- ers dear,

Where joy - ful glad-ness is the rule, And love doth bear its sway;
For wis-dom seek-ing, that our feet May walk the nar - row road:
And in this ev - er sweet re-treat Their bless - ed teach-ings hear;

p

Where all may join in songs of praise To Him who reigns a - bove,
O Fa - ther, let Thy Spir - it dwell In ev - 'ry will - ing heart,
With precious truths our minds are stored, The gos - pel plan made plain,

f

And thank-ful hearts and voi - ces raise, For His re-deem - ing love.
That we may love and serve Thee well, And ne'er from Thee de - part.
Each Sab- bath day with one ac - cord O let us meet a - gain.

No. 177. Sing the Wondrous Story.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato, well accented.

1. Sing, sing the won - drous sto - ry Of a hun - dred years,
2. Sing of the youth - ful Jo - seph, He, the good and true,
3. Sing of the broth - er mar - tyrs: One in all the strife,

Since, from the courts of glo - ry To this vale of tears,
Who asked the heav'n - ly Fa - ther How His will to do.
Each sealed his tes - ti - mo - ny With his mor - tal life.

God sent His cho - sen serv - ant To re-store a - gain
Sing how from heav'n de - scend - ed Fa - ther and the Son,
Sing how the work has pros - pered, Spreading o'er the earth;

Rit.

The Gos - pel long since ta - ken From the midst of men.
And gave the boy the an - swer Which his faith had won.
Sing, sing our thanks to heav - en For a Proph-et's birth.

No. 178. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. The world has need of will - ing men, Who wear the work-er's seal;
2. The Church has need of help - ing hands, And hearts that know and feel;
3. Then don't stand i - dly look - ing on, The fight with sin is real;
4. Then work and watch, and fight and pray, With all thy might and zeal;

Come, help the good work move a - long, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.
The work to do is here for you, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.
It will be long, but must go on, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.
Push ev - 'ry wor - thy work a - long, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.

REFRAIN.

Put your shoul - der to the wheel, push a - long,.....
push a - long,

Do your du - ty with a heart full of song;..... We
full of song;

all have work, let no one shirk, Put your shoul-der to the wheel.

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No. 179. True to the Faith.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Met. ♩ = 84. *Firm, march time.*

1. Shall the youth of Zi - on fal - ter, In de-fend - ing truth and right?
2. While we know the pow'rs of dark - ness Seek to thwart the work of God,
3. We will work out our sal - va - tion, We will cleave un - to the truth,
4. We will strive to be found wor - thy Of the king - dom of our Lord,

While the en - e - my as - sail - eth, Shall we shrink, or shun the fight? No!
Shall the chil-dren of the prom - ise Cease to grasp the "i - ron rod?" No!
We will watch and pray and la - bor, With the fer-vent zeal of youth. Yes!
With the faith-ful ones re - deem - ed, Who have loved and kept His word. Yes!

CHORUS.

True to the faith that our par- ents have cher-ished, True to the truth for which mar- tyrs have per - ished, To God's com - mand, Soul, heart and hand, Faith-ful and true we will ev - er stand.

No. 180. Verdant Spring and Rosy Summer.

Joyfully.

1. Ver-dant spring and ro - sy sum-mer, Gold - en au - tumn, all are past;
2. Slid - ing, skat-ing, laugh-ing, shout-ing, Down the rug - ged hill we go;
3. Tho' the for - est shades are si - lent, And the birds have flown a - way,

O'er the face of na - ture frowning, Lone - ly win - ter comes at last;
Hark! the sleigh-bells gai - ly peal-ing O'er the white and down - y snow!
We can war - ble sweet-est mu - sic, We can sing as light as they.

Yet she brings us man - y pleas-ures, Man - y scenes of
Can we think the win - ter drear - y, When such mer - ry
Hap - py sea - son, hap - py greet-ing! Friends and kin - dred

fes - tive cheer; Now with joy our hearts are glow - ing,
tones we hear? Now the cup of pleas - ure spark-les,
far and near, Take our best and kind - est wish - es,

While we hail the bright new year, While we hail the bright new year.

No. 181. O My Father.

ELIZA R. SNOW. (Tune: "Austrian Hymn.") JOSEPH HAYDN.

Prayerfully.

1. O my Fa - ther, Thou that dwell-est In the high and glo - rious place!
2. For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose Thou hast placed me here on earth,
3. I had learned to call Thee Fa - ther, Thro' Thy Spir - it from on high;
4. When I leave this frail ex - ist - ence, When I lay this mor - tal by,

When shall I re - gain Thy pres-ence, And a - gain be - hold Thy face?
And with-held the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my for-mer friends and birth;
But, un - til the Key of Knowl-edge Was re - stored, I knew not why.
Fa - ther, Moth-er, may I meet you In your roy - al court on high?

p

In Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side;
Yet oft - times a se - cret some-thing Whispered, You're a stran - ger here!
In the heav'ns are par - ents sin - gle? No! the tho't makes rea - son stare!
Then, at length, when I've com-plet - ed All you sent me forth to do,

f *mf* *p*

In my first pri - me - val child-hood, Was I nur - tured near Thy side.
And I felt that I had wan-dered From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
Truth is rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me I've a moth - er there.
With your mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.

No. 182. Children, Gladly Join and Sing.

GEO. MANWARING. E. BEESLEY.

1. Chil - dren, glad - ly join and sing, On this ho - ly day;
2. On this hap - py day re - joice In the God a - bove,
3. Shout the ti - dings far and wide, Tell from sea to sea,
4. Sing a - loud the glad re - frain, Let the cho - rus swell;

To our Fa - ther, God and King, Heart - felt trib - ute pay.
Lift to Him a grate-ful voice For His won - drous love.
How for man the Sav - ior died, Died to set us free.
Soon the Lord will come a - gain, On the earth to dwell.

Sweet-ly tune your cheer - ful lays, Hap - py hearts and voi - ces raise,
On this day He rose a - gain, Who had suf - fered grief and pain,
Sing ho - san - nas to His name, Praise Him for the gos - pel plan,
Praise shall then thro' earth re-sound, Love in ev - 'ry heart a - bound,

Glad - ly to our Sav - ior's praise, All u - nite to - day.
Who had died that man might gain Life, e - ter - nal life.
Now re - demp - tion's bought for man, Christ has set us free.
Naught to make a - fraid be found, All will then be well.

No. 183. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

A. C. Smyth.

Semplice, not fast.

1. Je-sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle
2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it,

Burn-ing in the night; Like a lit - tle can-dle Burn-ing in the night.
If our light is dim; Well He sees and knows it, If our light is dim.

In this world is dark-ness, So we must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And
He looks down from heaven To see us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And

Tempo.

I in mine; You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
I in mine; You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

Tempo.

No. 184. Oh, I Had Such a Pretty Dream, Mamma.

J. S. Lewis.

1. Oh, I had such a pret-ty dream, mam-ma,.... Such pleas-ant and beau-ti-ful things; Of a dear lit-tle nest, in the mead-ows of rest, Where the bird-ie her lul-la-by sings. Of a dear lit-tle nest, in the meadows of rest, Where the bird-ie her lul-la-by sings.

2. A dear lit-tle stream full of lil-ies..... Crept o-ver the green moss-y stones, And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray Sang sweet-ly in del-i-cate tones. And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray Sang sweet-ly in del-i-cate tones.

3. And as it flowed on toward the o-cean,... Thro' shad-ows and pret-ty sun-beams, Each note grew more deep, and I soon fell a-sleep, And was off to the Is-land of Dreams. Each note grew more deep, and I soon fell a-sleep, And was off to the Is-land of Dreams.

4. I saw there a beau-ti-ful an-gel,.... With crown all be-span-gled with dew: She touched me and spoke, and I quick-ly a-woke: And found there, dear mam-ma, 'twas you. She touched me and spoke, and I quick-ly a-woke: And found there, dear mamma, 'twas you.

No. 185. Hush! Be Every Sound Subdued.

(Sacramental Hymn.)

LOUISA L. GREENE-RICHARDS. GEORGE CARELESS.

Andantino.

1. Hush, hush! be ev - 'ry sound sub-dued, That may not soft - ly har - mo - nize
2. Lift, lift the voice in rev -'rence meet, The heart in sac - ra-ment - al praise,
3. Thanks, thanks, dear Lord, for this great boon, By which in mem-o - ry we keep

With faith and trust and grat - i - tude, For Christ's a - ton - ing sac - ri - fice.
While of the bro - ken bread we eat, And to our lips the cup we raise,
The prom - ise of Thy com - ing soon To wake the world from death's calm sleep;

The match-less love be - to-kened thus, Claims most sin-cere re-sponse from us;
And drink, thus by His pow'r im-bued, With spir-its quickened, strength renewed;
When all shall see, in glo - ry rife, The Res - ur - rec - tion and the Life;

The match-less love be - to-kened thus, Claims most sin-cere re-sponse from us.
And drink, thus by His pow'r im-bued, With spir-its quickened, strength renewed.
When all shall see, in glo - ry rife, The Res - ur - rec - tion and the Life.

No. 186. Hymn of Praise.

"For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."—Doc. & Cov. p. 137.

LILLIE T. FREEZE. H. A. TUCKETT.

f

1. Sing a - loud the songs of Zi - on, Let them ech - o far and near,
2. For the heart-songs of the righteous Are as prayers to God a - bove,
3. Sing a - loud the songs of Zi - on, Fill the air with joy - ful praise,

With the mel - o - dy of glad - ness;—Sing, all ye as - sem - bled here!
Call - ing from His ho - ly pres - ence Won-drous gifts of faith and love.
For the mes-sage of re - demp - tion Sent a - new in lat - ter days.

p

Send a - bove your souls' pe - ti - tions On the wings of mu - sic sweet;
Sing the praise of your Re - deem - er, For the Gos - pel's glo-rious plan;
Ban - ish ev - 'ry tone of sad - ness, Faith and hope will cour-age give;

Tell the Lord your grate-ful sto - ry, With true har - mo - ny re - plete.
'T is a chain whose links are bind-ing Earth to heav'n and man to man.
Drink of truth's re - fresh-ing wa- ters, And your faint-ing soul shall live.

Hymn of Praise.

CHORUS. *ff* *Dim.*

Sing a - loud with mel-o - dy in-creas-ing, Sing with grat-i - tude un - ceas-ing,

ff *f*

Sing a - loud the won-drous sto-ry Of Je - ho-vah's pow'r and glo - ry.

No. 187. O Lord of Hosts.

A. DALRYMPLE. GEORGE CARELESS.

1. O Lord of Hosts, we now in - voke Thy Spir - it most di - vine,
2. May we for - ev - er think of Thee, And of Thy suf-f'rings sore,
3. Pre - pare our minds that we may see The beau-ties of Thy grace;
4. As breth-ren let us ev - er live In fel - low - ship and peace!
5. May un - ion, peace, and love a - bound, And per - fect har - mo - ny,

To cleanse our hearts while we par - take The bro - ken bread and wine.
En - dured for us on Cal - va - ry, And praise Thee ev - er - more.
Sal - va - tion pur-chased on that tree For all who seek Thy face.
For - give, that God may us for - give, That love may still in - crease.
And joy in one con - tin - ual round, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 188. Come Along, Come Along.

WILLIAM WILLES. A. C. SMYTH.

1. Come a - long, come a - long, is the call that will win, To lead us to vir - tue, and keep us from sin; Most men can be led, but few can be driv'n, In shun-ning per - di - tion, and striv-ing for heav'n.

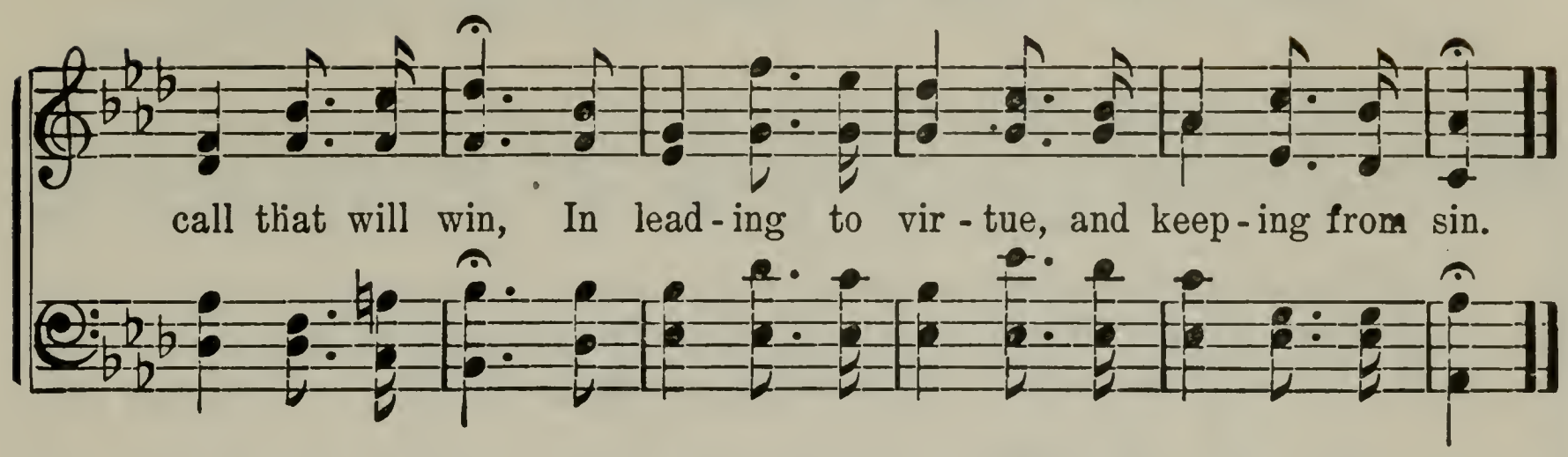
2. Come to me, come to me, sweet-ly falls on the ear, The word of the Lord full of com - fort and cheer, To bind up the bro - ken, the cap - tive set free, In the good time that's com-ing, we hope soon to see.

3. Let us gov- ern by kind-ness, and nev - er by force, All cheer-ing and bright, like the sun in its course; O - be - dience will spring from each heart with a bound, And broth - er- hood flour-ish the wide world a - round.

CHORUS.

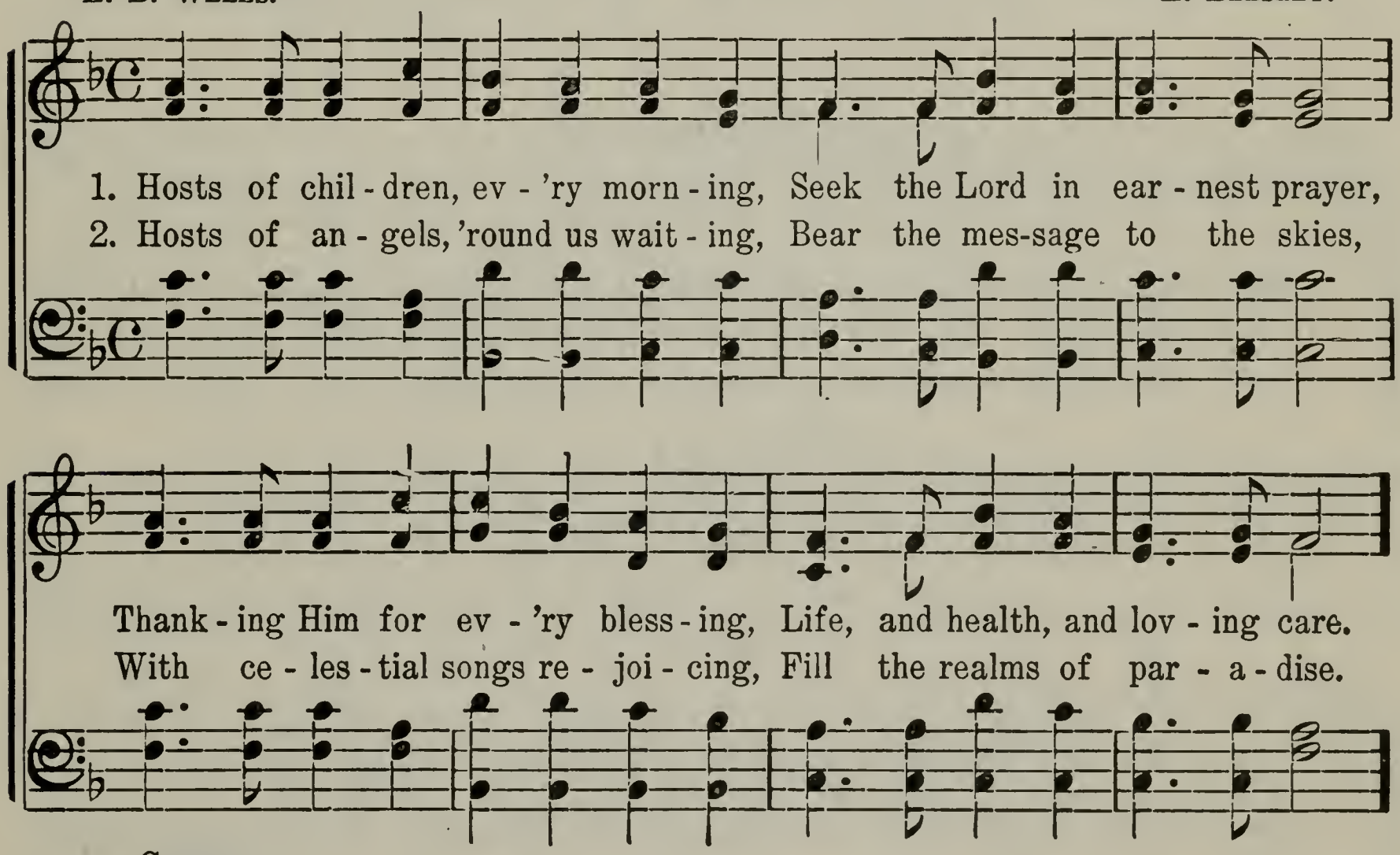
Come a-long, come a - long, is the call that will win, In lead - ing to vir - tue, and keep - ing from sin; Come a - long, come a - long, is the

Come Along, Come Along.

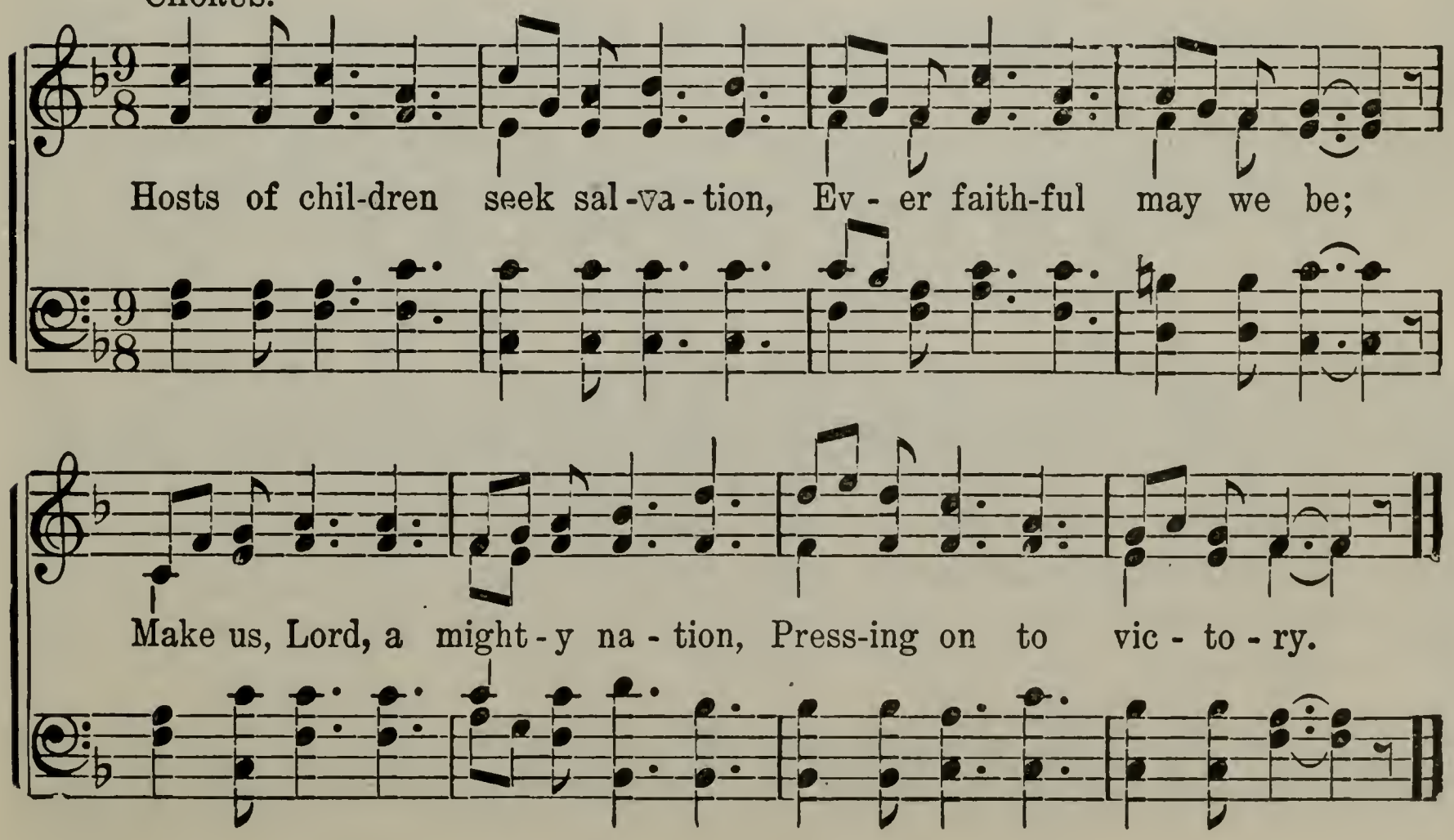


No. 189. Our Children.

E. B. Wells. E. Beesley.



Chorus.



No. 190. Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise.

E. S. E. Stephens.

f

1. Fa - ther, Thy chil-dren to Thee now raise Glad, grateful songs for Thy
2. Thankful to Thee that a pil - grim band Brought us to dwell in this
3. Oh, may our songs to Thy courts as - cend, Pleas-ing to Thee may our

love and grace— For Thy pro-tect-ing and watch-ful care O - ver Thy
fa - vored land; Led o'er the des-erts and plains by Thee, Here to a
voi - ces blend; Lead us as Thou hast the faith-ful led, Feed us with

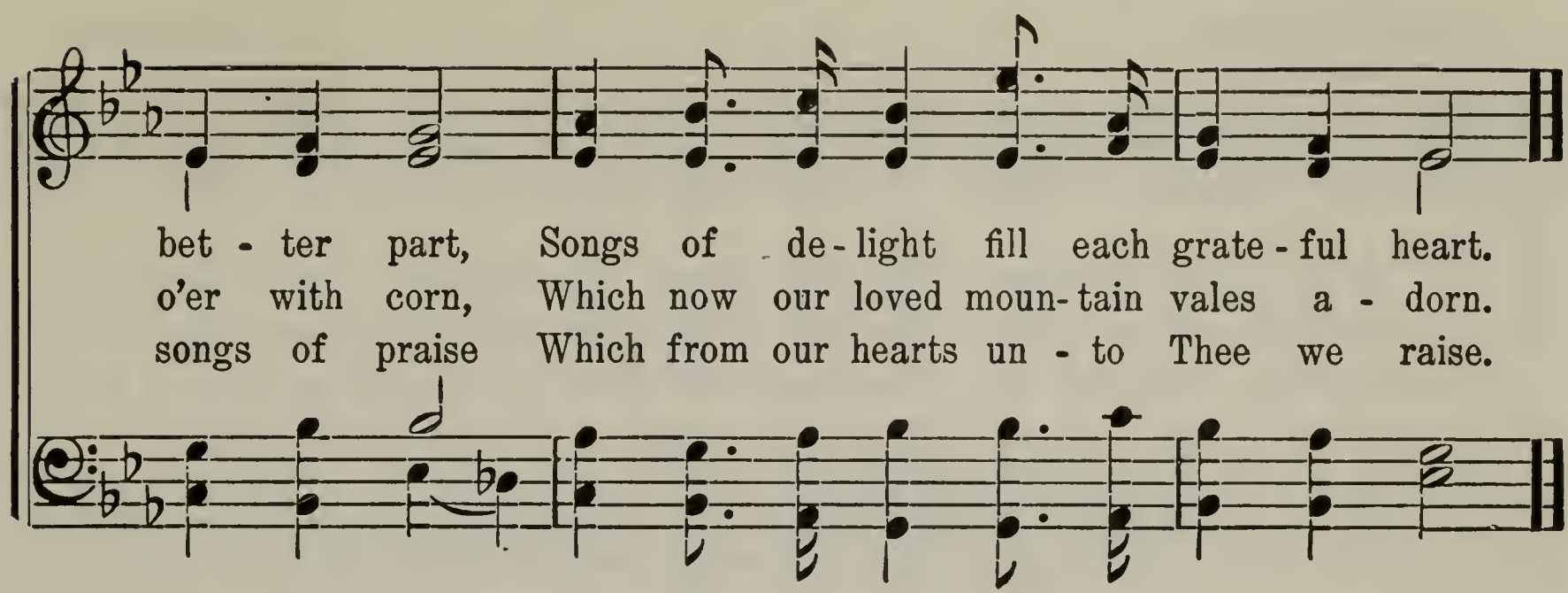
p

Saints dwell-ing far and near. Grate-ful to Thee for the gos - pel light,
land of true lib - er - ty. Thankful to Thee for the moun-tains high,
knowl-edge and dai - ly bread. Let us not stray from the paths of truth—

f

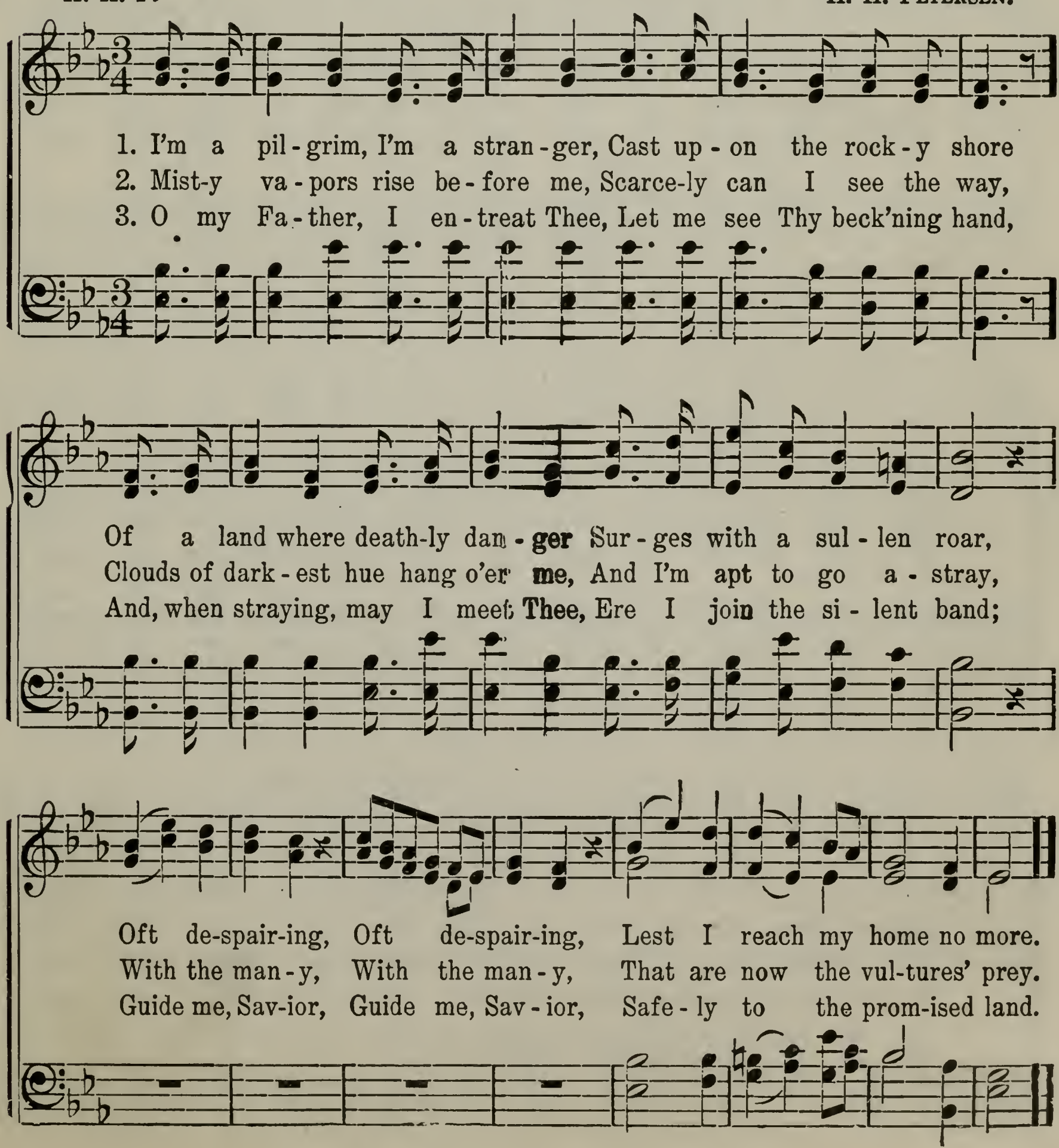
Which with its truth fills us with de - light; Glad that we've cho-sen the
The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue sky; And for the fields cov-ered
For - give the fol - ly and faults of youth; Fa - ther, ac - cept Thou the

Father, Thy Children to Thee Now Raise.



No. 191. I'm a Pilgrim.

H. H. P. H. H. PETERSEN.



No. 192. O God, the Eternal Father.

W. W. PHELPS. MENDELSSOHN.

1. O God, th' E-ter - nal Fa - ther, Who dwells a - mid the sky,
2. That sa - cred, ho - ly of - f'ring, By man least un - der - stood,
3. When Je - sus, the A - noint - ed, De - scend - ed from a - bove,

In Je - sus' name we ask Thee To bless and sanc - ti - fy,
To have our sins re - mit - ted, And take His flesh and blood;
And gave Him - self, a ran - som, To win our souls with love,

If we are pure be - fore Thee, This bread and cup of wine,
That we may ev - er wit - ness The suf - f'rings of Thy Son,
With no ap - par - ent beau - ty, That men should Him de - sire,

That of - - - fer-ing di - vine.
That we may all re - mem - ber That of - fer - ing di - vine.
And al - ways have His Spir - it, To make our hearts as one.
He was the prom-ised Sav - ior, To pu - ri - fy with fire.

No. 193. Secret Prayer.

H. H. P. H. H. PETERSEN.

1. There is an hour of peace and rest, Un-marred by earth-ly care;
2. The straight and nar-row way to heav'n, Where an-gels bright and fair
3. When sail-ing on life's storm-y sea, 'Mid bil-lows of de-spair,
4. When thorns are strewn a-long my path, And foes my feet en-snare,

'T is when be-fore the Lord I go, And kneel in se-cret prayer.
Are sing-ing to God's praise, is found Thro' con-stant se-cret prayer.
'T is sol-ace to my soul to know God hears my se-cret prayer.
My Sav-ior to my aid will come, If sought in se-cret prayer.

REFRAIN.

May my heart be turned to pray, Pray in se - cret day by day,
May my heart be turned to pray, Pray in se - cret day by day,

That this boon to mor-tals giv'n, May u-nite my soul with heav'n.
That this boon to mor-tals giv'n,

No. 194. Sweet Sabbath Day.

GEO. MANWARING. R. LOWRY.

1. Sweet Sab - bath day, all hail to thee, Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
2. This best of days to man is giv'n— Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
3. Sweet Sab - bath day, thy name we love— Beau-ti - ful day of rest!

That sets us from all la - bor free, Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
To draw our minds to God and heav'n—Beau-ti - ful day of rest!
Let an - gels hear the strain a - bove— Beau-ti - ful day of rest!

With joy we hail thy wel-come ray, With grateful hearts our homage pay
And hum - bly now we bend the knee, With rev'rence, Lord, as-cribe to Thee,
'Tis God's com-mand, let all o - bey, To hal - low this, the Sab-bath day,

To Him who gave this ho - ly day, This beau-ti - ful day of rest.
Our thanks for all Thy mer - cies free—This beau-ti - ful day of rest.
And spend in His ap- point - ed way The beau-ti - ful day of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful day, beau - ti - ful day, Beau - ti - ful day of rest!

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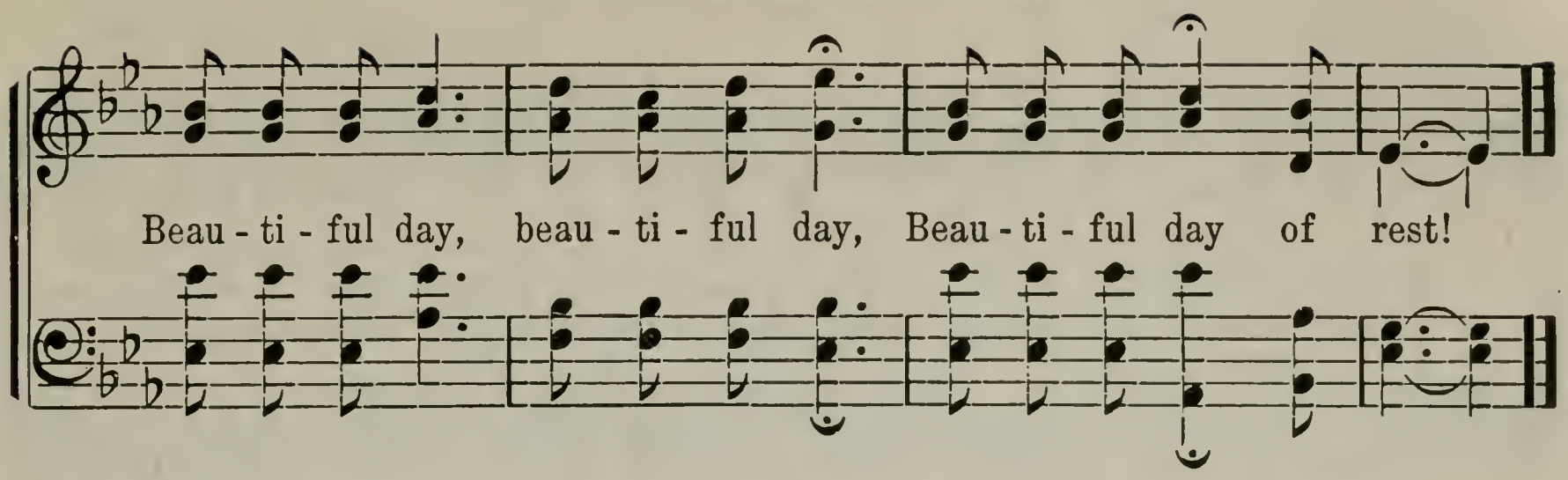
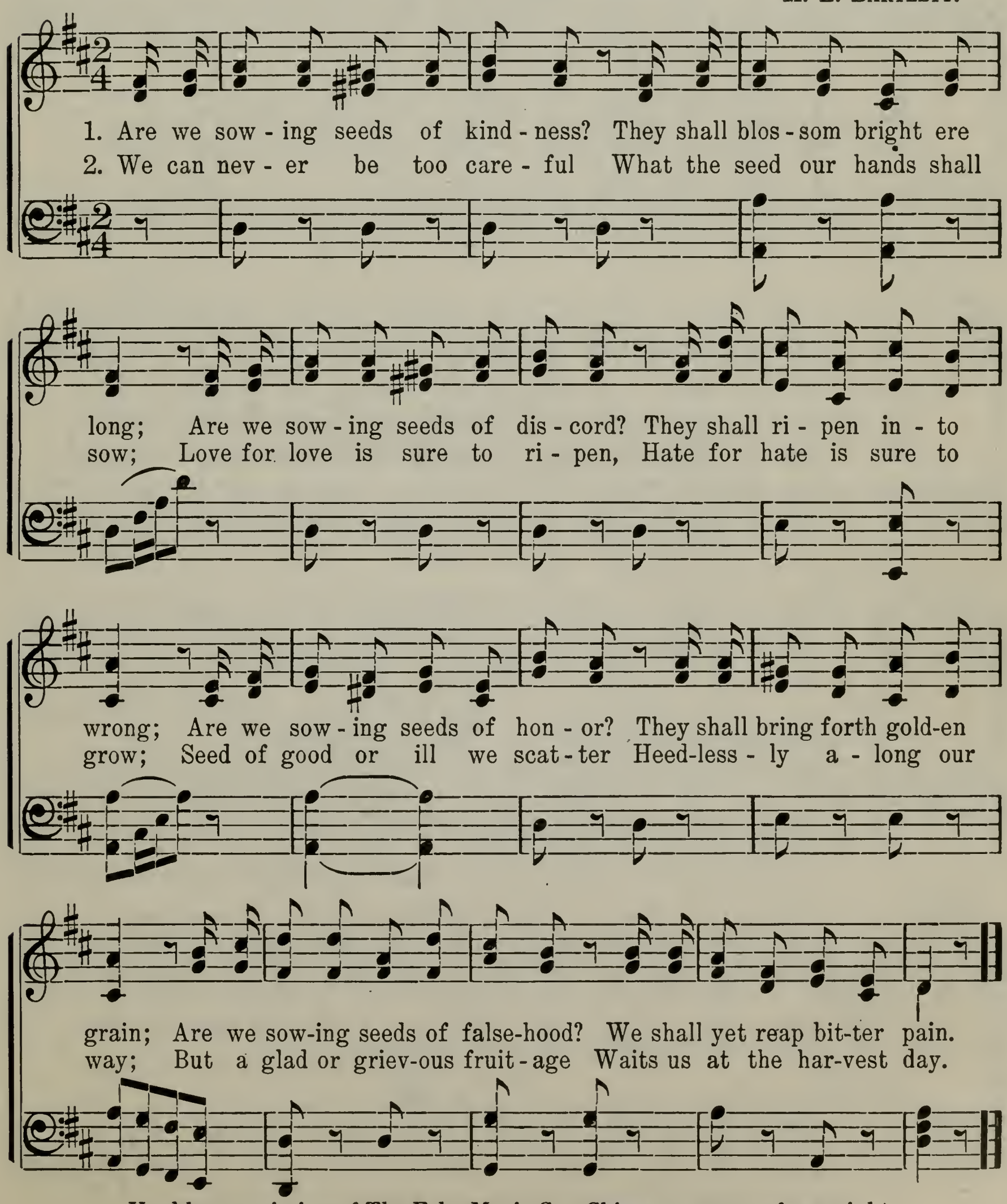
Sweet Sabbath Day.



No. 195. Seeds of Kindness.

M. L. Bartlett.



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No. 196. Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom - y, Sing some hap - py song; Meet the world's re -

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed

You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev -'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa- thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way,..... Cheer, and bless, and
Scatter the smiles and sunshine all a - long over your way,

bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day;..... Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.
Ev - 'ry pass - ing, pass - ing day;

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No. 197. Make the World Brighter.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. Go, glad-den the lone-ly, the drear-y; Go, comfort the weeping, the wear-y;
2. Go forth, giv-ing laughter for sigh-ing; Go, car - ry sweet hope to the dy - ing;
3. Wher-ev - er the need-y are hid - ing, Go, car - ry God's bless-ed pro-vid- ing;

Go, scat - ter kind deeds on your way; Oh, make the world brighter to - day!
Go forth with the sin - ful to pray; Oh, make the world brighter to - day!
The wants of His dear ones al - lay; Oh, make the world brighter to - day!

Chorus.

Make . . . . the world brighter! . . . . . Go glad-ly a - long; . . . . . .
Make, oh, make the world brighter to - day! Go glad-ly, go glad-ly a - long;

1

Make . . . the world brighter . . . . . With sunshine and song! . . . . . .
Make, oh, make the world brighter to - day With sunshine, with sunshine and song!

2

Make . . . . . the world brighter, ... Oh, make the world brighter with song!
Make, oh, make the world brighter to-day,

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No. 198. O Ye Mountains High.

C. W. Penrose.

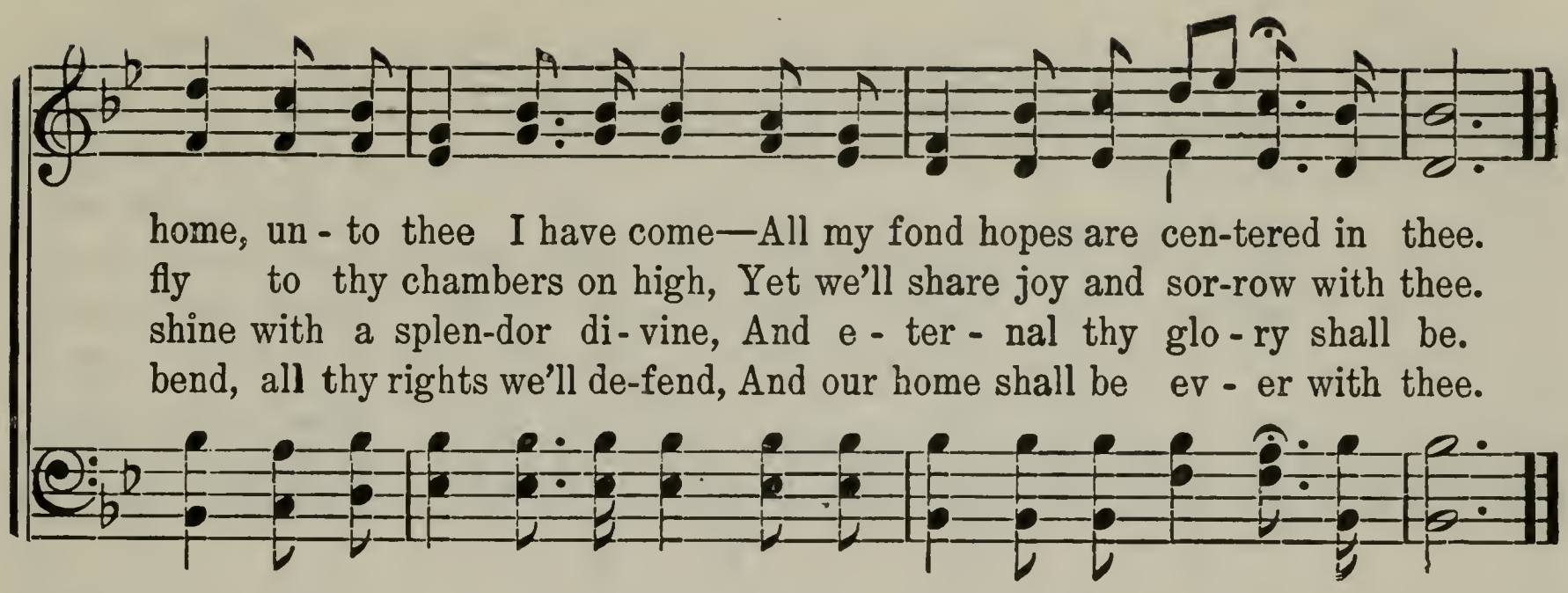
1. O ye moun - tains high, where the clear blue sky Arch - es
2. Tho' the great and the wise all thy beau - ties de-spise, To the
3. In thy moun - tain re-treat, God will strength-en thy feet; On the
4. Here our voi - ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa - cred

o - ver the vales of the free, Where the pure breez- es blow and the
hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho' the haugh - ty may smile and the
necks of thy foes thou shalt tread; And their sil - ver and gold, as the
home of the Proph-ets of God; Thy de - liv - 'rance is nigh, thy op-

clear stream-lets flow, How I've longed to your bos - om to flee!
wick - ed re - vile, Yet we love thy glad ti - dings to hear.
Proph - ets fore - told, Shall be brought to a - dorn thy fair head.
press - ors shall die, And the Gen - tiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.

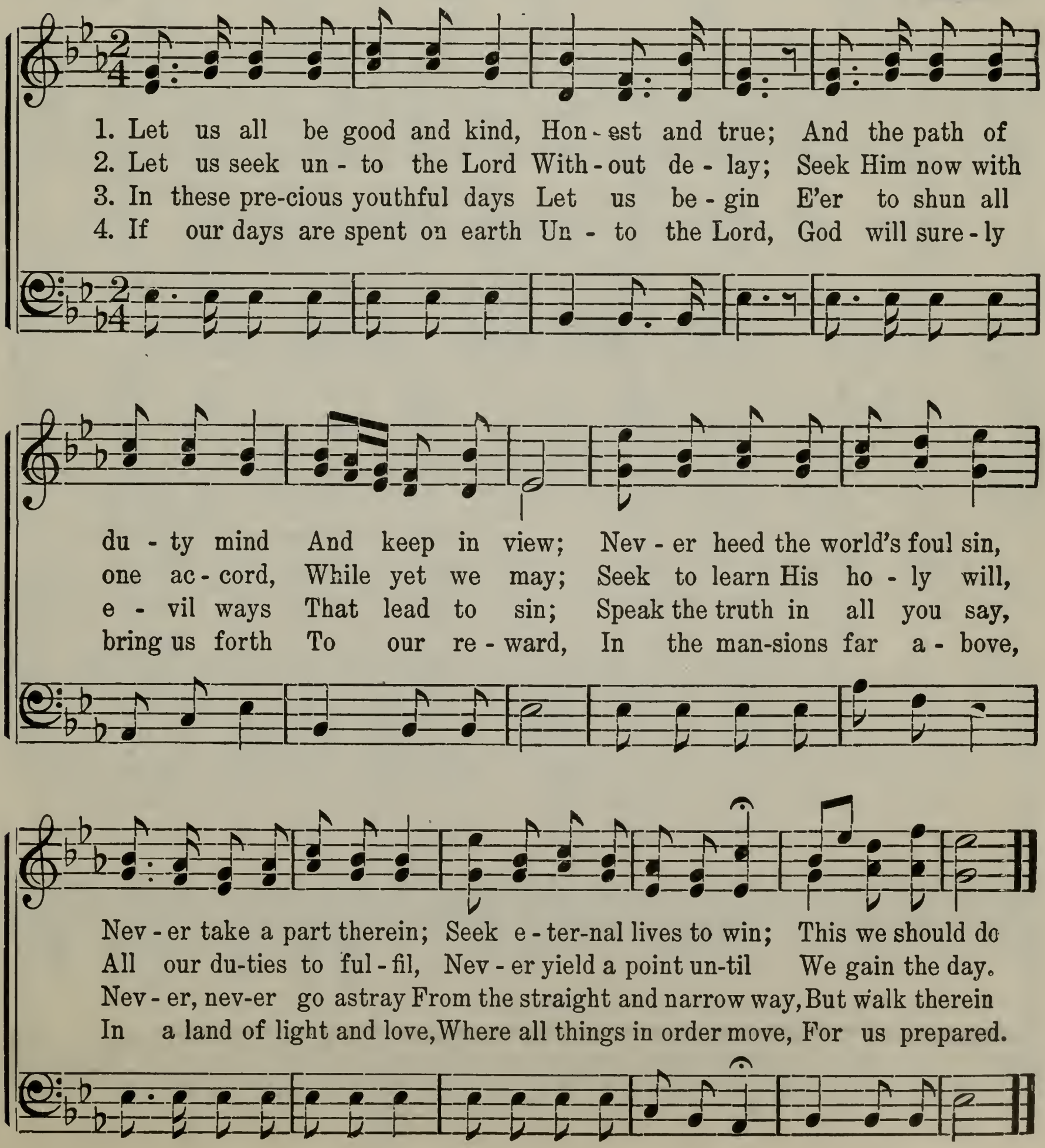
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, Now my own mountain
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Tho' thou wert forced to
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, In thy tem - ples we'll

O Ye Mountains High.



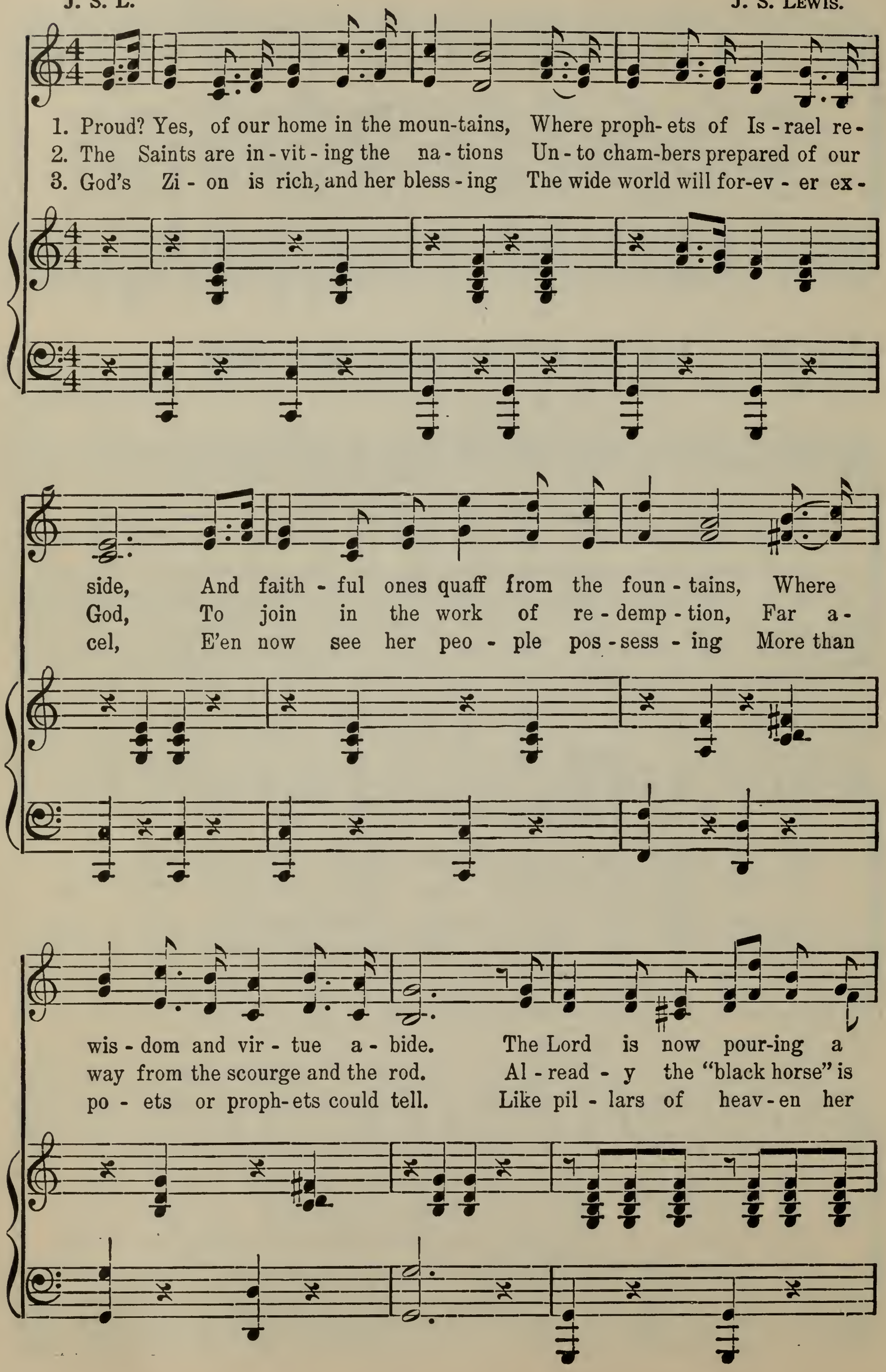
No. 199. Let Us All be Good and Kind.

J. E. J. EDWARDS.

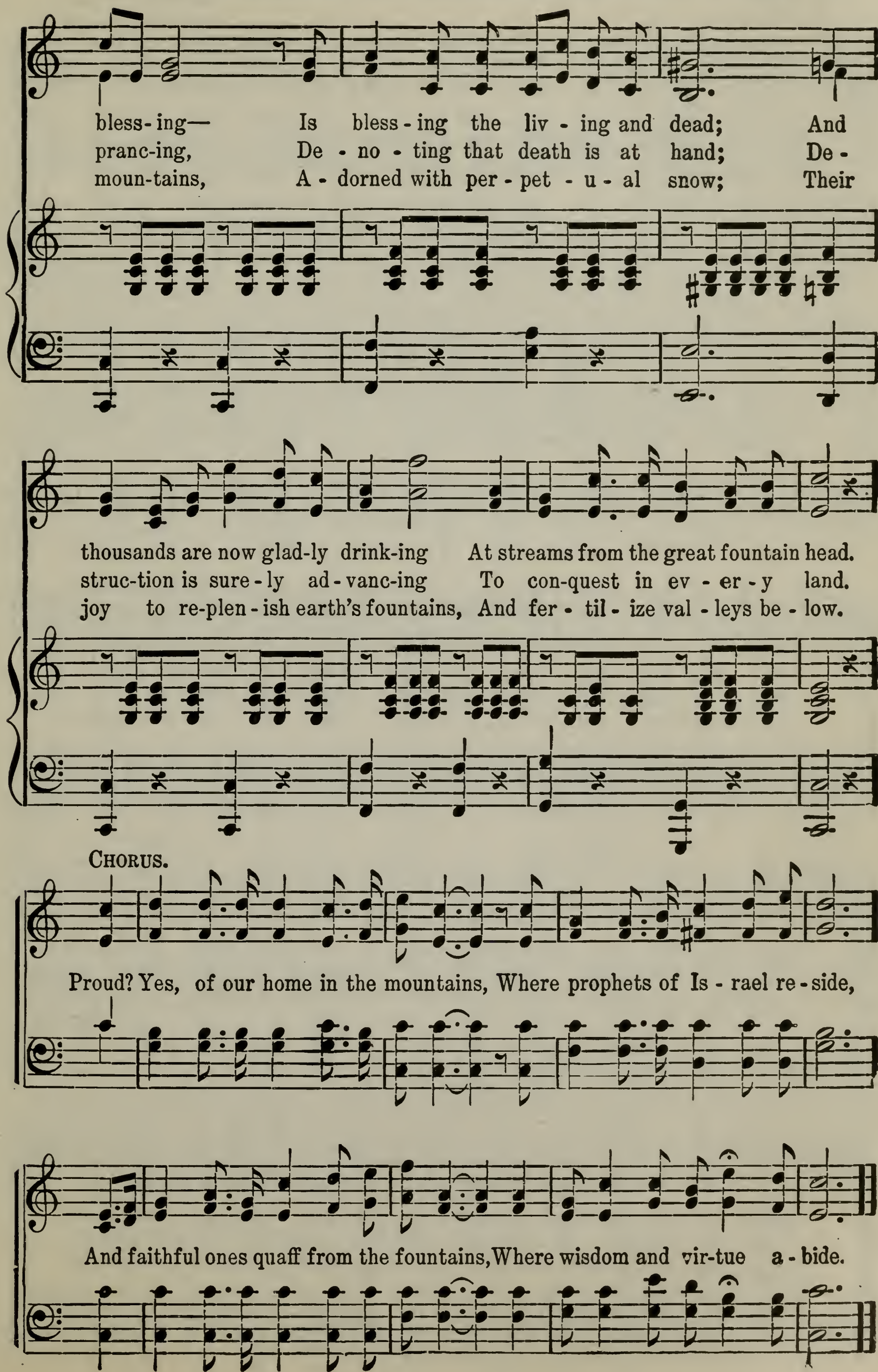


No. 200. Proud? Yes, of Our Home in the Mountains.

J. S. L. J. S. Lewis.



Proud? Yes, of Our Home in the Mountains.



No. 201. When Shall We Meet Thee?

E. F. P. EDWIN F. PARRY.

Spiritoso. *p*

1. When shall we meet Thee, dear Sav - ior a - bove? When shall we be - hold Thy face? When shall we greet Thee with to - kens of love,
2. When shall we meet Thee, our Sav - ior and Lord? When shall we Thy glo - ry see? When shall we go to ob - tain our re-ward,
3. When shall we meet Thee, Re - deem - er and Friend? When shall we in heav'n a - bide? When shall the just to Thy man - sions as- cend,

f

In that hap - py, ho - ly place? When we have fin - ished our mis - sion be - low, When on earth we no more roam, Wilt Thou ap- prove of our work when we go To our glo - rious fu - ture home?
And in heav'n be crowned with Thee? When Thou wilt come in Thy glo - ry and might, O - ver all the earth to reign, May we be ho - ly and pure in Thy sight, And Thy ap - pro - ba - tion gain.
Where our God and Thee re - side? When all our la - bors on earth are com-plete, When our mor - tal life is o'er, When we have gone where our rec - ord we'll meet, On that bright e - ter - nal shore.

When Shall We Meet Thee?

CHORUS.

When.... shall we meet..... Thee, dear Sav - - ior, a-
After 3d v. Then .... we shall meet..... Thee, dear Sav - - ior, a-
O when shall we meet Thee, dear Sav-ior, dear
O then we shall meet Thee, dear Sav-ior, dear

f

bove?..... When shall we be - hold Thy face?
bove,..... Then will we be - hold Thy face;
Sav - ior, a - bove?
Sav - ior, a - bove,

p

When..... shall we greet..... Thee with to - - kens of
Then..... we shall greet..... Thee with to - - kens of
O when shall we greet Thee with to- kens, with
O then we shall greet Thee with to- kens, with

f

love,..... In that hap - py, ho - ly place?
love,..... In that hap - py, ho - ly place.
to - kens of love,

No. 202. Utah, the Star of the West.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

March time. Resoluto.

1. There is a land whose sun - ny vales Are fair as dreams of par - a - dise, Where white-robed vir - tue e'er pre - vails, And hon - est man - hood has no price; Where mountains capped with vir - gin snow, Pure as the babe on moth - er's breast. The land I sing of, would you know? 'Tis U - tah, star of all the west;

2. How rich and fer - tile is thy soil! How vast the wealth thy moun - tains hold! When sought with dil - i - gence and toil, Yield of their treas - ures man - i - fold; In all the range of man's de - sire, Thou art a land di - vine - ly blest; None know thee, on - ly to ad - mire, Fair U - tah, star of all the west;

3. Then sing her prais - es loud and long, Ye sons and daugh-ters of her soil. Stand for the right, op - pose the wrong, And 'neath op - pres - sion ne'er re - coil. For truth and hon - or let your mien Be loft - y as the moun - tain crest; Keep U - tah what's she ev - er been, The brightest star of all the west;

mf

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Utah, the Star of the West.

mf *Poco rit.*

The land I sing of, would you know? 'Tis star of all the west.
None know thee, on - ly to ad - mire, Fair star of all the west.
Keep U - tah what she's ev - er been, The star of all the west.

CHORUS.

U - tah, U - tah, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land,.....
beau-ti - ful land,
and grand.....

Fair are thy val - leys, thy moun-tains tall, and tall and grand.

Ev - er my praise shall be, U - tah, for thine and thee,

Land of the brave and free; U - tah, the star of the west.

No. 203. The Star-spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand

What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam-ing,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion
Be - tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land

O'er the ram - parts we watched, where so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion.

The Star-spangled Banner.

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn- ing's first beam,
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream;
From the ter - ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

CHORUS. *ff*

Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

No. 204. Master, the Tempest is Raging!

M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day,
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest,

The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Chorus.

p

The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will, Peace, be
Peace, be still,

Master, the Tempest is Raging!

pp

still! Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or
peace, be still!

Cres - - - - - - cen - -

men, Or what - ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the

- - - - - - do *ff*

ship where lies The Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They

p

all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will, Peace, be still! peace, be still! They

Rit. *pp*

all shall sweet-ly o bey My will, Peace, peace be still!

No. 205. Who's on the Lord's Side?

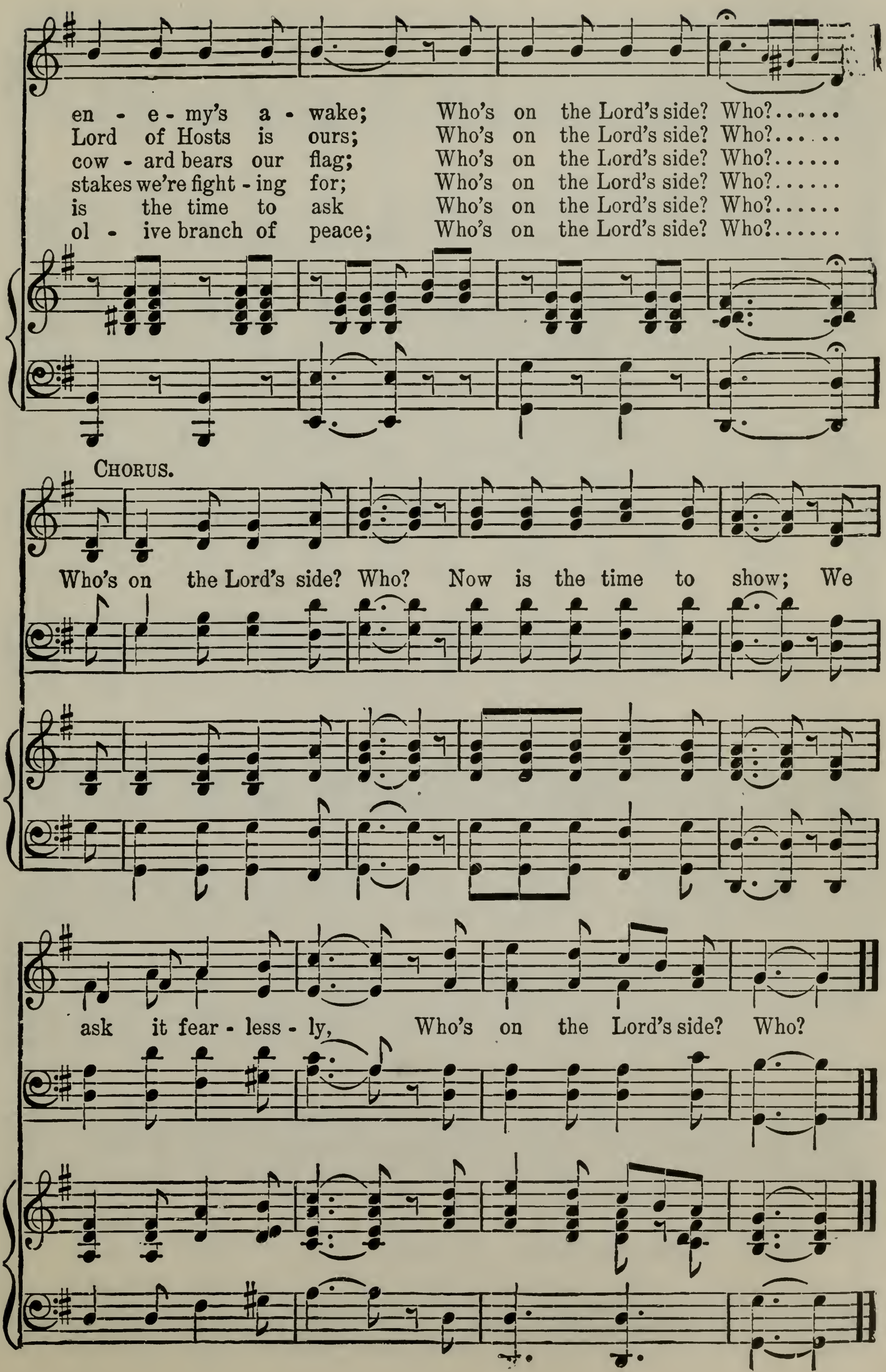
H. Cornaby. Arr. by Geo. Careless.

1. Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Now is the time to show; We
2. We serve the liv - ing God, And want His foes to know That
3. The stone cut with-out hands, To fill the earth must grow; Who'll
4. The pow'rs of earth and hell In rage di - rect the blow That's
5. The Lord has ar - mies great Which at His bid - ding go, His
6. Then ral - ly to the flag; Our God will help us thro'; The

ask it fear - less - ly, Who's on the Lord's side? Who? We
if but few, we're great: Who's on the Lord's side? Who? We're
help to roll it on? Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Our
aimed to crush the work; Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Truth,
char - i - ots are strong: Who's on the Lord's side? Who? When
vic - to - ry is ours: Who's on the Lord's side? Who? Stain-

wage no com - mon war, Cope with no com - mon foe; The
go - ing on to win, Nor fear must blanch the brow; The
en - sign to the world Is float - ing proud - ly now; No
life and lib - er - ty, Free - dom from death and woe, Are
He makes bare His arm To lay the wick - ed low, Then
less our flag must wave, And to the na - tions show The

Who's on the Lord's Side?



No. 206. Let Love Abound.

J. L. Townshend. E. Stephens.

1. In that bright and ho - ly cit - y, In our man - sions far a-
2. Not by strife with one an - oth - er Can we on - ward, up-ward
3. Hope-ful, cheer - ful, kind and lov - ing, Smil - ing oft - en as we

bove, We shall dwell in sweet com - mun - ion, For our
move, But by char - i - ty most ho - ly Do we
meet, O what joy will be our por - tion! Life with

Ru - ler, God, is love. In that cit - y bright and fair,
live this life of love. Lov - ing all com - pan - ions here,
lov - ing acts re - plete. This is what the soul de - sires,

O what pleas-ures we will share! Love all a - round,
Hold - ing all as kin - dred dear; Love all a - round,
This is what the Lord re - quires— Love all a - round,

Let Love Abound.

Love all a - round; O what pleas - ures we will share!.....
Love all a - round; Hold - ing all as kin - dred dear;.....
Love all a - round; This is what the Lord re-quires—.....

CHORUS.

Love all a - round. O let love a - bound here

too, Keep this ho - ly thought in view: Let love a - bound, Let

love a - bound. O let love a - bound here too, Keep this

ho - ly thought in view: Let love a - bound, Let love a - bound.

No. 207. Have I Done Any Good?

W. L. T. — Will L. Thompson.

1. Have I done an - y good in the world to - day? Have I helped an - y one in need? Have I cheered up the sad, and made some one feel glad? If not, I have failed in - deed. Has an - y one's burden been light-er to-day, Be - cause I was will-ing to share? Have the sick and the wear - y been helped on their way? When they needed my help, was I there?

2. There are chan-ces for work all a - round just now, Op - por - tu - ni - ties right in our way; Do not let them pass by, saying, "Sometime I'll try", But go and do something to - day. 'T is no-ble of man to work and to give, Love's la - bor has mer-it a - lone; On - ly he who does some-thing is wor - thy to live, The world has no use for the drone.

Ritard.

A tempo.

CHORUS.

Then wake up, and Then wake, wake up,

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Have I Done Any Good?

do something more Than dream of your man-sion a - bove;..... Do-ing
your man-sion a-bove;

good is a pleasure, a joy beyond measure, A blessing of du-ty and love.

No. 208. Think Gently of the Erring One.

Miss Fletcher. H. A. Tuckett.

Dim. *f* *Dim.*

1. Think gen - tly of the err - ing one; O let us not for - get,
2. Heirs of the same in - her - it - ance, Child of the self - same God,
3. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing ones; We yet may lead them back,
4. For - get not, broth - er, thou hast sinned, And sin - ful yet mayst be;

ff *Rit.* *Dim.*

How - ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is our broth - er yet.
He hath but stum - bled in the path We have in weak - ness trod.
With ho - ly words and tones of love, From mis - 'ry's thorn - y track.
Deal gen - tly with the err - ing heart, As God has dealt with thee.

No. 209. Hark to the Classmates' Song.

H. G. W. H. G. WHITNEY

Moderato. f

1. Hark, hark, hark to the class-mates' song! List, list,
2. Shout, shout, shout till the ech - oes ring! Shout, shout,

mf

list to the class - mates' song! Strong in the fight for truth,
shout forth the song we sing! Firm in the ranks we stand,

Rit. *Dim.*

Full in the hope of youth, Now joy-ous strains we pro - long.....
U - ni - ted, heart and hand, Sweet notes of love and joy we bring....

Hop - ing, trust - ing, striv - ing, bat - tling on,
Striv - ing for the side of truth a - lone,

p

Hop - ing, trust - ing, striv - ing, bat - tling on,
Striv - ing for the side of truth a - lone,

Hark to the Classmates' Song.

Rest - ing not un-til our work is done; Look - ing upward, marching,
Liv - ing for the righteous cause we own; Sure - ly treading onward,

Rest - ing not un - til our work is done; Look - ing up - ward,
Liv - ing for the righteous cause we own; Sure - ly tread - ing,

press - ing for - ward Till the fight is no - bly won.
firm ad - vanc - ing Till our la - bor here is done.

f

press - ing for - ward Till the fight is no - bly won.
firm ad - vanc - ing Till our la - bor here is done.

REFRAIN.

Hold the faith, keep the truth, this our song shall be; Strong and

p

Hold the faith, our song, our song shall be;

brave, firm and true, scorn to flinch or flee; Who - e'er as - sail,

Strong and brave, we scorn to flinch or flee; Who-e'er as-sail,

right will pre-vail. This our theme, our constant song shall be . . . . . .

right will pre-vail. This our theme, our song shall be.

No. 210. In Hymns of Praise.

ADA BLENKHORN. A. BEIRLY.

Allegro.

1. In hymns of praise your voi - ces raise To Him who reigns on high;
2. Be - neath His hand, at His com-mand, The shin - ing plan - ets move;
3. The lit - tle flow'r that lasts an hour, The spar - row in its fall,
4. Then sing a - gain in loft - y strain To Him who dwells on high;

Whose coun-sels keep the might - y deep, Who rul - eth earth and sky.
To all be - low they dai - ly show His wis - dom and His love.
They, too, shall share His ten - der care: He made and loves them all.
To prayers you raise, and songs of praise, He sweet - ly will re - ply.

REFRAIN.

Ex - alt His name in loud ac - claim, His might - y pow'r a - dore!

And hum - bly bow be - fore Him now, Our King for - ev - er - more.

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No. 211. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

NELLIE TALBOT. E. O. EXCELL.

UNISON.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun - beam for Je - sus; I can, if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.

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No. 212. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. Koschat. Arr.

Lento.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.

2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.

3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?

Rit. – – –

No. 213. My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

Arr. from CARL MARIA v. WEBER,
by J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear.
Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 214. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing,—The poor ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -

Rit. *A tempo.*

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay,— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care; And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

CHORUS.

A - sleep,.... a - sleep,.... a - sleep, The Sav - ior in a stall!
A-sleep, a - sleep,

A - sleep,.... a - sleep,.... a - sleep, The Lord of all!.....
A-sleep, a - sleep, a - sleep, The Lord, the Lord of all!

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No. 215. America.

S. F. Smith, D. D. H. Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Cres.

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 215. (a) Our God, We Raise to Thee.

1 Our God, we raise to Thee
Thanks for Thy blessings free
We here enjoy;
In this far western land,
A true and chosen band,
Led hither by Thy hand,
We sing for joy.

2 Bless Thou our Prophet dear;
May health and comfort cheer
His noble heart;
His words with fire impress
On souls that Thou wilt bless;
To choose in righteousness,
The better part.

3 So shall Thy kingdom spread,
As by Thy Prophets said,
From sea to sea;
As one united whole
Truth burn in every soul,
While hastening to the goal
We long to see.

4 O may Thy Saints be one,
Like Father and the Son,
Nor disagree;
United heart and hand,
So may they ever stand,
A firm and valiant band,
Eternally. —*B. Snow.*

No. 216. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Dedicated to Charles J. Thomas, Esq., Salt Lake City.

R. Robinson. Alfred J. Gentry.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!

2. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con- strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

No. 217. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic- to - ry. Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King,

Chorus.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an- thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
} On-ward, Chris-tian

sol- diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je- sus Going on be - fore.
war, With the cross of Je - sus

No. 218. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

cour-aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.

Chorus.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y blessings,

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Count Your Blessings.

Rit.

Name them one by one, Count your man-y blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 219. A Happy Band of Children.

A. Parsons. E. F. Parry.

1. A hap-py band of chil-dren, All joy-ous, blithe and free;
2. But most of all we thank Thee For Thy re-deem-ing grace;

With thank-ful hearts and prais-es, O Lord, we come to Thee.
That we may have sal-va-tion, And see Thee face to face.

We thank Thee, Lord, for bless-ings, So rich be-yond com-pare—
O Lord, do Thou watch o'er us, And keep us day by day;

For life, for health and rai-ment, And Thy pro-tect-ing care.
And bless Thy church and king-dom, Thy lit-tle serv-ants pray.

No. 220. Lead, Kindly Light.

Rev. John H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see..... The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!

3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

No. 221. When Christ Was Born in Bethlehem.

(Christmas Carol.)

Prize winner in the Christmas "News" Competition, 1900. Published by per.

LONGFELLOW. E. BEESLEY.

Allegro moderato.

1. When Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, 'T was night, but seemed the
2. As shep-herds watched their flocks by night, An an - gel, bright - er

noon of day; The stars, whose light Was pure and bright, Shone with unwav'ring
than the sun, Ap-peared in air, And gen - tly said, "Fear not, be not a-

Poco rit. *A tempo.* *p*

ray, Shone with un - wav-'ring ray; But one, one glo - rious star, But
fraid, Fear not, be not a - fraid. For lo! be-neath your eyes, For

f *Rit.*

one, one glorious star Guid - ed the Eastern Ma - gi from a - far.
lo! be-neath your eyes, Earth has be - come a smil-ing par - a - dise.

No. 222. If There's Sunshine In Your Heart.

HELEN DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. You can make the path-way bright, Fill the soul with heav- en's light,
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with an - ger stirred,
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neigh-bor in his need,
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife,

If there's sun - shine in your heart; Turn - ing dark-ness in - to day,
If there's sun - shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing,
If there's sun - shine in your heart; And his bur - den you will share
If there's sun - shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love

As the shad-ows fly a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
It will heav-en's blessing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
As you lift his load of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.
From the per-fect Light a - bove, If there's sunshine in your heart to - day.

CHORUS.

If there's sun - shine in your heart, You can
sun - shine in your heart,

send a shin - ing ray That will turn the night to day; And your

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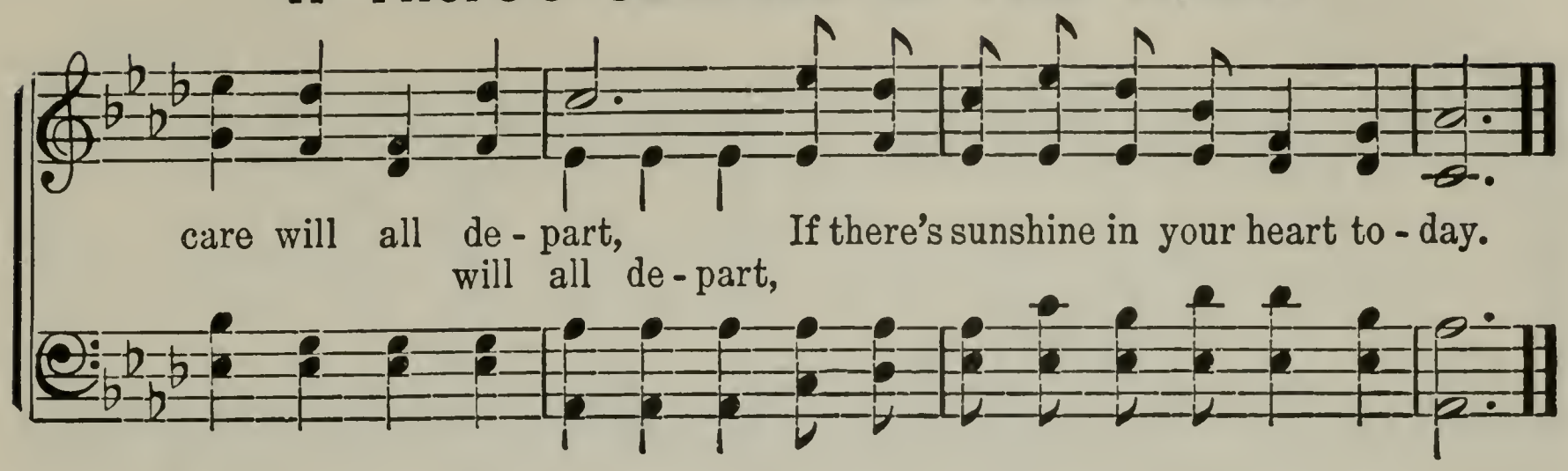
If There's Sunshine In Your Heart.



No. 223. Come, We that Love the Lord.

WATTS. MACY.

mf

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, And
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, Who
3. The God who rules on high, And all the earth sur - veys, And
4. This might-y God is ours, Our Fa- ther and our Love, Our

Cres. *f*

let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
nev - er knew our God; But serv-ants of the heav'n-ly King
all the earth sur - veys— Who rides up - on the storm - y sky,
Fa - ther and our Love; He will send down His heav'n-ly pow'rs,

And wor-ship at His throne, And wor-ship at His throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
And calms the roar - ing seas, And calms the roar-ing seas—
To car - ry us a - bove, To car - ry us a - bove.

No. 224. O Jesus, the Giver of All We Enjoy.

W. W. Phelps. J. E. Spilman.

1. O Je - sus, the giv - er of all we en - joy, Our lives to Thy
2. The won-der - ful name of our Je - sus we'll sing, And pub - lish the

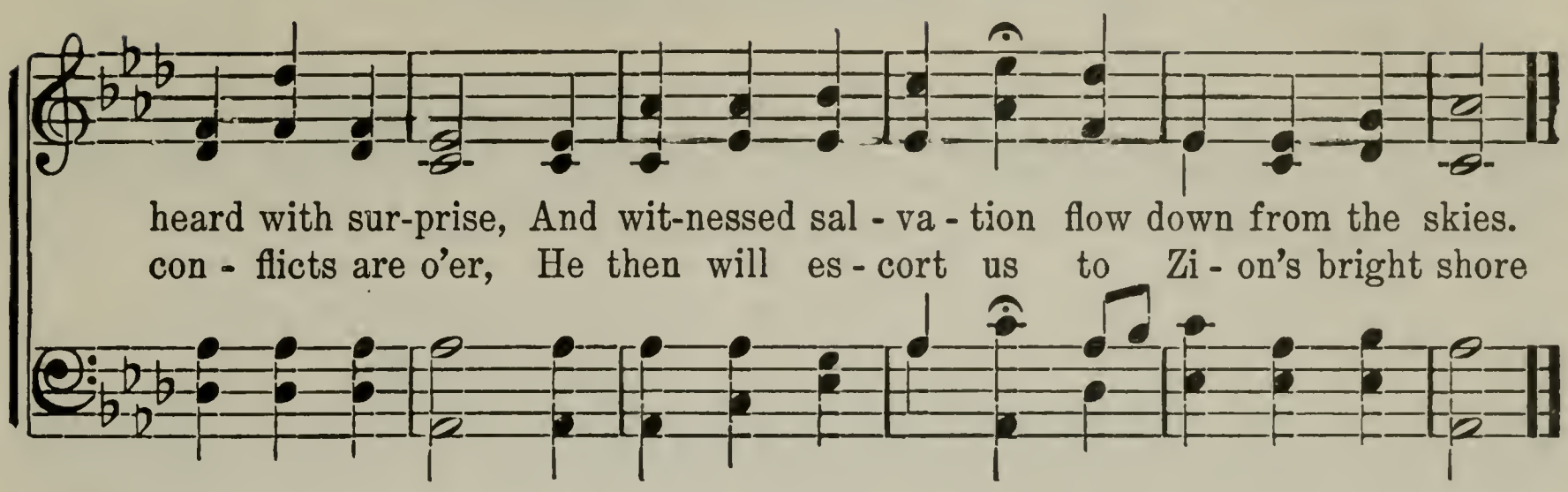
hon - or we wish to em - ploy; With prais - es un - ceas - ing we'll
fame of our Cap - tain and King; With sweet ex - ul - ta - tion His

sing of Thy name; Thy good-ness in - creas - ing, Thy love we'll pro-claim.
good-ness we prove; His name is sal - va - tion, His na - ture is love.

With joy we re - mem - ber the dawn of that day, When, cold as De -
We now are en - list - ed in Je - sus' blest cause, Di - vine - ly as -

cem - ber, in dark - ness we lay; The sweet in - vi - ta - tion we
sist - ed to con - quer our foes; His grace will sup - port us till

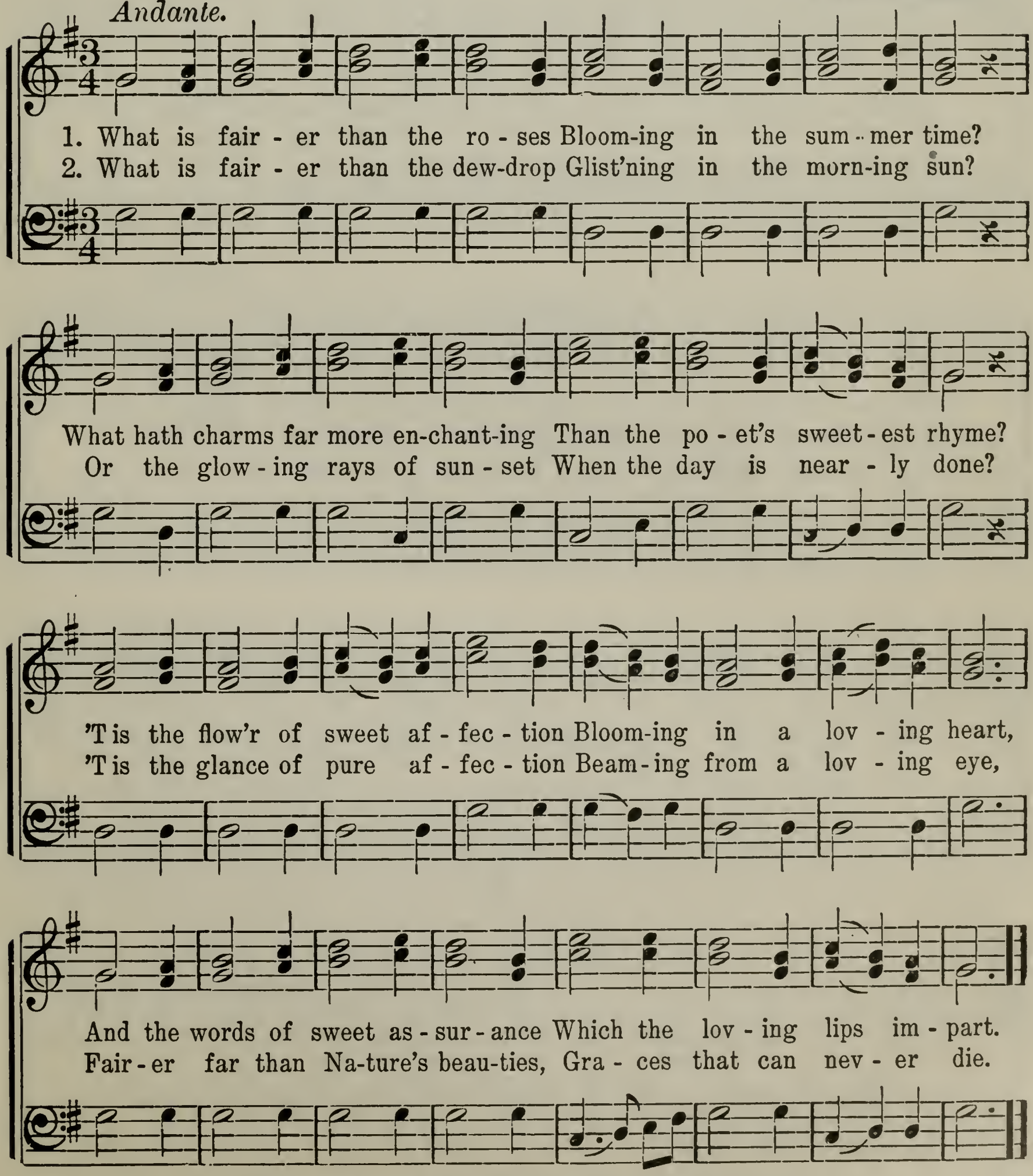
O Jesus, the Giver of All We Enjoy.



No. 225. Affection.

EVAN STEPHENS.

Andante.



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No. 226. That Beautiful Land.

Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White. A. Beirly.

1. I have heard of a land on a far - a - way strand,—In the
2. There's a home in that land at the Fa-ther's right hand; There are

Bi - ble the sto - ry is told,—Where no cares ev - er come, nev - er
mansions whose joys are un - told; There the ran-somed will sing 'round the

Refrain.

dark-ness nor gloom, And noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.
throne of their King, And noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.
In that beau-ti - ful

land, On that far - a-way strand, There awaits us a palm and a crown; The

sto - ry so old Will new glo - ry un-fold, And the sunlight will never go down.

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No. 227. A Happy Greeting to All.

Allegretto.

1. Come, chil-dren, and join in our fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet
2. Our Fa - ther in heav-en, we lift up to Thee Our voice of thanks.

joys which this day brings a - long; We'll join our glad voi - ces in
giv - ing, our glad ju - bi - lee; Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear

one hymn of praise, To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
Sav - ior, we pray, That from Thy blest pre-cepts we nev - er may stray.

CHORUS.

Hap - py greet-ing to all! Hap - py greet-ing to all!
Hap - py greet-ing! to all!

Hap - py greet - ing, hap - py greet - ing, Hap - py greet-ing to all!

No. 228. Morning.

EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato. Dolce.

1. O bright, smil - ing morn - ing, we greet thee with glad - ness,
From sun - set till dawn - ing the world lay in sad - ness,

2. O bright, smil - ing morn - ing, we join with all na - ture,
Thy bright, shin - ing glo - ry lights up ev - 'ry crea - ture,

Bright - er be - cause of the gloom of the night;
Wait - ing thy com - ing all hearts to de - light.
} The dew-drops are

Glad - ly to wel - come, and of - fer thee praise;
Scat - ters the shad - ows that dark - ened our ways.
} How blessed were the

danc - ing with joy at thy com - ing, The flow - ers are
words when the might - y Cre - a - tor First gave thee ex -

Rit. *A tempo.*

nod - ding a wel - come to thee; A thou - sand bright in - sects to
ist - ence, saying, "Let there be light!" O bright, smil - ing morn - ing, thou

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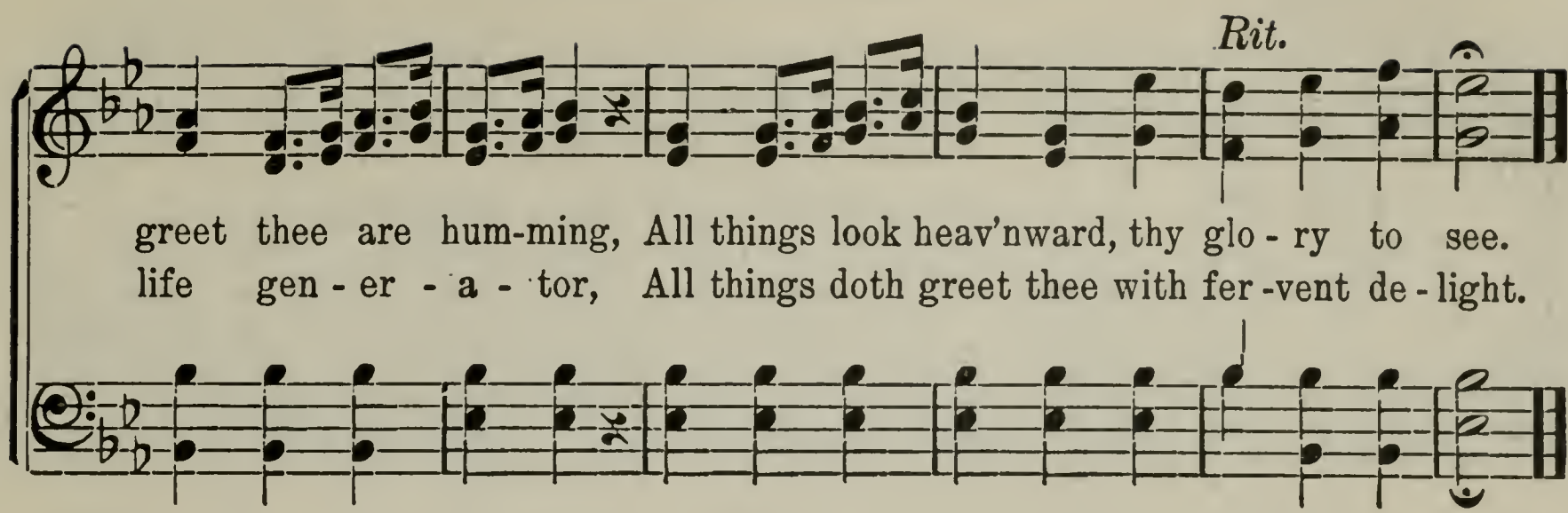
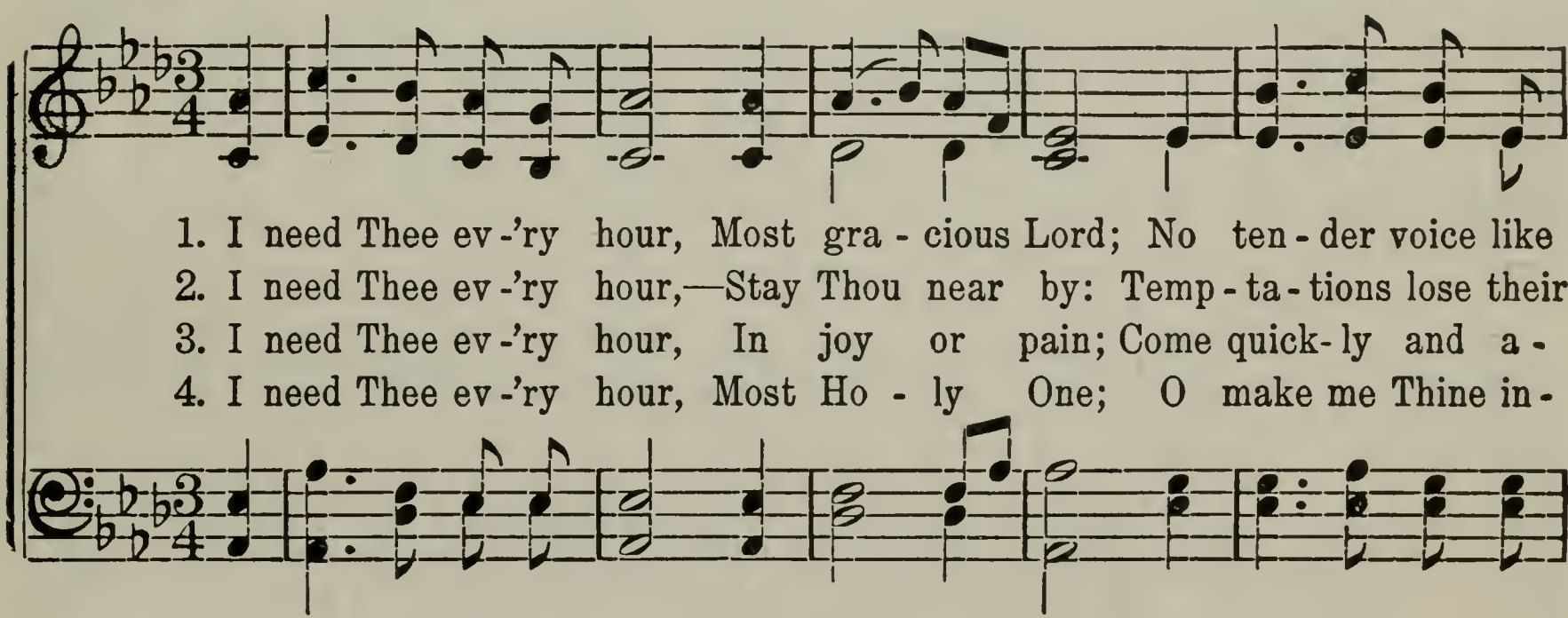
Morning.

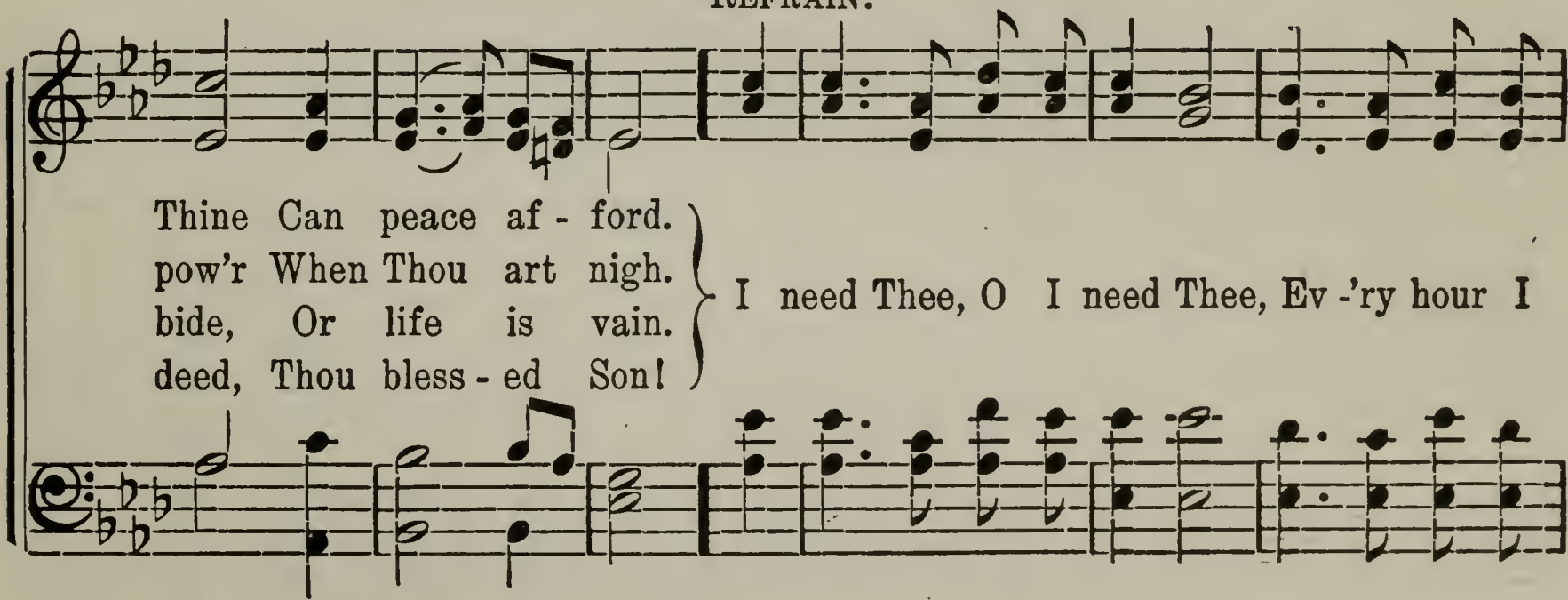


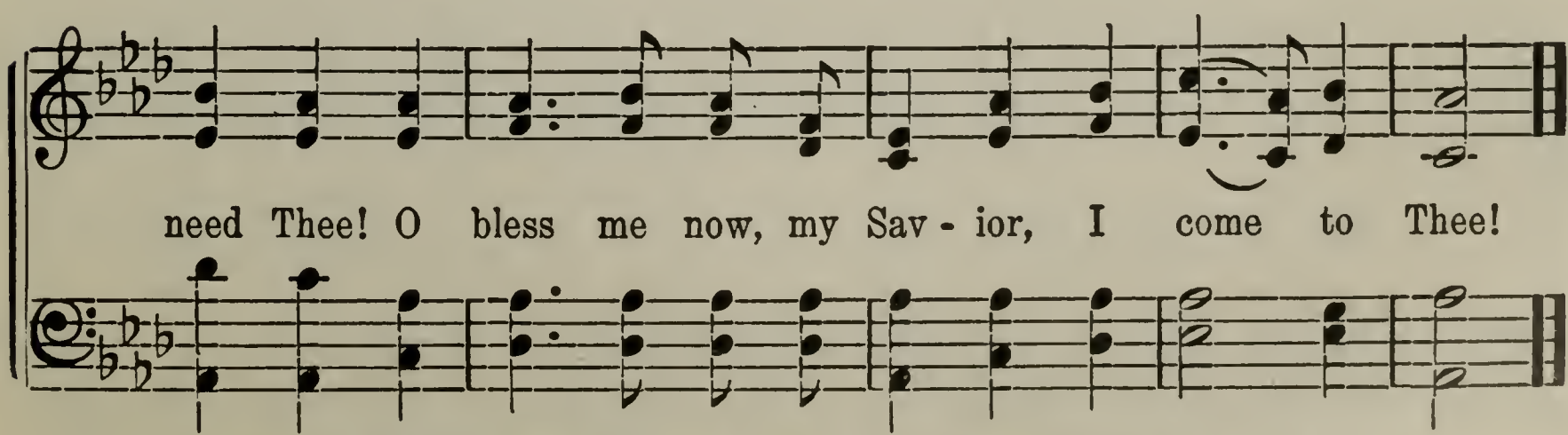
No. 229. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Robert Lowry.



Refrain.





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No. 230. Only a Little While.

S. C. Lowry. H. H. Petersen.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while of brave en - deav - or, On - ly a lit - tle while of care and strife, And then the per - fect peace of God for - ev - er, And the pure glo - ries of a fade - less life.

2. On - ly a lit - tle while of pa - tient yearn-ing, For van-ished smiles, and voi-ces hushed of yore, And then our loved ones with their Lord re - turn - ing, And hands, now severed, clasped to part no more.

3. O bliss - ful day! O glo-rious con - sum - ma - tion! Lo, o'er the hills the dawn is break - ing fast! Come, light of life, dis - play thy full sal - va - tion, And speed the lone - ly pil - grim home at last.

Chorus.

On - - ly wait - - ing, On - ly a lit - tle while, On - ly a lit - tle while, Till all our strife is o'er; Beck - 'ning Beck'ning, beck'ning Just a lit - tle while: Hark'ning voi - ces,

Only a Little While.

voi - ces Call us from yon - der shore (yon - der shore).

Beck-'ning voi - ces, Call us from yon - der shore.

No. 231. Come, Let's Make Our Voices Ring.

Briskly.

1. Come, let's make our voi - ces ring, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!
2. Come from many a dis - tant road, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!
3. Come in spite of rain or snow, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

And sing the songs we love to sing, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!
And come from many a bright a - bode, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!
In spite of all the winds that blow, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

REFRAIN.

For we love our Sun - day school, Our pleas - ant Sun - day school;

We'll sing its praise in joy - ful lays, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah!

No. 232. Joseph Smith.

EDWIN F. PARRY. EVAN STEPHENS.

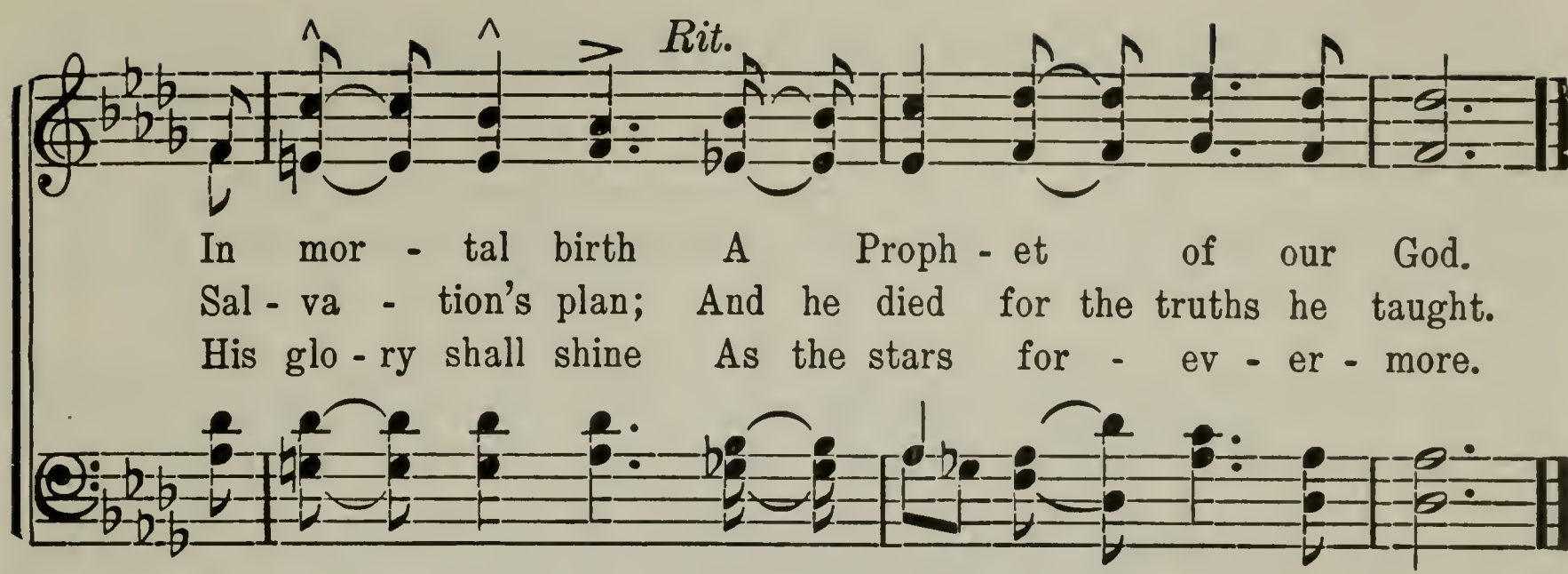
Moderato.

1. Re-nowned as the birth-place of pa - triots, And the home of brave he - roes of yore, Ver - mont, thy name, And thy fair fame, Are glo - ri - fied now the more; For a - mid thy state - ly moun-tains, On Shar - on's ver - dant sod, There came to earth

2. A her - ald of truth to the na - tions, He came with pow - er rife, With a mes-sage of love, From the courts a- bove, Pro - claim-ing the way of life; He gazed thro' the por - tals of heav - en, And glad ti - dings to earth he brought; He re-vealed to man

3. One cen - tu - ry of the a - ges 'Mid splen - dor has rolled a - way, Since that bright morn On which was born That Seer of lat - ter day; Yet in tri - umph he lives im - mor - tal, Tho' his war - fare on earth is o'er; With a light di - vine

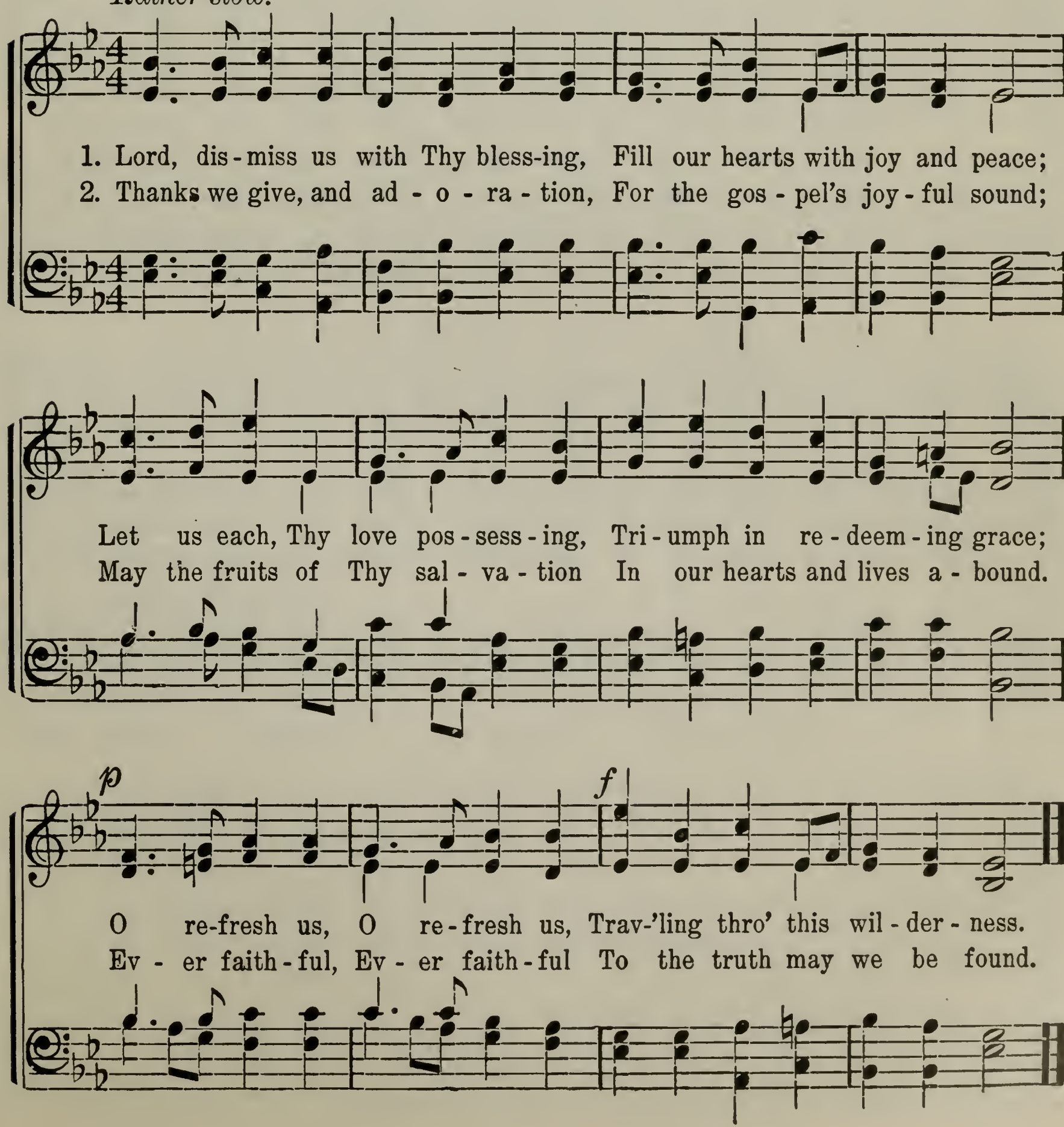
Joseph Smith.



No. 233. Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY. "S."

Rather slow.



No. 234. One Hundred Years.

(Centenary Song in Honor of the Prophet Joseph Smith.)

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

With distinctness.

1. One hun-dred years since God sent His serv-ant, Jo - seph the Proph-et, to dwell on the earth; One hun-dred years since here, as a mor - tal, One of the cho - sen of heav'n had his birth. In hum - ble cot— but love for his dow - ry— Peace-ful and smil - ing, un - no - ted he lay;
2. One hun-dred years, a span in the sto - ry Of end - less a - ges and a - ges un - born; But, like the dawn of the day in its glo - ry, Bright-ly it shin - eth with ra - diance of morn. One hun-dred years of won - der - ful prog-ress; Ne'er has the world seen its e - qual be - fore;
3. Jo - seph the Seer, the Mar-tyr un-flinch-ing, Ha - ted or loved by the foe or the friend, Thy glo-rious life, like a cur - rent un-end - ing, Gath - ers in pow - er as on-ward time wends. For good or ill, through all gen - er - a - tions, Thy name im - mor - tal shall ev - er be known:

One Hundred Years.

Lit tle the world knew—its clam-or pur-su - ing—How fu - ture a - ges would
Learning and truth, with the Gos-pel o'erspreading From sea to sea and
Ne'er shall the earth be possessed of thy e - qual, Till Christ in glo-ry shall

Rit.

CHORUS.

ff

hon - or that day.
from shore to shore.
come to His own.
} Sing we to - day of the birth of the Prophet;

Hail we with glad-ness the dawn of the day; Glo - ry to God, who, thro'

Jo - seph, has sent us Light that will nev - er from earth fade a - way!

No. 235. Before You Make a Promise.

(Round for Four Voices.)

1. Be - fore you make a prom - ise, Con - sid - er well its im-

2. port-ance;

3. And when made,

4. En - grave it up - on your heart.

No. 236 Our Angels.

(Song for Zion's Little Ones.)

LOUISA L. GREENE-RICHARDS. E. BEESLEY.

TREBLES AND ALTOS.

1. Lit - tle ones, come! we will wor - ship to - geth - er; Of - fer thanks-
2. Learning life's du - ties, and woo - ing those gra - ces Which the kind
3. O that His work, and the time, may be has - tened, When, like the

8va.

giv - ing in prayer and with song; Love warms and cheers us in
fa - vor of Heav - en will win; Glad may our hearts be, and
Neph-ites, once hum - ble and pure, All of our hearts will be

win - ter's cold weath-er; And 'mid the sum-mer's heat, faith makes us strong.
smil - ing our fa - ces, Not with much laugh-ter, for that would be sin.
soft - ened and chas-tened, That we His pres - ence may safe - ly en - dure.

PARTS. *p* *Cres.*

Soft - ly, sing soft - ly! Our an - gels are 'round us, Joy - ful - ly
Soft - ly, sing soft - ly! Our an - gels are near us; When we are
Soft - ly, sing soft - ly! He hears us and sees us! Let us u -

Our Angels.

f *p*

bear - ing our praise to the Lord; If meek, and lov - ing, and
pure, as we're striv - ing to be, We shall see them as they
ni - ted - ly seek for His grace; Bless us, Thy lit - tle ones,

f

true they have found us, Great is God's prom - ise to us, of re - ward.
see us, and hear us— E - ven our Sav - ior Him - self we shall see.
dear - est Lord Je - sus; O make us wor - thy to look on Thy face!

No. 237. Thy Will Be Done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. A. H. D. TROYTE.

1. My God, my Father,	while I	stray	Far from my home, on	life's rough	way,
2. Tho' dark my path and	sad my	lot,	Let me be still and	mur - mur	not;
3. What tho' in grief I	lone - ly	sigh	For friends beloved, no	lon - ger	nigh!
4. If Thou shouldst call me	to re -	sign	What most I prize, it	ne'er was	mine;
5. Let but my fainting	heart be	blest	With Thy sweet Spirit	for its	guest,
6. Renew my will from	day to	day,	Blend it with Thine, and	take a -	way

O teach me from my	heart to	say:	Thy	will be	done!
Or breathe the prayer di-	vine - ly	taught:	Thy	will be	done!
Submissive would I	still re -	ply:	Thy	will be	done!
I only yield Thee	what is	Thine,—	Thy	will be	done!
My God, to Thee I	leave the	rest,—	Thy	will be	done!
All that now makes it	hard to	say:	Thy	will be	done!

No. 238. Morning Thanksgiving.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Andante con moto.

1. Let us join in a song in the morn-ing, Prais-ing the Lord for the light of day, For the sun-shine the earth now a - dorn-ing, Chas-ing the dark-ness of night a - way; Let us join with all liv - ing na - ture, Sing the hap-pi-ness of our hearts; Grateful prove to our Father in heav-en, For all the blessings He doth im-part.

2. Praise Him for the be - lov - ed com - pan - ions That now sur-round us with fa - ces bright; Praise Him, too, for the health which He gives us, Fill - ing our be - ings with glad de - light; For the teach-ers who kind - ly teach us Useful things for our constant good; Thank Him, too, that He never neglects us, Giv-ing us comforts and dai - ly food. A - men, A - men.....

Rit. CODA. *Adagio.*

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No. 239. Let's be Kind to One Another.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

Allegretto.

1. Let's be kind to one an - oth - er, Let us win each oth - er's love,
2. Man - y hearts are sad and wear - y Of the world with all its toil,

Let each be a sis - ter, broth-er, As the an - gels are a - bove.
And this gloom, how-ev - er drear - y, Could be ban-ished by a smile:

Though we can't be pure and ho - ly While as mor-tals here we stay,
And that smile would cost you noth-ing, Noth-ing more than would a frown;

Yet we can shed love and kind-ness 'Round our path-way ev - 'ry day;
One would raise them up to heav - en, While the oth - er casts them down;

Yes, we should let love and kind-ness Be our mot - to day by day.
Let us then make earth a heav-en— Turn to kind-ly smiles our frowns.

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No. 240. Hark! the Children Sweetly Sing.

AMOS CLARKE.

1. Hark! the chil - dren sweet - ly sing Prais - es to their
2. See their num - bers, how they swell! To what great - ness,
3. Come and join this hap - py throng, Join them in their
4. Zi - on's chil - dren, bright and fair, They the king - dom

Sav - ior King! See them come in bright ar - ray, Chil - dren
who can tell! Zi - on's chil - dren strong are they,—Who their
ho - ly song, Train them in the path of right— Do - ing
soon shall bear; May they al - ways wor - thy be Of this

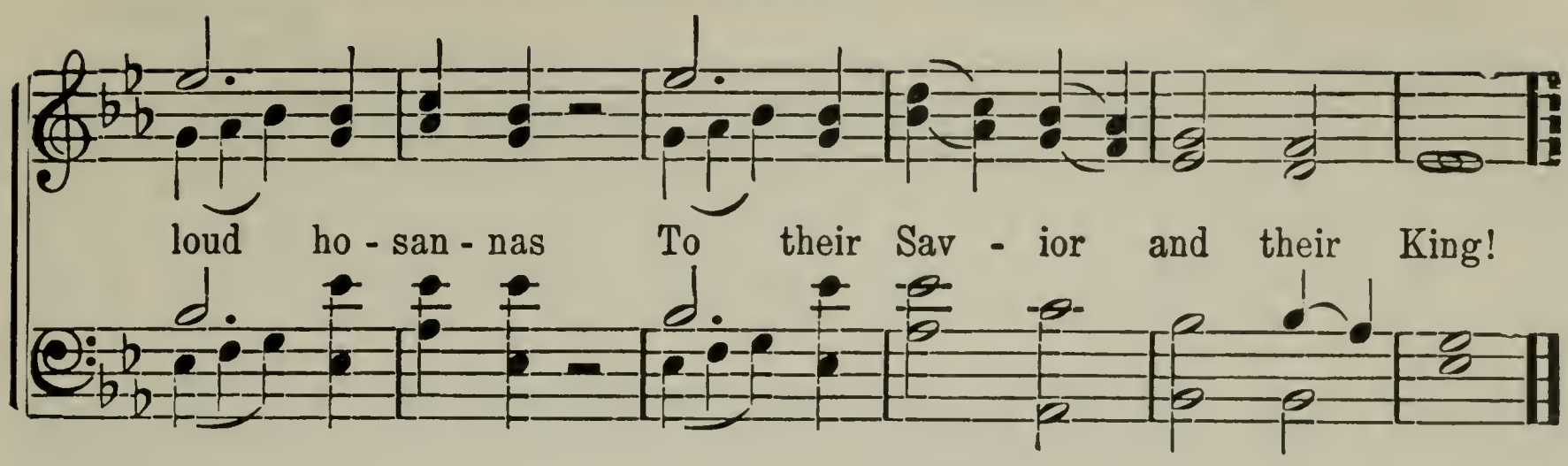
CHORUS.

of the lat - ter day.
on - ward course can stay?
good is their de - light.
glo - rious des - ti - ny.

Hark! hark! hark! The chil-dren sweet-ly

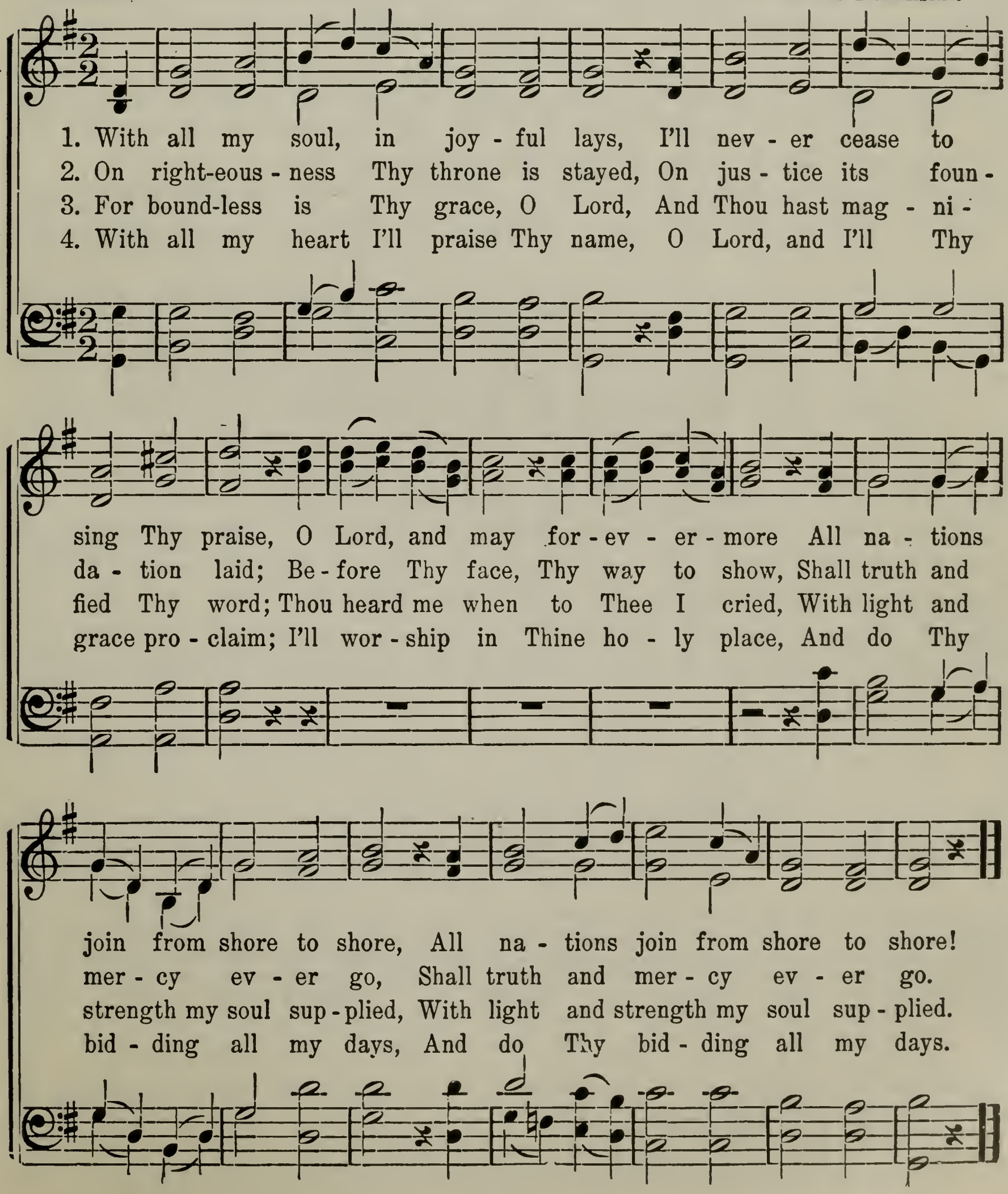
sing! Hark! hark! hark! The chil-dren sweet-ly sing Loud ho - san-nas,

Hark! the Children Sweetly Sing.



No. 241. Praise.

H. H. P. H. H. PETERSEN.



No. 242. The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my, With ban - ner, sword and shield, Are
2. And now the foe, ad - vanc - ing, That val - iant host as - sails, And
3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and con-flicts cease, When

marching forth to con - quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with
yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their cour-age nev - er fails; Their Lead-er calls, "Be
all are safe - ly gath-ered With - in the vale of peace, Be - fore the King e -

sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong, Who fol-lowed their Com-mand-er,
faith-ful!" They pass the word a - long, They see His sig - nal flash - ing,
ter - nal, That vast and might-y throng Shall praise His name for - ev - er,

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

And sing their joy - ful song.
And shout the joy - ful song.
And this shall be their song:
} Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Him that re -

deemed us! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord!

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The Joyful Song.

Voices in harmony.

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord!
Thro' Je-sus Christ, thro'Christ our Lord!

No. 243. Once More We Come Before Our God.

HENRY F. LYTE. (Bethlehem.) ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God—Once more His bless - ing ask:
2. A - wake, O heav'n-ly wind, a - wake! Re - fresh- ing breez - es, blow!

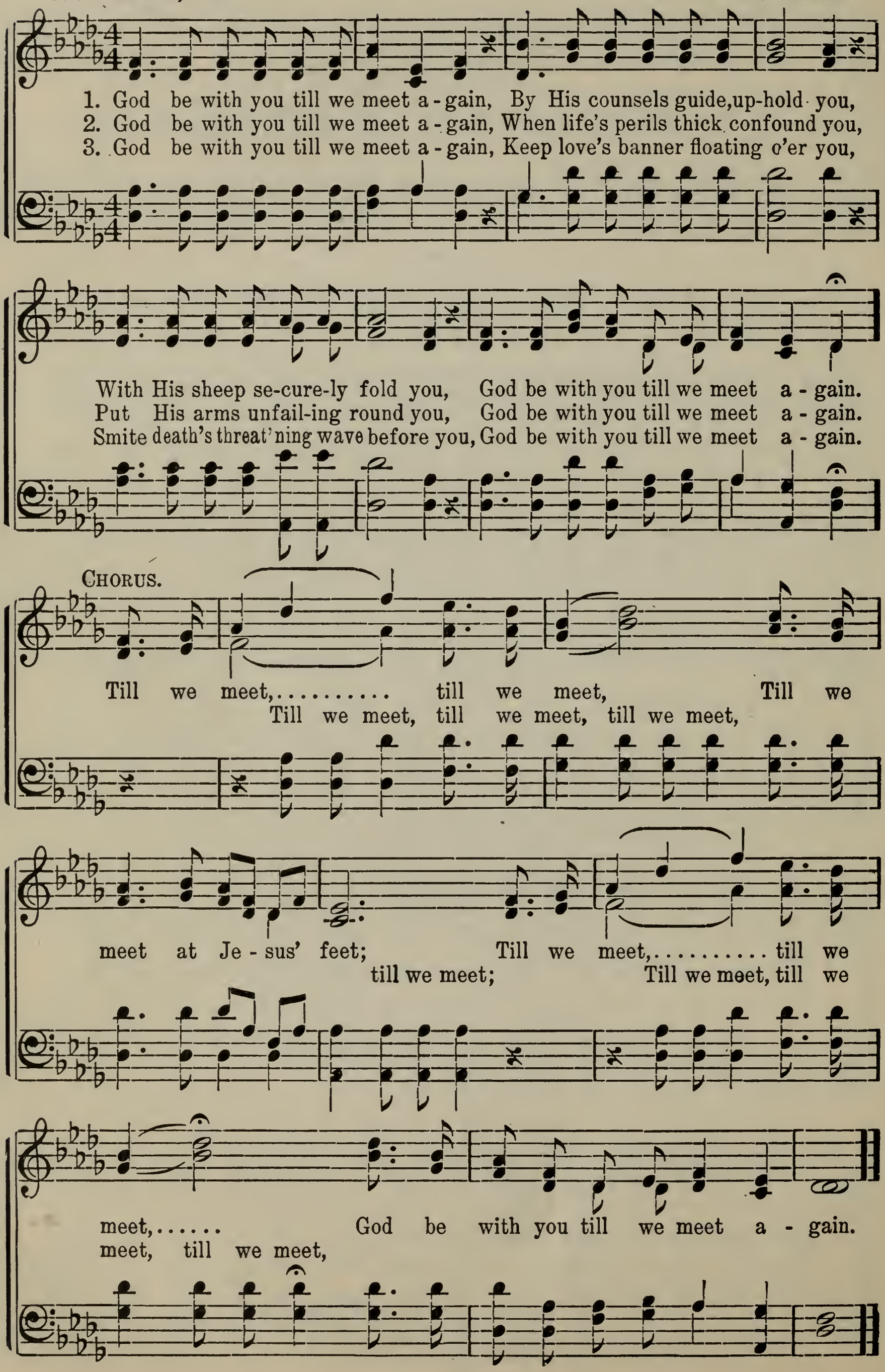
O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship prove a task.
Let ev - 'ry plant Thy pow'r par - take, And all the gar - den grow.

May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart;
Re - vive the parched with soft'ning show'rs, The cold with warmth di - vine;

And keep the sa - cred treas - ure there, Nor ev - er with it part.
The ben - e - fit shall all be ours, And all the glo - ry Thine.

No. 244. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms unfail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we
till we meet; Till we meet, till we
meet,..... God be with you till we meet a-gain.
meet, till we meet,

No. 245. Our King.

(Children's Day.)

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our sweetest songs of glad - ness, On this, the Children's Day, We bring to praise the Sav - ior, Who is the Life, the Way.
2. He loved the lit - tle chil - dren When He was here be - low, And though He's up in heav - en, He loves us yet, we know.
3. We love to sing His prais - es, And hear the sto - ries told Of Him when He was dwell - ing In Gal - i - lee, of old.
4. O Sav - ior, bless-ed Sav - ior, We kneel be - fore Thy throne, And ask that Thou wilt help us To live for Thee a - lone.

REFRAIN.

We sing,..... we sing..... The prais - es of our King;.....
We sing, we sing heav'n-ly King;

We sing,..... we sing..... The glo - ry of our King.
We sing, we sing

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No. 246. "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses."

(Tune: "Life's Railway to Heaven.")

ELIZA R. SNOW. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

UNISON.

1. Truth re-flects up - on our sen - ses, Gos - pel light re-veals to some;
2. Je - sus said, "Be meek and low - ly," For 'tis high to be a judge;
3. Char - i - ty and love are heal - ing, These will give the clear-est sight;

If there still should be of - fen - ses, Woe to them by whom they come.
If I would be pure and ho - ly, I must love with - out a grudge.
When I saw my broth-er's fail - ing, I was not ex - act - ly right.

Judge not, that you be not judg - ed, Was the coun - sel Je - sus gave;
It re - quires a con-stant la - bor All His pre - cepts to o - bey;
Now I'll take no fur - ther troub - le, Je - sus' love is all my theme;

Meas-ure giv - en, large or grudg-ed, Just the same you must re-ceive.
If I tru - ly love my neigh-bor, I am in the nar - row way.
Lit - tle motes are but a bub - ble, When I think up - on the beam.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss-ful shore,

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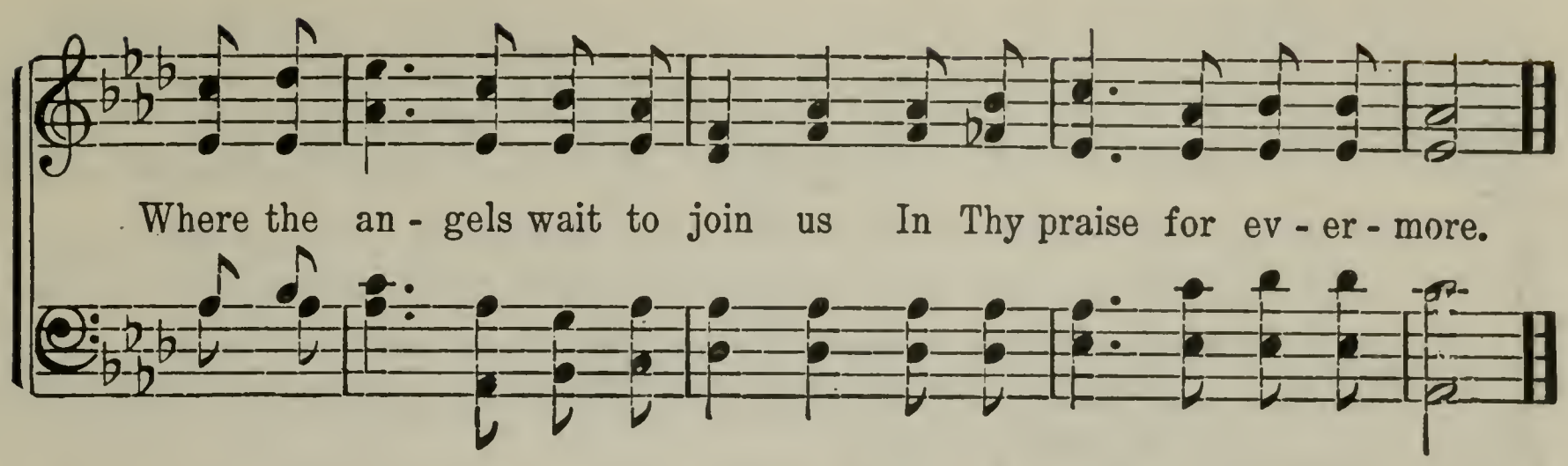
"Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses."



No. 247. He Died! the Great Redeemer Died.

ISAAC WATTS. GEORGE CARELESS.

Andante. *f*

1. He died! the great Re - deem - er died, And Is - rael's daugh - ters wept a - round; A sol - emn dark - ness veiled the sky, A sud - den trem - bling shook the ground.
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned be - neath your load; He shed a thou - sand drops for you, A thou - sand drops of pre - cious blood.
3. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree; The Lord of glo - ry died for men; But lo! what sud - den joys were heard! Je - sus, though dead, re - vived a - gain.
4. The ris - ing Lord for - sook the tomb, In vain the tomb for - bade Him rise; Che - ru - bic le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.

p *f*

No. 248. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes;
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close;

But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side,

Chorus.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wounded soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

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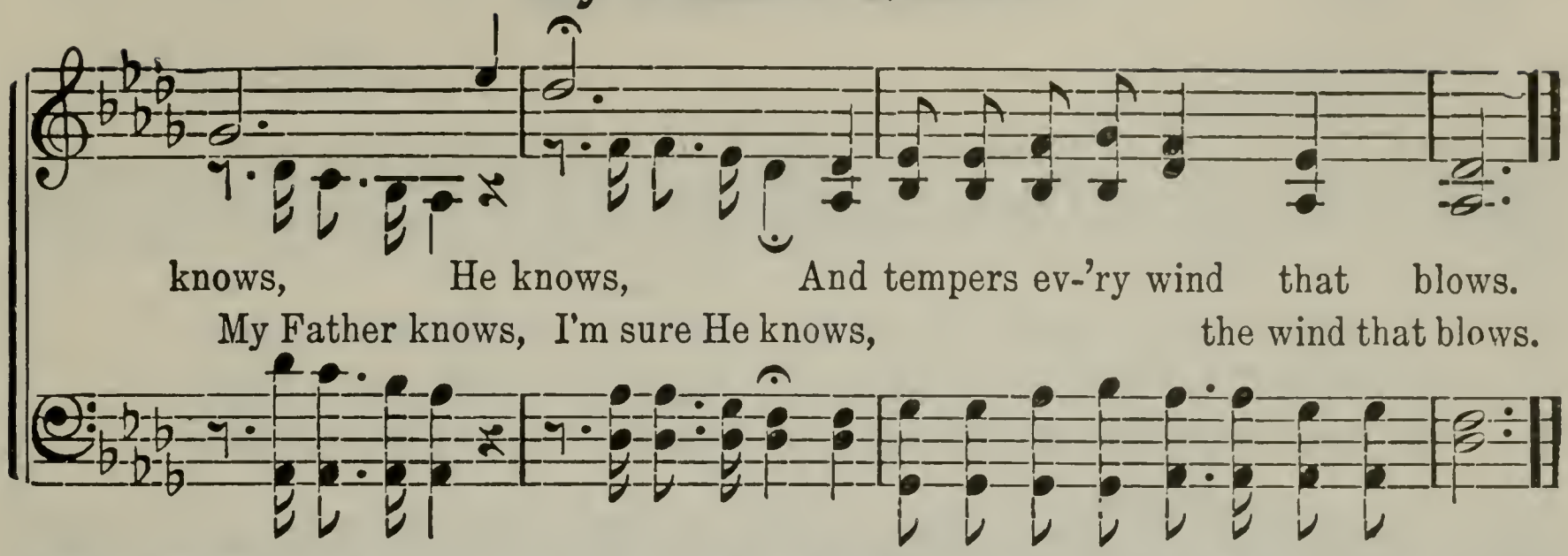
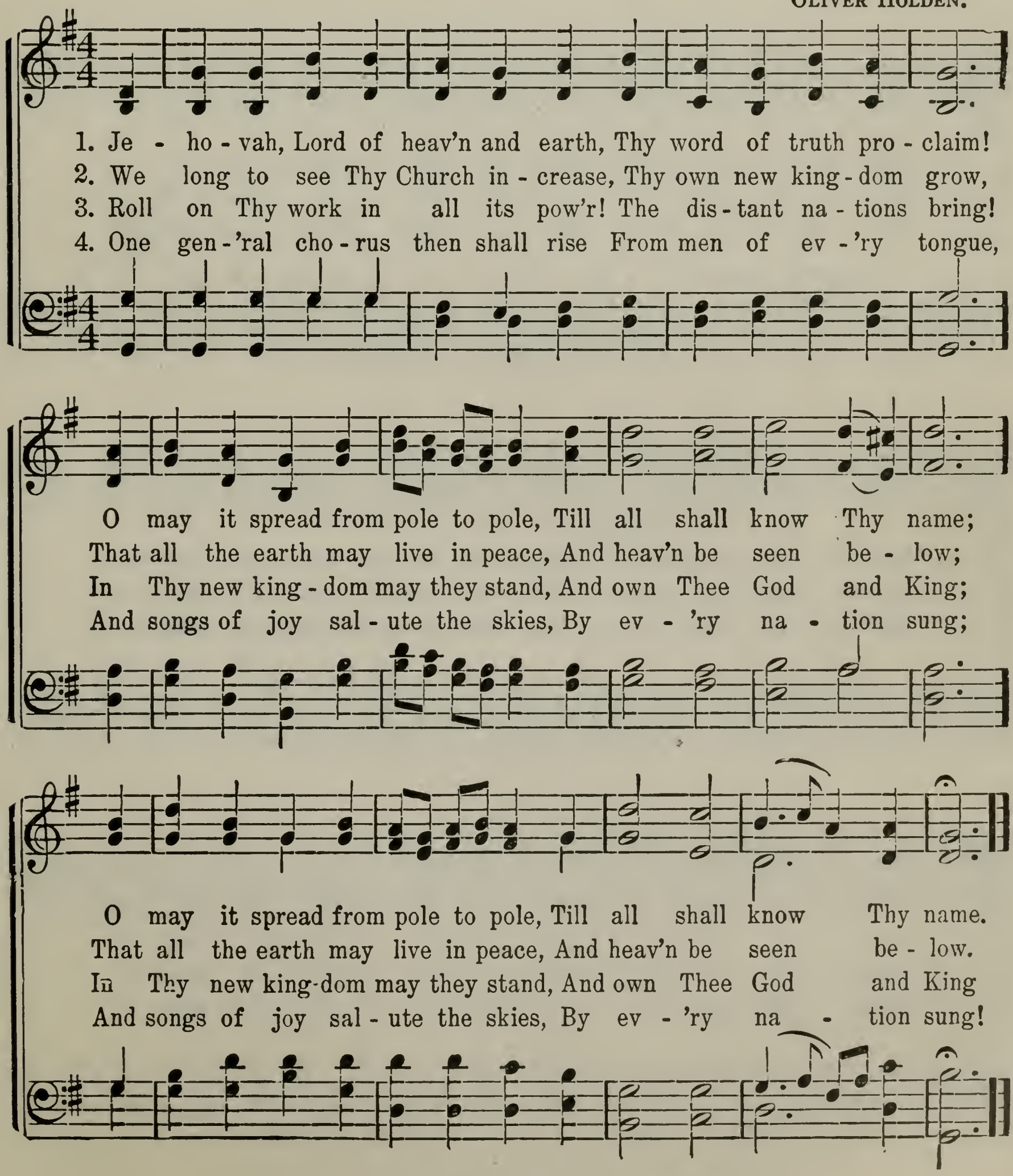
My Father Knows.



No. 249. Jehovah, Lord of Heaven and Earth.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 250. Easter Morning.

C. D. Martin. Wm. J. C. Thiel.

Duet. *Moderato.*

1. Light of the morn - ing is gild - - ing the sky,
2. Death is no lon - ger the mas - - ter and king,
3. Beau - ti - ful morn - ing, so filled with God's light,

Shades of the night - time are now pass - ing by;
Je - sus is ris - en, His pow - er we sing;
Sun - beams are gleam - ing re - splen - dent and bright;

Earth is a - wak - 'ning from dark - ness and gloom,
Lives He for aye at the right hand of God;
Heav - en and glo - ry are seen through the grave,

Je - sus has tri - umphed o'er sin and the tomb.
Crown Him, O crown Him, your Sav - ior and Lord.
Since He has ris - en, and liv - eth to save.

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No. 251. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

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No. 252. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. Arr. from an old melody.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. We
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in. Oh,

may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,

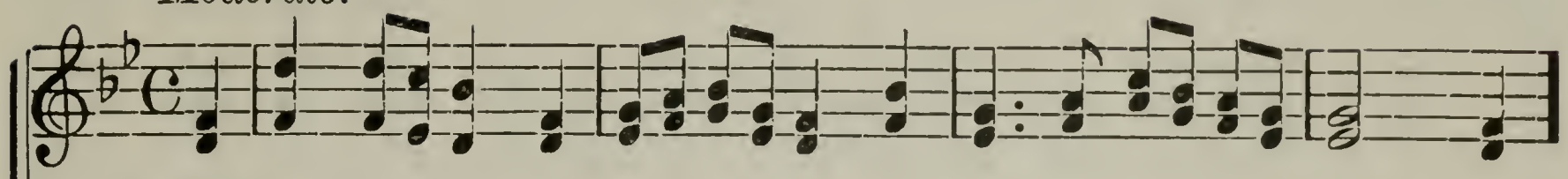
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 253. With Hearts Sincere.

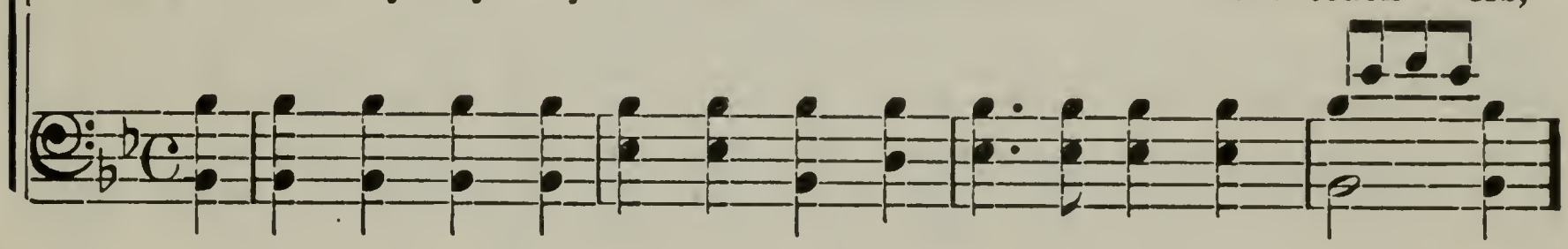
(A Jubilee Song.)

J. K. Hall. Thomas C. Griggs.

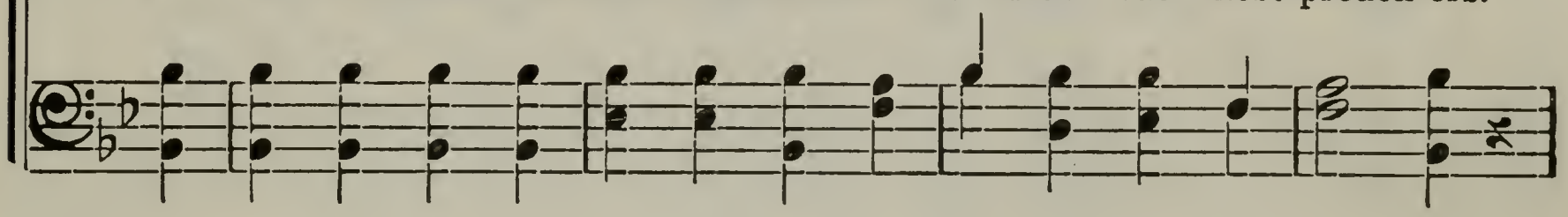
Moderato.



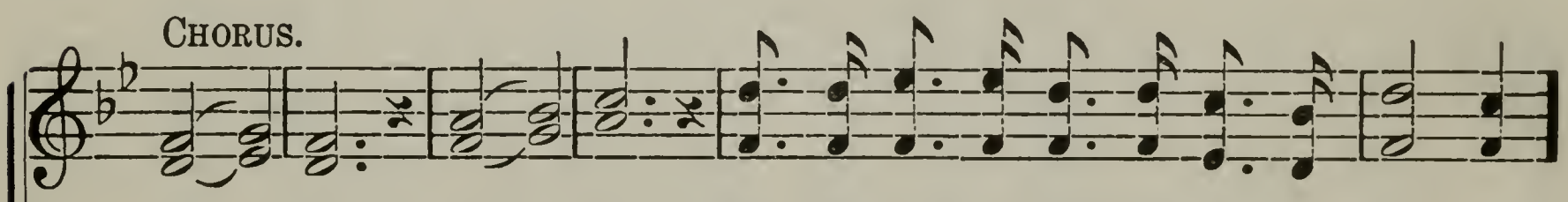
1. With hearts sincere we now meet here, Our voi - ces sweet-ly blend - ing
2. Our song shall be, this ju - bi - lee, God bless the youth of Zi - on;
3. Our Sunday schools, where golden rules From books of in - spir - a - tion
4. A nurs - 'ry may they ev - er be For Zi - on's fu - ture teach - ers,



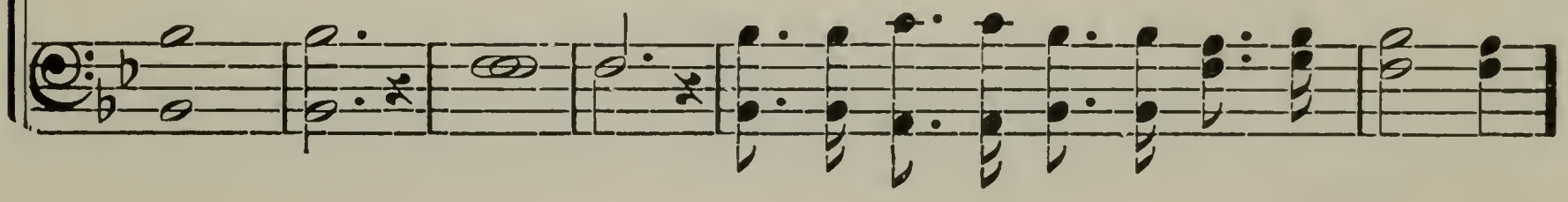
In strains of love to God a - bove, For mer-cies nev - er end - ing.
And haste the day His priest-hood may Our need-ed help re - ly on.
Pre - pare the youth to preach the truth To each be - night - ed na - tion.
A no - ble band at God's command—A band of ear - nest preach-ers.



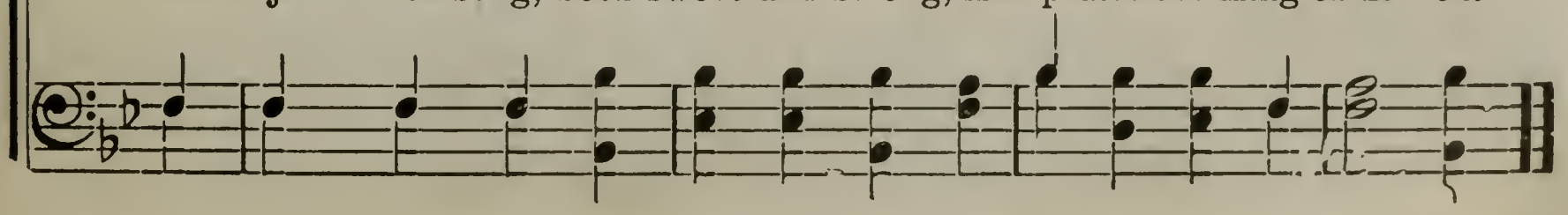
Chorus.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly, great and mighty King of Zi - on!



We'll join in song, both sweet and strong, And praise the King of Zi - on.



No. 254. Oh, It is Wonderful.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con -
2. I mar - vel that He would de - scend from His throne di - vine, To
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed-ing, to pay the debt! Such

fused at the grace that so full - y He prof - fers me; I
res - cue a soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That
mer - cy, such love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No,

trem - ble to know that for me He was cru - ci - fied, That
He should ex - tend His great love un - to such as I, Suf -
no I will praise and a - dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un -

Rit.

for me, a sin - ner, He suf - fered, He bled and died.
fi - cient to own, to re - deem and to jus - ti - fy.
til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me, E - nough to
won - der - ful!

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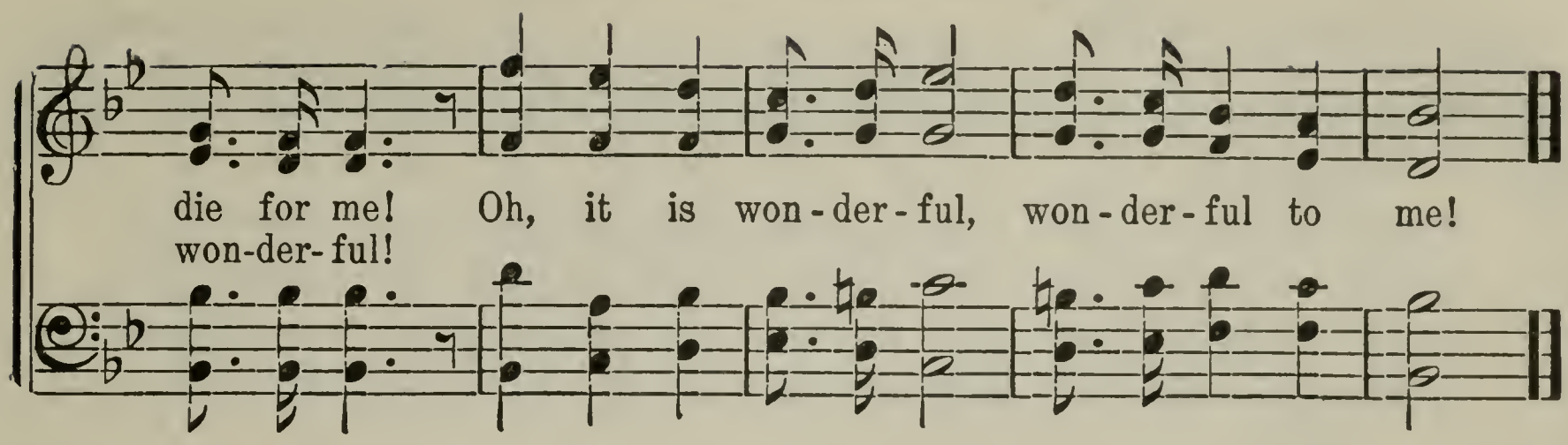
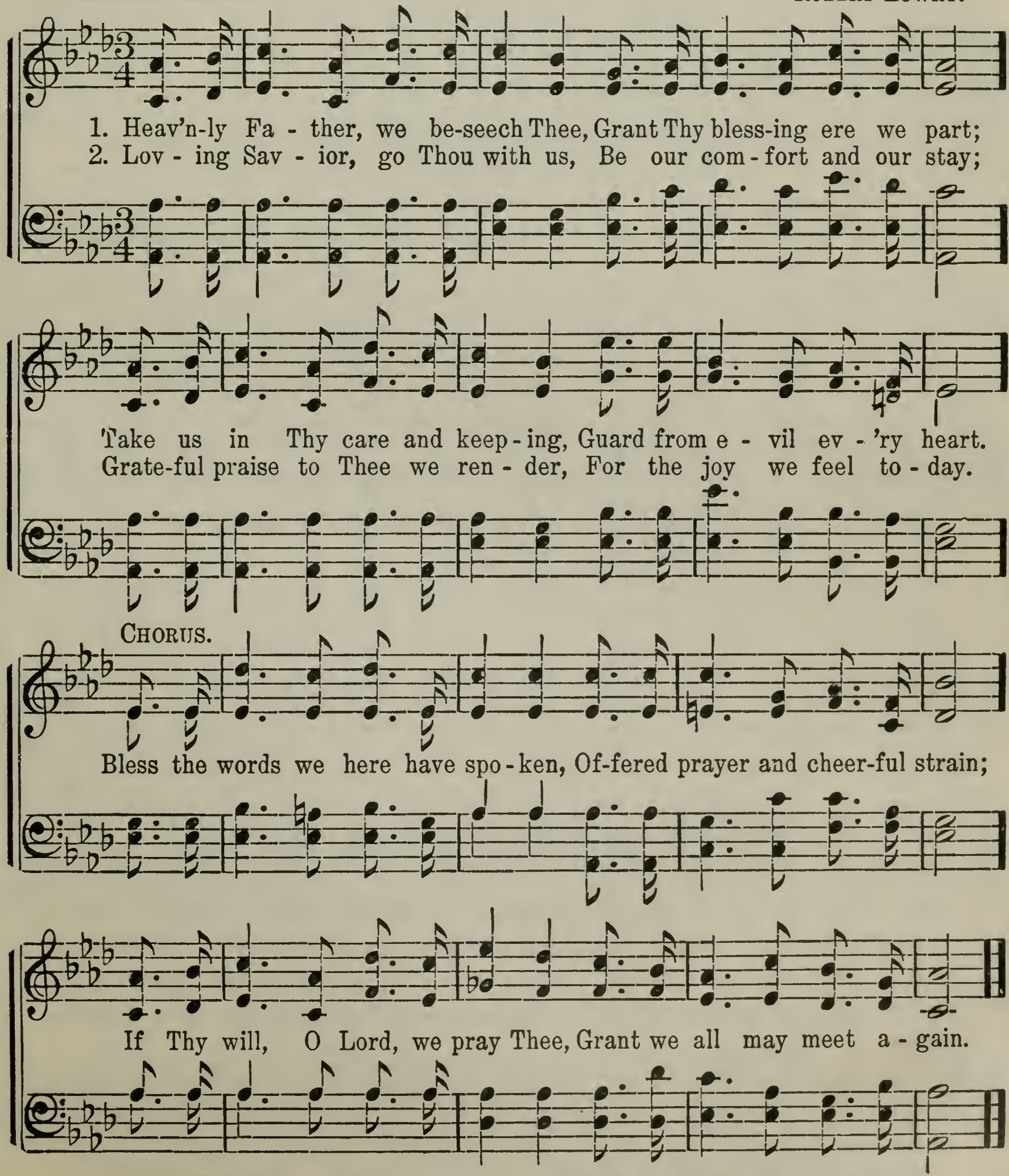
Oh, It is Wonderful.



No. 255. Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.



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No. 256. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Un - an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have plead - ed In ag - o-
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these man-y years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de-
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be - gan when first your prayer was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud - est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de - sire, some-
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an - swer you, some-
keep the spir - it burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, some-
nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done," some-

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Sometime, Somewhere.

Rit. *Ad lib.*

time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some-where.
time, some-where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some-where.

No. 257. The Everlasting Friend.

JOHN LYON. H. H. PETERSEN.

mf

1. O Lord, re - spon - sive to Thy call, In life or
2. Though life be short, and tri - als seem To dark - en
3. Death may dis - tract our pres - ent joy, And all our
4. O let Thy Spir - it with us dwell, That we in

p

death, what - e'er be - fall, Our hopes for bliss on
its pro - tract - ed gleam, Though friends for - sake, and
bright - est hopes de - stroy; Yet these will in the
fu - ture worlds may tell How we o'er - came, and,

Thee de - pend; Thou art our ev - er - last - ing Friend.
foes con - tend, Thou art our ev - er - last - ing Friend.
fu - ture tend To prove Thee still our faith - ful Friend.
in the end, Made Thee our ev - er - last - ing Friend.

No. 258. Send the Light.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound,
3. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save;
And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found;
Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove;

Send the light!..... Send the light!.....
Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

{ Send the light,..... the bless-ed gos-pel light, Let it
{ Send the light,..... and let its ra-diant beams Light the

shine..... from shore to shore!.....
world.... ... for-ev-er-[*Omit.* . . . .] more (for-ev-er-more).

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No. 259. Children's Praise.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Songs of praise we bring to our Sav-ior King, Who hath said, "Let lit-tle
2. Tho' so young and small, Je-sus loves us all, And His smil-ing face o'er
3. Then glad songs em-ploy, songs of praise and joy, To the Lamb who loves the

chil-dren come, For of such," said He, "shall my king-dom be." King-dom
all we see; Gen-tly, day by day, still He leads the way; Bless-ed
chil-dren so; Let us each be true, love and serve Him too, And more

CHORUS.

of the ran-somed, gath-ered home.
Jo-sus, we will fol-low Thee.
like the Mas-ter dai-ly grow.

We will sweet-ly sing of our

Sav-ior King, Till the ech-oes reach the vault-ed skies; To the

Lord a-bove, Prince of peace and love, Shall our sweetest songs of praise a-rise.

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No. 260. Joseph the Blest.

(Century of the Prophet's Birth.)

(The Deseret S. S. Union Prize Poem and Music.)

LOUISA L. GREENE-RICHARDS. EVAN STEPHENS.

Majestically and with fervor.

1. Fa - ther of life and light, In heav'n a - bove,
2. Jo - seph, who wis - dom sought When but a child;
3. Roll cen - turies quick - ly by, Hast - en Thy time;

This world Thou mak - est bright, Warmed by Thy love. While all the
Whom God and Je - sus taught Truth un - de - filed. Jo - seph, by

Let the glad Gos - pel cry Fill ev - 'ry clime. Thou wilt no

meek re-joice, Let ev - 'ry heart and voice Send forth Thy praise,
an - gels led, Whose blood for truth was shed, Mid er - ror's strife.

soul neg-lect, Gath - er Thine own e - lect Home to Thy rest.

Joseph the Blest.

Who didst on earth be - stow, One hun - dred years a - go,
Hy - rum the faith - ful, too, Pa - tri - arch staunch and true,

Bid doubt and er - ror cease, Bring in Thy reign of peace;

Jo - seph, the Proph - et dear, Jo - seph, the might - y seer,
Firm by his broth - er stood, Gave all that mor - tal could,

Let the pure, as re - ward, Meet with their Sav - ior Lord,

Rit.

Jo - seph, the might - y seer Of lat - ter days!
Gave all that mor - tal could, His no - ble life!

Meet with their Sav - ior Lord— Jo - seph, the blest!

NOTE.—First and second stanzas may be sung all in unison, organ playing four parts; then, all who can, should sing the four parts in third stanza, the rest still singing lead.

No. 261. Our Nation's Glory.

J. H. Ward. H. A. Tuckett.

Animato.

1. Our Sun-day schools, our Sun-day schools, The glo - ry of our na - tion;
2. The rich may boast of pleas-ures rare, But we can scarce be - lieve them,
3. As some-times down the west-ern skies The fi - ery sun - set lin - gers,
4. This glo-rious light of lat - ter days Is on - ly in its dawn - ing;

'T is here we learn life's gold-en rules, And du - ties of our sta - tion.
That they in pur - er joys have share Than those our school could give them.
The gates of heav'n seem to our eyes Un-locked by un - seen fin - gers;
The hill - tops catch the morn-ing rays, Soon vales will see the morn - ing;

The poor may learn their hon-est worth, The rich may learn their du - ty;
O hap - py hours of peace-ful rest, Vouch-safed in life's glad morn - ing,
So Sun - day songs, like ech-oes far, Pro-claim the won - drous sto - ry,
Then in that noon-tide splendor rare, 'T will be a fact worth know-ing,

May learn our mis - sion here on earth, That good-ness gives us beau - ty.
They'll make our la - ter years more blest, With mem-'ries sweet a - dorn - ing.
As sun - set holds the gates a - jar, And half re - veals its glo - ry.
That in the har - vest we'll have share, Be-cause we helped the sow - ing.

Our Nation's Glory.

CHORUS.

Then let..... our hearts ..... be filled..... with joy,.....

Then let our hearts be filled with joy, Then let our hearts be filled with joy,

Our hap - - - py voi - - - ces ring - - ing;

Our hap - py, youth - ful voi - ces joy - ous ring - - ing;

Here we..... have bliss..... with - out..... al - loy,.....

Here we have bliss with-out al - loy, Here we have bliss with-out al - loy,

While heav - - en - ly an - - - thems sing - - ing.

While heav'n - ly an - thems we are sweet - ly sing - - ing.

No. 262. On, One and All.

B. F. B. J. R. S.

1. On one and all, yon-der the sun is shin-ing bright; On one and all—
2. Brave hearts and true, now from the Sunday school we come; On move the ranks,

mer-ri-ly now our hearts are bound-ing; Hope in our path shed-ding her
un-der our ban-ner bright-ly gleam-ing; Brave hearts and true, lov-ing-ly

beams of ro-sy light, Bids our ar-my now ad-vanc-ing, hail, all hail!
go-ing, go-ing home, There to dwell with our Re-deem-er ev-er-more.

On while the Spring scatters her buds and blossoms fair, On while the birds
Tho' on our way man-y a rock-y steep we climb, Firm be our step,

cheer-ful-ly wake the dew-y air; On, one and all, la-bor and
cheer-i-ly still our voi-ces chime; Faith wings our flight o-ver the

On, One and All.

toil glad-ly share, Joy-ful-ly, now joy-ful-ly, now joy-ful-ly march a - way!
wide sea of time, Up to the land, beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land of song!

CHORUS.

Stead-i - ly, then, our Guide we fol - low, stead - i - ly march-ing on;

Grate-ful - ly now we sing, Glo - ry to God our King! Ten-der-ly sweet His

voice will cheer us, ten-der-ly sweet to - day; Hear Him call to each—Go for-ward,

march a - way! *Inst.*

No. 263. Sweet Sabbath School.

J. Parsons.

Duet. *Lively.*

1. We come, we come, a joy - ful band, And
2. Our teach - ers bless, O Lord, we pray, Who
3. The cause is Thine, and it shall rise; Oh,
4. And when on earth we cease to be, Oh,

Lively.

now we in Thy presence stand, And now we in Thy pres-ence stand;
come to teach us day by day, Who come to teach us day by day;
send sweet showers from the skies, Oh, send sweet showers from the skies,
may we live in heav'n with Thee—Oh, may we live in heav'n with Thee—

Ac - cept our thanks, O Lord, and bless Our Sab-bath school with
Their la - bors strength - en, Lord, and bless Our Sab-bath school with
Our friends as - sem - bled here to bless, And grant our Sab - bath
In that bright land of peace and love, And there for - ev - er

Sweet Sabbath School.

great suc - cess, Our Sab - bath school with great suc - cess.
sweet suc - cess, Our Sab - bath school with sweet suc - cess.
school suc-cess, And grant our Sab - bath school suc - cess.
reign a - bove, And there for - ev - er reign a - bove.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Sweet Sabbath school, its praise we sing; 'Tis here we learn God's holy way, On

p

Allegro.

this the blessed Sabbath day: Sweet Sab-bath school, sweet Sab-bath school.

f

No. 264. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY. Alt. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tar-nished name, Sow-ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come, Glad - ly to gath-er the har - vest home:

Oh, what shall the har - vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....

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What Shall the Harvest Be?

CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - - ness, or sown..... in the

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

sown..... in our might,..... Gath - ered in time or e-

Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e-

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be.. ...

ter - ni - ty.... Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be.

No. 265. Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

J. L. Townshend. E. Beesley.

1. Let us oft speak kind words to each oth - er, At
2. Like the sun - beams of morn on the moun-tains, The

home or wher-e'er we may be; Like the war - blings of
soul they a - wake to good cheer; Like the mur - mur of

birds on the heath-er, The tones will be wel-come and free;
cool pleas-ant foun-tains, They fall in sweet ca-den - ces near.

They'll glad - den the heart that's re - pin - ing,..... Give
Let's oft, then, in kind - ly - toned voi - ces,..... Our

Kind Words are Sweet Tones.

cour - age and hope from a - bove; And where the dark clouds hide the
mu - tu - al friend-ship re - new; Till heart meets with heart and re-

Rit.

shin - ing,..... Let in the bright sun - light of love.
joi - ces..... In friend - ship that ev - er is true.

CHORUS.

Oh, the kind words we give shall in mem-o - ry live, And sunshine for-ev-er im-

part; Let us oft speak kind words to each other, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

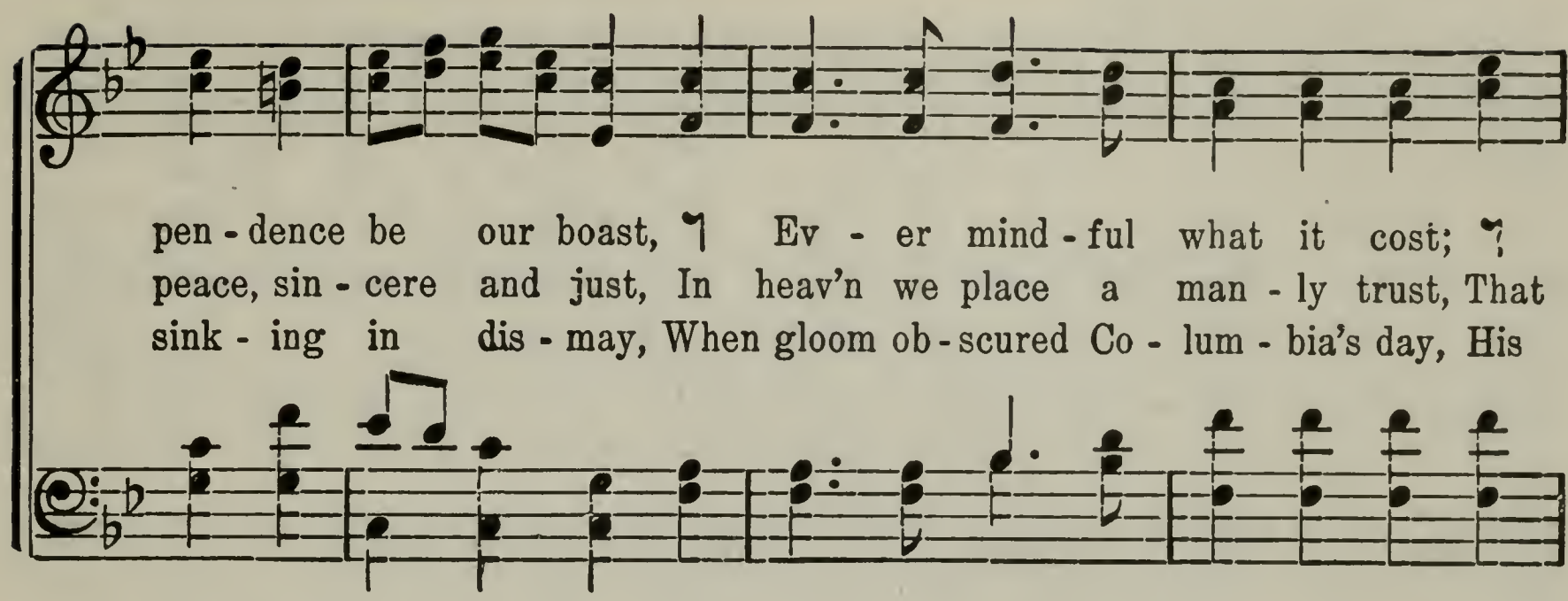
No. 266. Hail, Columbia!

F. Hopkinson.

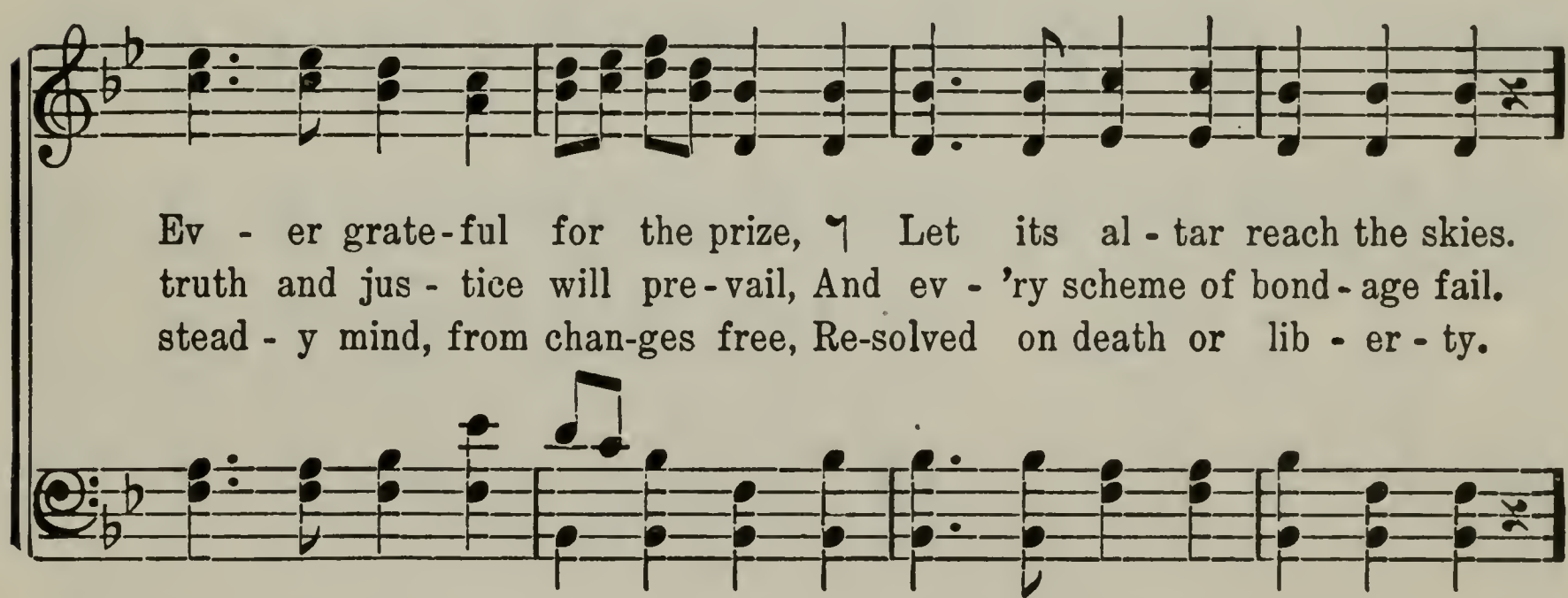
With energy.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! hap - py land; Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n - born band, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And, when the storm of war had gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more, De - fend your rights, de- fend your shore! Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While of - f'ring
3. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands, The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed with vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was

Hail, Columbia!

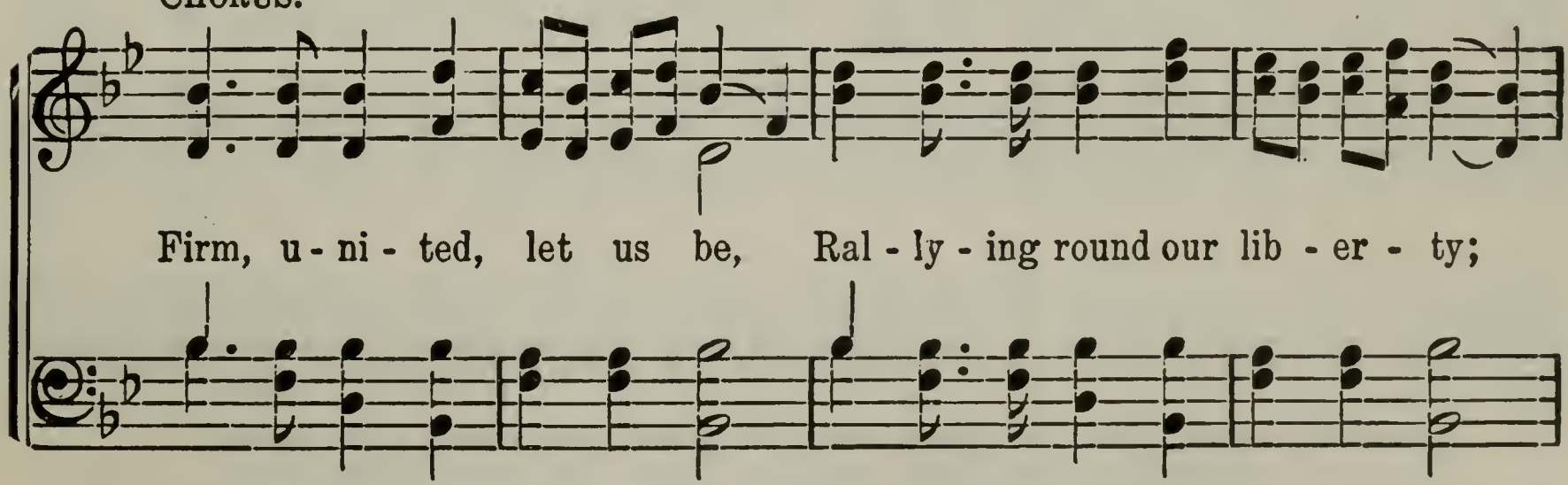


pen - dence be our boast, ¶ Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; ¶
peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

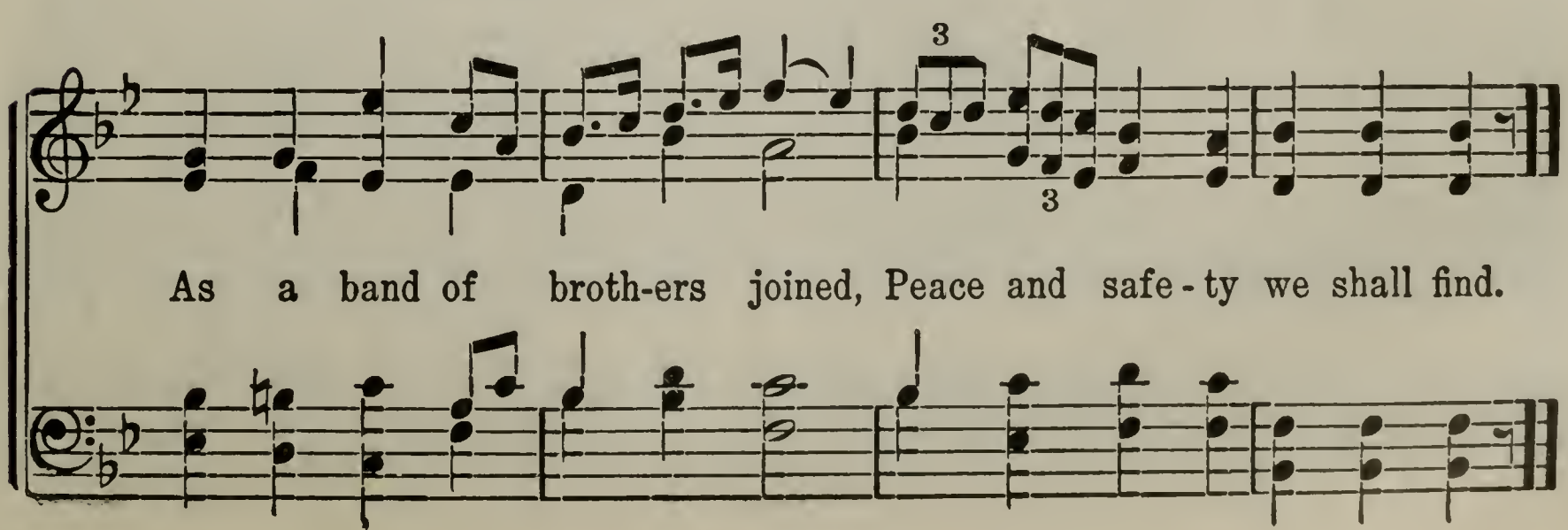


Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, ¶ Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
stead - y mind, from chan-ges free, Re-solved on death or lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.



Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty;



As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

No. 267. Zion's Sunday School Jubilee Hymn.

EMILY H. WOODMANSEE. W. DAUNT SCOTT.

Tempo di marcia.

1. From man - y far - off lands, Pil - grims, in cheer - ful bands, With one ac - cord, Has - tened, in these "Last days," Hith - er to learn God's ways; And still they come to praise And serve the Lord!
2. When dark-ness clothed the land, The Lord's suf - fi - cient hand Rent yon - der sky; A - mid doubt's drear - y night, The Lord's suf - fi - cient might Re - stored the Gos - pel light, Lest faith should die.
3. To Him whose heav'n - ly truth Now glad - dens age and youth, Both great and small, Give thanks! He still pre - sides, Who sends us faith - ful guides; Thank Him whose love pro-vides "Good gifts" for all.

8 8 8 8 8 8

Zion's Sunday School Jubilee Hymn.

CHORUS IN UNISON. *Joyfully.*

Come, let us joy - ful be, Hail Zi - on's Ju - bi - lee!

ff

Hail Zi - on's Ju - bi - lee Of Sun - day schools!

ff *ff* *ff*

Sing, for on ev - 'ry side Zi - on has mul - ti - plied;

Let God be glo - ri - fied Where free - dom rules.

No. 268. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

(Anthem.)

H. F. Lyte. S. L. Fish.

Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

Soprano Solo.

Tho' the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-ior too;

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true:

Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true.

Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,

Cres.

Foes may hate and friends dis-own me; Show Thy face, and all is bright!

ff *Dim.* *Rit.*

Foes may hate and friends dis-own me; Show Thy face, and all is bright!

No. 269. The "Mormon" Boy.

E. S. EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Kind
2. I'm
3. My

friends, as here I stand to sing, So ver - y queer I feel, That
proud to know that I was born A - mong these mountains high, Where
fa - ther is a "Mor-mon" true, And when I am a man, I

now I've made my bow, I fear I don't look quite gen-teel; But,
I've been taught to love the truth, And scorn to tell a lie; Yet
want to be like him, and do Just all the good I can. My

The "Mormon" Boy.

nev - er mind, for I'm a boy That's al - ways full of joy— A
I'll con - fess that I am wild, And oft - en do an - noy My
faults I'll try to o - ver - come, And while I life en - joy, With

rough - and - read - y sort of chap— An hon - est "Mor - mon" boy.
dear - est friends, but that's a fault Of many a "Mor - mon" boy.
pride I'll lift my head, and say, I am a "Mor - mon" boy.

CHORUS.

A "Mor-mon" boy, a "Mor-mon" boy, I am a "Mor-mon" boy;

I might be en - vied by a king, For I am a "Mor - mon" boy.

No. 270.

Pilgrim Chorus.

From "I Lombardi."

In Unison. *Slow.*

From a - far, gracious Lord, Thou didst gath - er Thy flock on these

shores of the o - - cean; Thee they owned as their God and their

Fa - ther; And when left..... in the wild waste for - lorn, Still they

served Thee with stead-fast de - vo - tion. Hear the cry which their

chil - dren are send - ing, With the ac - cents of pen - i - tence

Pilgrim Chorus.

blend - ing, Save Thy peo - - ple from per - il and scorn.

ALL PARTS.

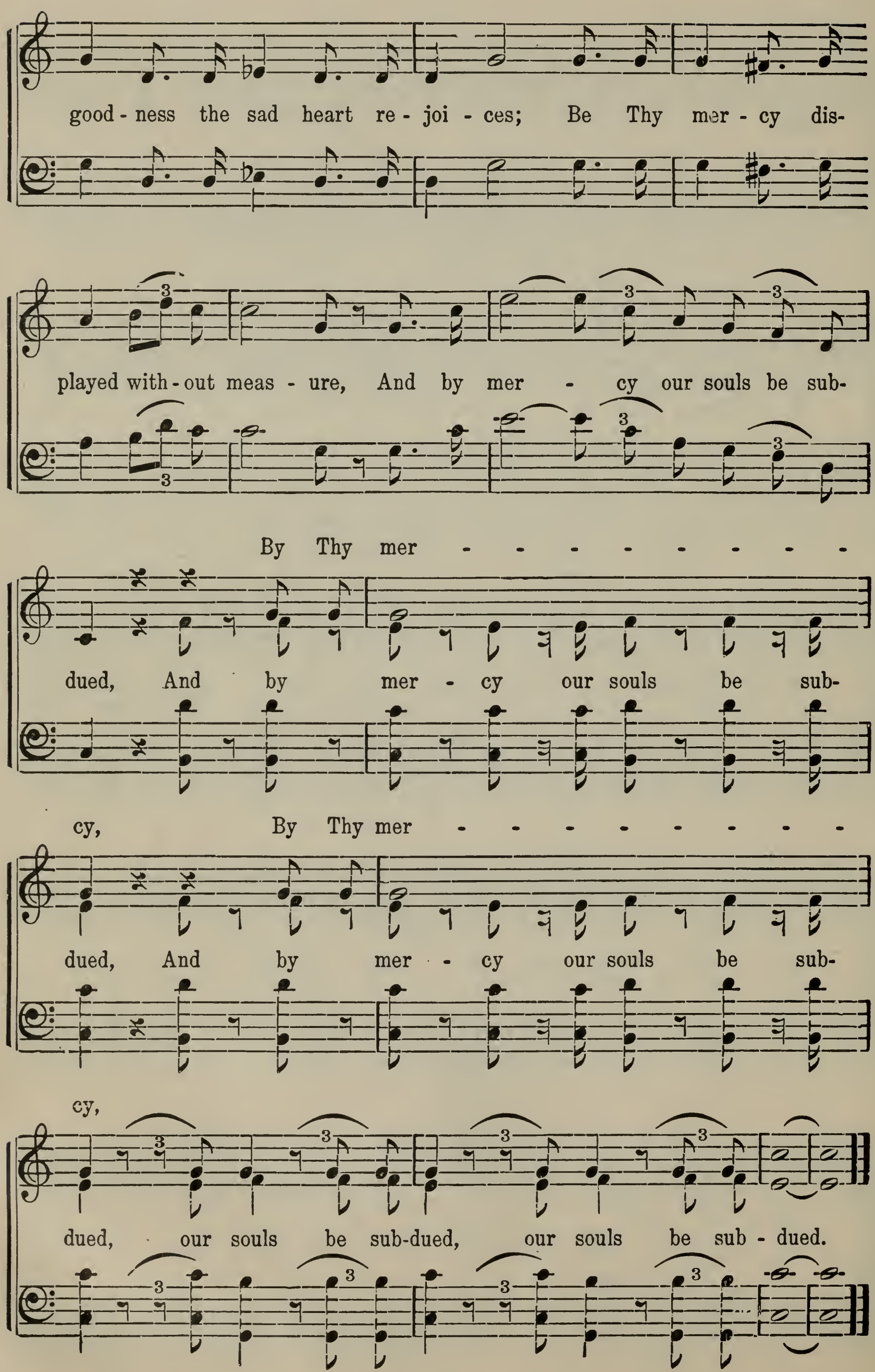
Oh, let peace bend its i - ris arch o'er.... us, Gen - tle breez - es and

waves, with our voi - ces, Sing of light, love, and free - dom in

cho - rus, Till the E - den of old be re - newed.

Ah! our sins would call down Thy dis - pleas - ure, But Thy

Pilgrim Chorus.



No. 271. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION. GEORGE CARELESS.

Andante. *f* *p* *f*

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed-ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re -
3. Five pleading wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef -

thy guilt - y fears;

Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my
deem-ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for
fect-ual prayers, They strong-ly speak for me; "For - give him, oh, for -

Before the throne

f

Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprink-les now the throne of grace.
give!" they cry, "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die!"

my Surety stands,

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
From His beloved Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 272. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

MEDLEY. L. D. EDWARDS.

Largo.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives; What com-fort this sweet sentence gives!
2. He lives to grant me rich sup-ply, He lives to guide me with His eye.
3. He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend, He lives, and loves me to the end,
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je - sus, still the same;

ACCOMP.

He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - liv-ing head.
He lives to com-fort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's com-plaint.
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing, He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
O the sweet joy this sen-tence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!"

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,
He lives to si-lence all my fears, He lives to wipe a-way my tears,
He lives, and grants me daily breath, He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my Je-sus, still the same;

TENOR.

BASS.

He lives, my hungry soul to feed, He lives to bless in time of need.
He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives, all blessings to im - part.
He lives, my mansion to pre - pare, He lives to bring me safely there.
O the sweet joy this sentence gives, "I know that my Re-deem-er lives!"

No. 273. Though Deepening Trials.

E. R. Snow. George Careless.

1. Though deep'ning tri - als throng your way, Press on, press on, ye Saints of God! Ere long the res - ur- rec - tion day Will spread its life and light a- broad, Will spread its life and light a - broad.
2. Though out-ward ills a - wait us here, The time at long - est is not long Ere Je - sus Christ will re - ap - pear, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious throng, Sur - round - ed by a glo - rious throng.
3. Lift up your hearts in praise to God, Let your re- joic - ings nev - er cease; Though trib - u - la - tions rage a - broad, Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace," Christ says, "In me ye shall have peace."
4. All glo - ry to His ho - ly name, Who sends His faith - ful serv - ants forth To prove the na - tions— to pro - claim Sal - va - tion's ti - dings through the earth, Sal - va - tion's ti - dings through the earth.

No. 274. Lord, I Would Own Thy Tender Care.

1. Lord, I would own Thy ten - der care, And all Thy pre - cious love to me; The food I eat, the clothes I wear, Are all be-stowed by Thee. Kind an - gels guard me ev - 'ry night, As round my bed they stay; Nor am I ab - sent from Thy sight, In dark - ness or by day.

2. My health, and friends, and par - ents dear, By Thee, my dear - est Lord, are giv'n; I have not an - y bless - ing here, But what is sent from heav'n. Such good - ness, Lord, and con - stant care, I nev - er can re - pay; But may it be my dai - ly prayer To love Thee, and o - bey.

No. 275. My Future Home.

H. H. P. H. H. Petersen.

1. There's a place of bliss su-per-nal, Where no an - gry bil-lows roar;
2. There for-ev - er joy in-creas-es, Heav'n-ly songs per-vade the air;
3. In that land of bliss su-per-nal Stands a build-ing bright and fair,

There's a land-scape ev - er ver - nal, Just be-yond the sun - ny shore;
Ver-dant fields and balm-y breez - es Greet the soul who en - ters there.
And I know that life e - ter - nal He'll re-ceive who en - ters there.

There my loved ones wait to greet me, And to bid me wel-come home,
On the bank of yon-der riv - er, Where the sil - v'ry wa-ters flow,
To that place, O Sav-ior, guide me On thro' all my doubts and fears—

My Re-deem-er there will meet me— Bid me to His bos - om come.
Stands the tree of life, where ev - er Leaves of heal-ing mer-cies grow.
Let no harm or ills be - tide me, While I cross this vale of tears.

No. 276. Awake, My Soul.

Bishop Thomas Ken. Alfred Beirly.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
3. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less light par-take.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 277. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. (Invitation.) Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can - not cure."
come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re - move.

No. 278. O Awake! My Slumbering Minstrel.

ELIZA R. SNOW. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O a - wake! my slumb'ring min-strel, Let my harp for - get its spell;
2. Strike a chord un-known to sad- ness, Strike, and let its num- bers tell,
3. Zi - on's wel - fare is my por- tion, And I feel my bos - om swell.
4. Zi - on, lo! thy day is dawn-ing, Tho' the dark-some shad-ows swell,
5. Thy swift mes-sen - gers are tread-ing Thy high courts where princ-es dwell,

Say, O say, in sweet - est ac - cents, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;
In ce - les - tial tones of glad - ness, Zi - on pros-pers, all is well:
With a warm, di - vine e - mo - tion, When she pros-pers, all is well;
Faith and hope pre - lude the morn-ing, Thou art prosp'ring, all is well;
And thy glo - rious light is spread-ing; Zi - on pros-pers, all is well;

All is well, all is well, Zi - on pros - pers, all is well.
All is well, all is well, Zi - on pros - pers, all is well.
All is well, all is well, When she pros - pers, all is well.
All is well, all is well, Thou art pros - p'ring, all is well.
All is well, all is well, Zi - on pros - pers, all is well.

No. 279. As the Dew, From Heaven Distilling.

P. P. Pratt. Jos. J. Daynes.

1. As the dew, from heav'n dis-till-ing, Gen - tly on the grass de - scends,
2. Let Thy doc-trine, Lord, so gra-cious, Thus de - scend-ing from a - bove,
3. Lord, be - hold this con - gre - ga - tion; Pre-cious prom-is - es ful - fil;
4. Let our cry come up be - fore Thee; Thy sweet Spir - it shed a - round:

And re - vives it, thus ful - fill - ing What Thy prov - i - dence in - tends,—
Blest by Thee, prove ef - fi - ca - cious To ful - fil Thy work of love.
From Thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion Let the dews of life dis - til.
So the peo - ple shall a - dore Thee, And con - fess the joy - ful sound.

No. 280. Take Courage, Saints.

J. Crystal. Mendelssohn.

1. Take cour-age, Saints, and faint not by the way, Though storm-clouds
2. The dark - est hour is just be - fore the dawn, Yet who shall
3. Let not the heart be sad at tri - als here, But sense how

thick and fast be hov-'ring nigh; The sun pro-claims the glo - ry
doubt the fast - ap-proach-ing morn? Or when we see the snow-clad
e'en the Sav - ior suf-fered ill; He bore the cru - el thorn, the

Take Courage, Saints.

of the day, Be - hind the clouds as in the cloud - less sky.
hedge and lawn, Who dares to say that spring will ne'er re - turn?
gall - ing spear, To glo - ri - fy His Fa - ther's ho - ly will.

No 281. Again We Meet Around the Board.

ELIZA R. SNOW. JOS. BALLANTYNE.

1. A - gain we meet a - round the board Of Je - sus,
2. He left His Fa - ther's courts on high, With man to
3. Help us, O God, to re - a - lize The great a-

our re - deem - ing Lord; With faith in His a-
live, for man to die; A world to pur - chase
ton - ing sac - ri - fice, The gift of Thy be-

ton - ing blood, Our on - ly ac - cess un - to God.
and to save, And seal a tri - umph o'er the grave.
lov - ed Son, The Prince of Life, the Ho - ly One.

No. 282. How Fleet the Precious Moments Roll.

P. P. Pratt.

1. How fleet the pre - cious mo - ments roll! How soon the har-vest will be o'er!
2. An - oth - er year has rolled a - way, And ta - ken thou-sands to the tomb;
3. The moments that we la - bor here Are pass-ing swift-ly on the wing,
4. The ful - ness of the Gos - pel shines With glo-rious and re-splen-dent rays,

The watchmen seek their fi - nal rest, And lift a warn-ing voice no more!
Its sor-rows and its joys are fled, To has-ten on the gen -'ral doom.
And soon the leaves and ten - drils thrive, A to - ken of re - turn- ing spring.
While earth and heav'n show forth their signs As to - kens of the lat - ter days.

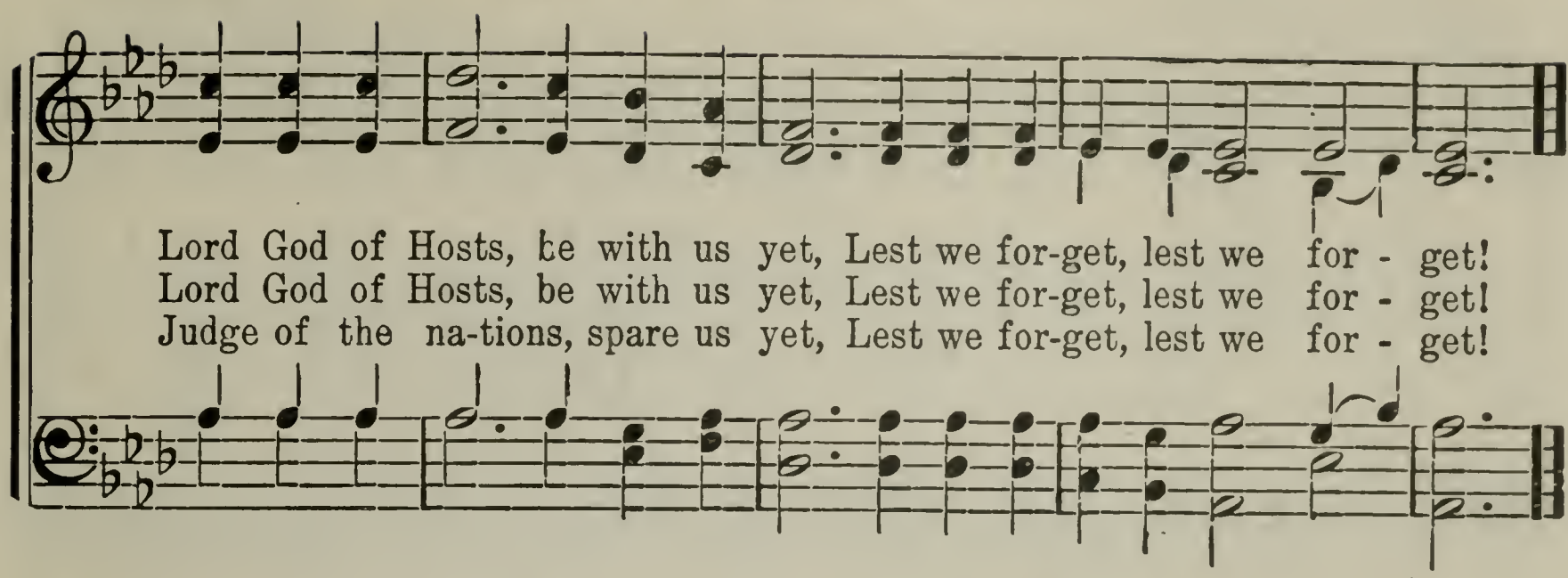
No. 283. God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. (Recessional.) Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle - line,
2. The tu - mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part;
3. Far-called, our na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire;

Be-neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine,
Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice, An hum - ble and a con-trite heart.
Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre!

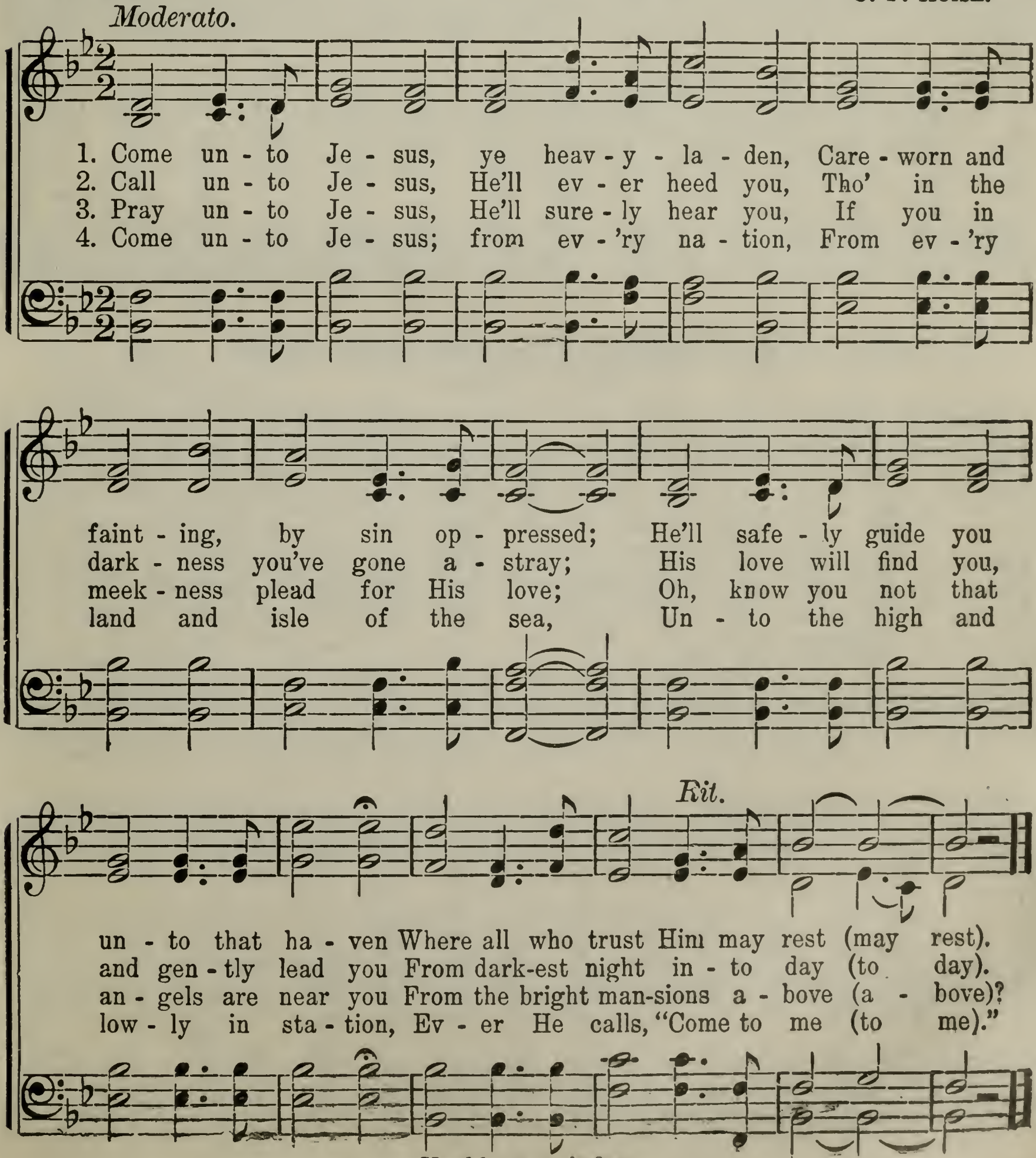
God of Our Fathers.



No. 284. Come Unto Jesus.

O. P. H. O. P. Huish.

Moderato.



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No. 285. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

HENRY W. BAKER. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow, My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
3. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
4. And so thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail - eth nev - er:

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for - ev - er.

No. 286. My Father, For Another Night.

(Tune: "Manoah.") GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.

1. My Fa - ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest,
2. Now, with the new-born day, I give My - self a - new to Thee,
3. What-e'er I do, things great or small, What-e'er I speak or frame,
4. My Fa - ther, for His sake, I pray, Thy child ac - cept and bless,

For all the joy of morn - ing light, Thy ho - ly name be blest.
That as Thou will - est I may live, And what Thou will - est be.
Thy glo - ry may I seek in all, Do all in Je - sus' name.
And lead me by Thy grace to - day In paths of right-eous - ness.

No. 287. How Gentle God's Commands!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. H. G. NÆGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His Saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wear - y mind? Haste to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un-changed from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 288. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast; But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek, To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be; Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 289. May the Grace of Christ, Our Savior.

JOHN NEWTON. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. May the grace of Christ, our Sav - ior, And the Fa - ther's bound-less love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos-sess, in sweet com-mun- ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

No. 290. Behold, the Great Redeemer Comes.

P. P. PRATT. JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

1. Be - hold, the great Re-deem-er, come To bring His ran-somed peo-ple home;
2. He comes, all blessings to im - part Un - to the meek and contrite heart;
3. He comes to bless the hum-ble poor; He comes, cre - a - tion to re - store;
4. He comes, He comes un-to His own; He comes to reign on Da-vid's throne;
5. He comes to tread the wick-ed down; He comes, the mar - tyrs all to crown;

He comes to save His scattered sheep; He comes to com-fort those who weep.
He comes, He comes, His Saints admire, He comes to burn the proud by fire.
He comes, the earth to pu - ri - fy; He comes, but not a - gain to die.
He comes to stand on Zi - on's hill; He comes the scriptures to ful - fil.
He comes to dry the mourners' tears; He comes to reign a thou - sand years.

6 He comes, on Olive's Mount to stand;
He comes, all Israel to defend;
He comes to lay the sinner low;
He comes, that Judah may Him know.

7 He comes to show His hands and side;
He comes to wed His ready bride;
He comes to reign as King of kings;
He comes, and all creation sings.

No. 291. Hear Us Pray.

ANNIE MALIN. ARR. from GOTTSCHALK.

1. God, our Fa - ther, hear us pray, Send Thy grace this ho - ly day;
2. Grant us, Fa - ther, grace di - vine, May Thy smile up - on us shine;
3. As we drink the wa - ter clear, Let Thy Spir - it lin - ger near;

As we take of em - blems blest, On our Sav - ior's love we rest.
As we eat the bro - ken bread, Thine ap - prov - al on us shed.
Par - don faults, O Lord, we pray, Bless our ef - forts day by day.

No. 292. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

WILLIAM COWPER. THOMAS ARNE.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful Saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;

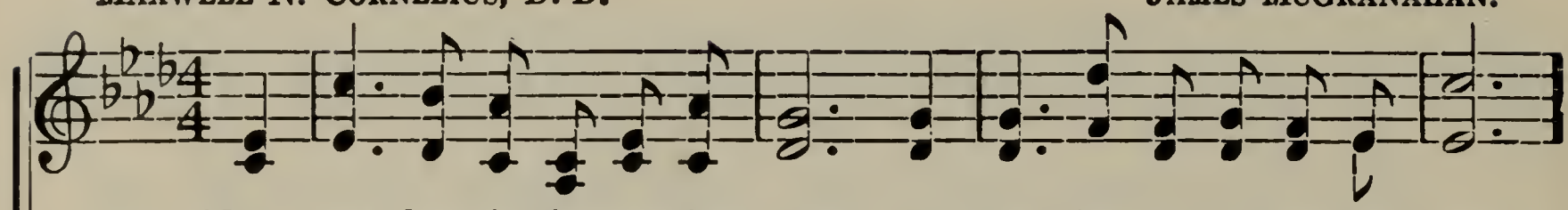
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas - ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov - 'reign will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
Be - hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

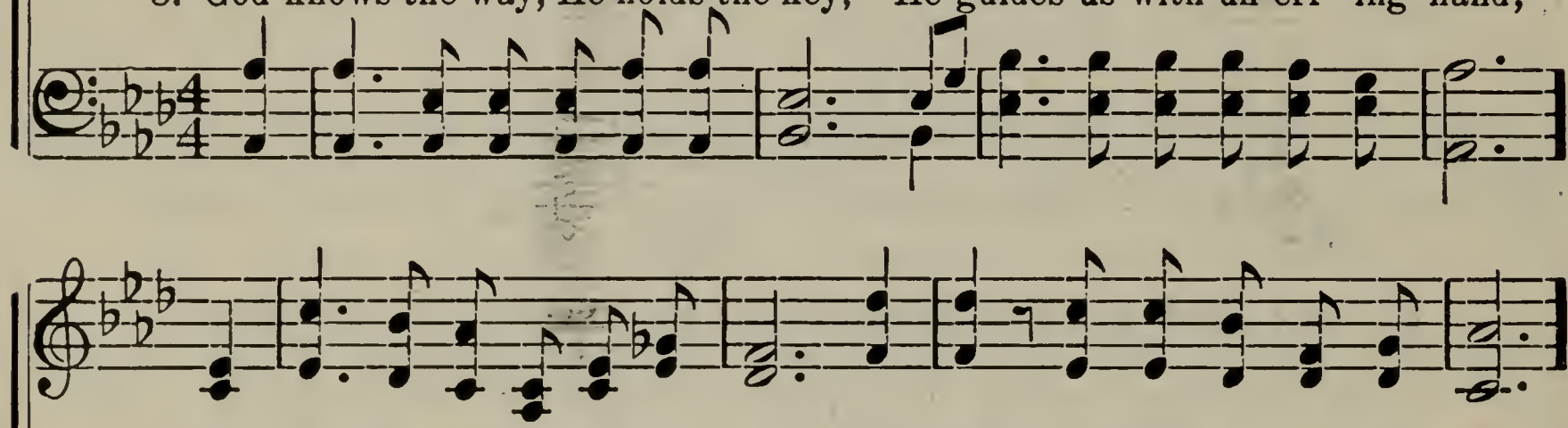
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

No. 293. Sometime We'll Understand.

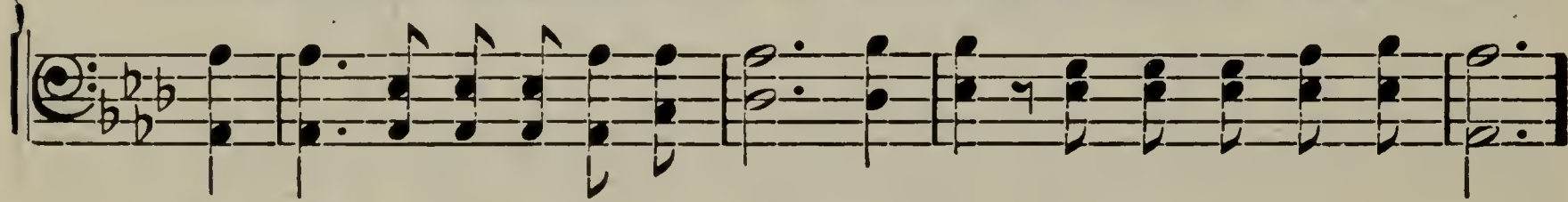
MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



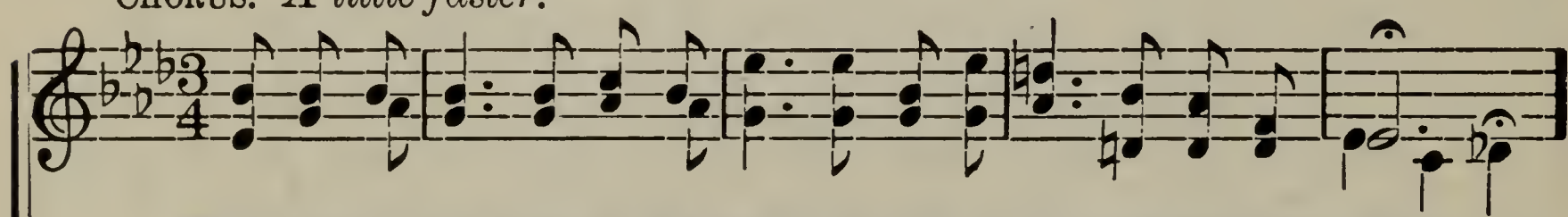
1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken threads a-gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err - ing hand;



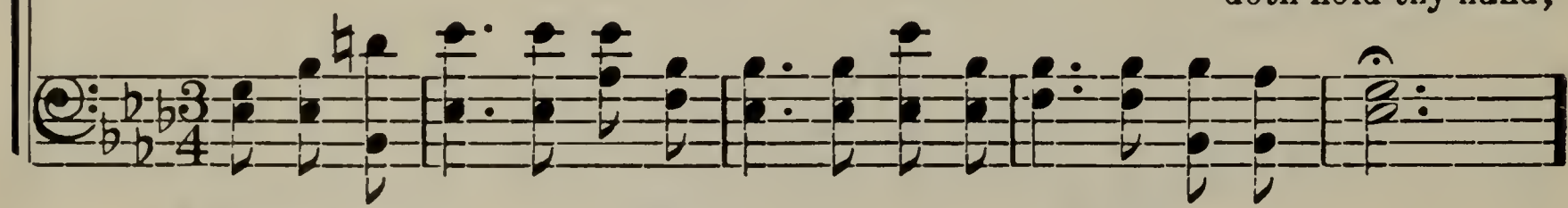
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see, Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.



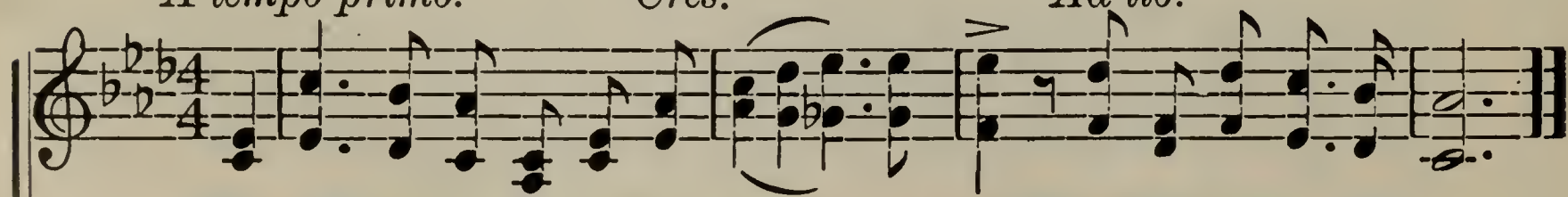
CHORUS. *A little faster.*



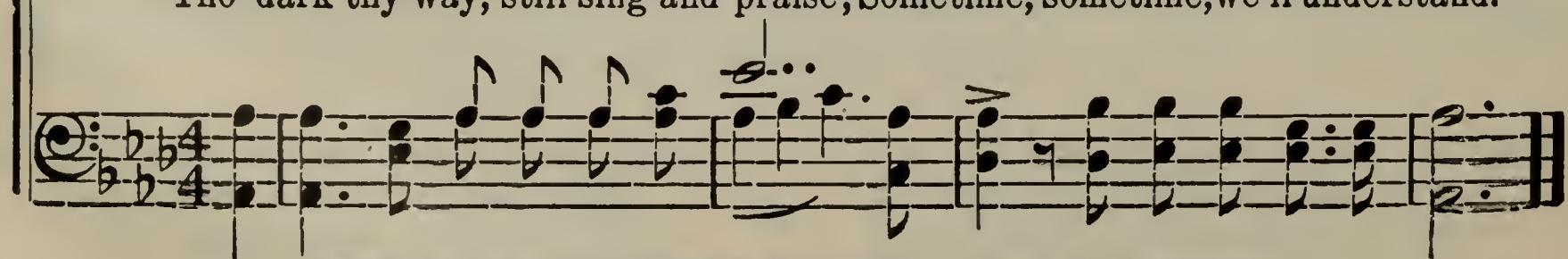
Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold thy hand;



A tempo primo. *Cres.* *Ad lib.*



Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.



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No. 294. My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 48.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;

More pa - tience in suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

Rit.

More joy in His serv - ice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, *like Thee.*

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No. 295. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Duet.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the
4. Green are the pas - tures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the

sheep of His fold; Dear is the love that He gives them,
lambs of His fold; Some from the pas - tures are stray - ing,
"nine - ty and nine;" Dear are the sheep that have wan - dered
wa - ters and "still;" Lord, we will an - swer Thee glad - ly,

Dear - er than sil - ver or gold. Dear to the
Hun - gry, and help - less, and cold. See, the good
Out in the des - ert to pine. Hark! He is
"Yes, bless - ed Mas - ter, we will! Make us Thy

heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are His "oth - er" lost sheep;
Shep-herd is seek - ing, Seek - ing the lambs that are lost;
ear - nest - ly call - ing, Ten - der - ly plead-ing to - day;
true un - der - shep - herds, Give us a love that is deep;

Copyright by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Us[illegible]rmission.

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

O - ver the moun - tains He fol - lows, O - ver the
Bring - ing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my
Send us out in - to the des - ert, Seek - ing Thy

CHORUS.

wa - ters so deep.
in - fi - nite cost.
shel - ter a - stray?"
wan - der - ing sheep."

Out in the des - ert they wan - der,

Poco rit. *f* *A tempo.*

Hun - gry, and help - less, and cold;..... Off to the

res - cue (*4th verse.*) { He has - tens, we'll has - ten, } Bring-ing them back to the fold.

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